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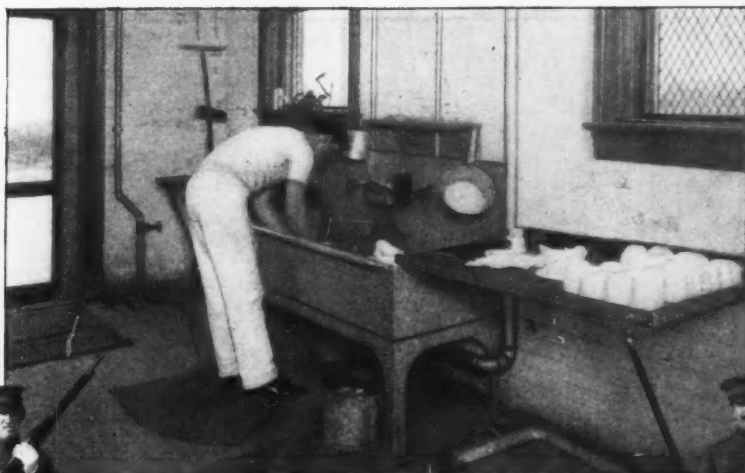
**CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES**

# Cosmopolitan Magazine

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PRELIMINARY STEPS IN THE TRAINING OF A—DESERTER



## The Shame of Our Army Why Fifty Thousand Enlisted American Soldiers Have Deserted

By Bailey Millard



That there should have been nearly five thousand desertions from the army of the United States during the last fiscal year is simply a disgrace to the army and a reproach to American citizenship. No matter how strenuous may be the efforts put forth by the War Department to lessen this evil, they will amount to little unless they are seconded by the army itself.—*From the latest report of Adjutant-General F. C. Ainsworth.*

**W**HAT is wrong with the army? What is so vitally, so humiliatingly, wrong with it that a lash like this stinging paragraph from the adjutant-general's latest report should be cracked over the backs of company commanders all over the country? Why should it be necessary to awaken so rudely those complacent gentlemen who command the units of our "superb military organization" to the fact that instead of meekly serving at their posts a disgracefully large percentage of their good men and true have laid down their arms and run away?

Aghast, astounded, bewildered, dumfounded, one stares at the record of wholesale desertions during the past twelve years. It foots up frightfully. One is amazed to find that in that time there have been *over fifty thousand deserters from our regular army!* What wonder is it that Adjutant-General Ainsworth, to whom post commanders all over the country bow their heads in obedience, is so wrought up over a condition for which he can see no acceptable excuse? What wonder that the amazing, the appalling, the humiliating, record of desertions from the regular army should fire the soul of this seasoned



soldier who has devised and introduced so many improvements in the methods of the War Department?

Improvements? Yes; but this tough problem of army desertion is the hardest one that General Ainsworth has ever hammered at, hitting his thumb instead. If by any chance he should solve the problem he will incidentally solve the greater one of holding in leash the restless, untamable, not-to-be-disciplined spirit of Young America. For to-day the army is not made up of docile foreigners, as it was in years ago. Sad to say, with those fatal figures staring us in the face, ninety per cent. of our regular soldiers are young men of native birth.

Now what is the matter with life in the United States army? In spite of all that has

## \$50.00 REWARD

FOR THE ARREST AND DELIVERY OF

**HARRY MEIERS,**



CHARGED WITH BEING A  
**DESERTER FROM THE ARMY.**

**WALTER REYNOLDS**, musician, Company C, 3d Infantry, who was captured February 11, 1908, is reported to have deserted at Fort George Wright, Spokane, Washington, September 11, 1906. He enlisted in 1902 his residence as 311 Holmes street, Kansas City, Missouri, and the name and address of person to be notified in his behalf in case of emergency as James Watson (friend), street (Ed. and large), street, Kansas City, Missouri.

**RECAPITULATED** (at date of capture): Walter born in Rochester, New York, age 25, years, occupation, laborer, color, brown; hair, dark brown; complexion, medium fair; height, 5 feet 10; weight, 175 pounds. Present teeth and marks: Front teeth, near on left hand, right palm, and upper right leg. Back teeth—near on right forearm and right lower back; made on lower center of back.

**REWARD** of \$50.00 is payable for the apprehension of this man and the delivery of him to the military authorities at any United States Army post. The reward is payable at the post at which the man is delivered. The act of capture approved June 18, 1908, provides: "That it shall be lawful for any civil officer having authority under the laws of the United States, or of any State, Territory, or District, to arrest offenders, to prosecute arrest a deserter from the military service of the United States and bring him into the custody of the military authority of the several governments."

Any information that may be secured as to the whereabouts of this man should be communicated to

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 2, 1908.

[25]

MOST MEN WHO ENTER THE ARMY DO SO WITH HIGH IDEALS OF THE SERVICE. SCRUBBING POTS AND WASHING DISHES PAVE THE WAY FOR THE POSTING OF A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF A DESERTER

the percentage at 4.97. He has been careful to point out to me that it is improper to use as a percentage basis the average strength of the army from month to month. Though most army statisticians do this, and the

been done in the past ten years by Presidents, Congress, and the War Department to make that life more attractive, more comfortable, and more endurable, discontent and desertion have grown apace. Last year, if we count in the runaways from the Philippine Scouts, an important unit of our military organization, the appalling number of 5030 men deserted from the ranks. This was 498 more than in the year 1908. These are the actual figures for the whole army. Omitting the Philippine Scouts, General Ainsworth places the number of desertions for last year at 4993, and





percentages of desertion swell accordingly, we shall give the adjutant-general the benefit of his own method of calculation, though instead of 4.97 per cent. for last year the percentage would be 6.7 per cent. computed by the "average strength" method.

But 4.97 per cent. is bad enough when contrasted with the percentage of desertions in the British army, the only large military organization comparable with ours, as it is the only one that is on the same basis of voluntary enlistment. In the British army the desertions for 1909 were only 1.7 per cent., the number of desertions being but 4766 in a military organization of 263,000 men, a "very disgraceful showing," according to one English officer, who sheds tears in writing upon the subject.

## \$50.00 REWARD

FOR THE ARREST AND DELIVERY OF

ARTHUR LOGAN.



CHARGED WITH BEING A

DESERTER FROM THE ARMY.

ARTHUR LOGAN, private, 12th Recruit Company, who was enlisted October 11, 1898, is reported to have deserted at Fort Monmouth, N. J., September 1, 1910. He enlisted to give his residence as 115 W. Thirtieth street, New York, N. Y., and the name and address of persons to be notified in his behalf in case of emergency as Mrs. Minnie Armstrong (widow), 701 Bedford street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**DESCRIPTION**—Age, date of enlistment: White, born in Oregon, Pa., May 27, 1890; occupation, clerk, 2200. Hair, brown; complexion, ruddy; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 150 pounds. Frontmost dress and marks: Front view—wears on right side of collar two worn on left knee small oval on right chest; tattoo marks, small, two knots, two clasped hands, and letters "A. L." and "M. G." on right forearm; hands, small, smooth, and round; "in memory of mother" on left forearm, and pig on right foot. Back view—wears on upper left side of back and left thigh, large, tattoo marks, cross, circle, and square on upper left arm; eagle, shield, anchor, and hand on upper right arm; shield, eagle, anchor, and cross on left forearm; cross's head on right forearm; and sitting on bench on right hand and dot and soldier's tattoo on left hand.

A **REWARD** of \$50.00 is payable for the apprehension of this man, and for his delivery to the military authorities, at any time within five years from the date of his enlistment. The reward is payable at any United States Army post to any civil officer or other civilian who delivers the man there. If he is apprehended he should be delivered at, and the reward claimed at, the nearest Army post.

The act of Congress approved June 15, 1896, provides: "That it shall be lawful for any civil officer having authority under the laws of the United States, or of any State, Territory, or District, to arrest deserters, to surrender them to the military authorities of the United States and deliver him into the custody of the military authorities of the United States."

Any information that may be received as to the whereabouts of this man should be communicated to

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 10, 1910.

[7921]

THE RECRUIT EXPECTS ONLY A DAILY ROUND OF TRAINING FOR PROFICIENCY IN ARMS, WITH PLEASURE ADDED TO IT—AND FINDS HIMSELF DRIVEN TO TASKS THAT HE WOULD SCORN IN CIVILIAN LIFE

Let us shed a few tears over our own record of desertion. Let us weep copiously. Let us know the worst about our army. It will do us no harm. Out of this knowledge and this tear-shedding may come a great good. For, as our War Department has complained over and over again in multitudinous reports, "there is no public sentiment on the subject of desertion from the army, and until such sentiment shall be awakened we can do little."

The worst? Well, the worst is pretty bad, and as a nation we ought to hide our heads in shame at the

showing. From the year 1900, according to the actual figures and estimates of officers in the War Department, up to the end of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1910, there deserted from our new army a total of 50,300



men! This is allowing only 4000 desertions for the past fiscal year, no report of which will be made until October, while the indications, as prefigured by the number of courts martial for desertion, are that the total will be as large if not larger than for 1909. Think of it! Over fifty thousand deserters! The record would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic.

Do we gain any consolation by looking further into the figures for 1909? Not an atom. For example, take the Sixth Infantry. From that regiment 142 men deserted, or 12.9 per cent. of the whole number. Then there was the Eighth Cavalry, with 12.7 per cent. of desertions, and the Fourth Field Artillery, with 10.4 per cent. Blackest of all the records among individual troops and companies was that of Company K of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, located at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Of the men in this company *nearly one-third* became disgusted with the service and fared

forth to seek other fields of usefulness.

Is Fort Snelling a particularly bad place for a soldier? Not a bit of it. An officer who has been thirty years in the service tells me he has never seen such an attractive place from a soldier's point of view. The barracks are new, sanitary, and comfortable, the view is a pleasant one, and the climate, save in winter, is not severe. As most of the men deserted in the

summer the cold season had nothing to do with the case. The men who eloped were new to the service. They did not fancy the officers they were under nor the kind of work they had to do, and they simply left the post.

Here are four other companies that had high percentages of desertion last year: Company M, Sixth Infantry, 20.2 per cent.; Battery B, Fourth Field Artillery, 18.4 per cent.; Troop B, Eighth Cavalry, 17.9 per cent.; and Battery E, First Field Artillery, 17.6 per cent.

Other posts at which there



REPLENISHING THE COAL-BINS AT AN ARMY POST.—WHAT THE SOLDIER ENLISTS FOR; SCIENTIFIC WAR-PLAY AT LEON SPRINGS RANGE, TEXAS.—SHOVEL PRACTICE BY REGULARS



were high percentages of desertion last year were Fort Duchesne, Utah, 15.8 per cent; Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, 15.8 per cent; Fort Robinson, Nebraska, 15.6 per cent.; Fort Columbia, Washington, 15.4 per cent.

It is in the dog-days that most men desert. Over twenty-three per cent. of last year's desertions occurred in July and August. A hot hike over a dusty road on a practice march in which the valiant private sees no sense or reason, a ditch to be dug under the blazing summer sun, an acre of brush to be grubbed out, or a close, smelly stable to be cleaned by the sweat of the cavalryman's brow, and there is an end to the dream of military glory.

It is a shock to most young Americans who have enlisted in the army to taste the delights of military life to find that the most important part of their training, from the viewpoint of the post commander, is to dig ditches, wash pots and pans, wait on table, clean out stables,



THE ARMY MULE'S PART IN THE TRAINING OF ENLISTED MEN.—TRAINING THAT COUNTS FOR EFFICIENCY; ON THE FIRING LINE DURING MANEUVERS. —IN LINE FOR DESERTION

sweep off walks, or cut brush in the hot sun. Those were the conditions the deserters from the posts just mentioned found in the army. Soon they began to loathe the life. It sickened their souls, it humbled their pride, and they ran away from the service.

But we have not yet sounded the depths of this dark pool of desertion. Of all the companies of white soldiers in these United States and their dependencies in 1909 there were *only five from which there were no desertions!* Would it not seem to the average reader that this is the most humiliating item in the whole table of statistics? In only five companies of white men did all the integral units elect to remain for a period of one year and not suffer the stigma of desertion! This in itself reveals, more than anything else, the widespread desire of the soldier to get out and be something other than a soldier. Shall it be with any throb of pride that we name these five companies? Hardly. But

## The Shame of Our Army

let us set them down, as shining examples taken from a list that, to say the least, is not distinctly luminous. They are Companies C and G of the Twelfth Infantry, Company C of the First Battalion of Engineers, and the Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-eighteenth companies of the Coast Artillery Corps. There were three companies of colored soldiers—Companies B and E of the Twenty-fourth Infantry and Troop G of the Ninth Cavalry—from which no desertions were reported, and there were few desertions from any of the other colored companies. In fact, as they say in the army, "the darky rarely deserts." While of the white troops 5.17 per cent. deserted last year, of the colored troops only .56 per cent. were reported as deserters. This is because the colored man finds the service quite to his taste. On an average he can do better in it than he can out of it. Hence he remains, eats Uncle Sam's rations, does Uncle Sam's chores, and is happy.

And so, by a not very subtle process of reasoning, one arrives at the crux of the problem as it concerns the white soldier, and particularly the rookie who has dreamed that it would be a fine thing to wear a uniform and parade up and down with a gun upon his shoulder: the white soldier deserts because the army is a disappointment to him. The life is something other than he had pictured it. To do menial labor, to get down into a ditch on a hot day and wield a shovel, to take his turn at scrubbing pots and pans, is not what he joined the army for, and so he decamps.

"Why should I, who can earn a fair salary as an office clerk," said to me one man who left the cavalry ranks, "remain a stable-boy and do scavenger's work for fifty cents a day?"

An extreme view? Perhaps. Still there is something more than a mere gleam of logic in it. The trouble with us is that we are not a military people. We are a people of shops and offices and farms. In older countries and in older times the citizen was regarded as a man who owed his life to the state. Even now in some empires compulsory military service is accepted by the average man as a matter of course. In our land of opportunity, where a young man tries this, that, and the other employment, sometimes finding himself in and out of as many as a dozen situations during the year, he thinks nothing of quitting his place when he gets tired of it. He feels his independence; his restless spirit is constantly asserting itself. He is always going to get "something better"; in other

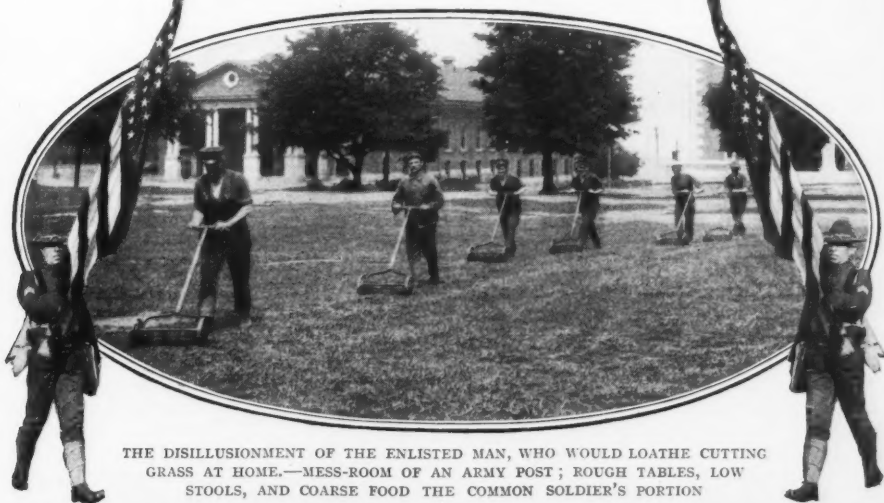
words, easier work and more pay, and he thinks nothing of jumping his job if he doesn't fancy it. Here is the army—he will try that! Perhaps in a few months he may become a captain or a major at a good salary. He enlists, does not like the serfdom of the service, and so jumps his job again. His oath? Oh, yes, he has sworn to his contract, but the swearing was only a condition of enlistment, a mere formality. Nobody seems to think that the breaking of it in time of peace amounts to anything. The young man's parents and friends, on hearing the story of his treatment while in the army, do not blame him for leaving it. If it were in war time it would be different, but there is no war and consequently, in their view of the case, no great obligation. As the adjutant-general said in a scathing report upon desertion five years ago:

"Enlistment in the army in time of peace is not uncommonly regarded as evidence of worthlessness on the part of the recruit, and desertion in such a time is generally looked upon as nothing more culpable than the breach of a civil contract for service. The deserter suffers little or no loss of caste by reason of his offense, and is seldom without friends and sympathizers to shield him from arrest. It is safe to predict that desertion from the army will continue to be excessive until there shall have been a radical change of public sentiment toward the army and until the deserter shall come to be regarded as the criminal that he is, to be ostracized and hunted down as relentlessly as any other transgressor of the laws."

In the fall of 1908 the War Department concluded that the time had come for this relentless hunting-down, and a strenuous campaign was begun against the deserter. The Bertillon system of measuring and photographing ("mugging," as it is generally known), in precisely the same manner as the police obtain material for rogues' galleries, had already been decided upon for each newly enlisted man, and to this was added the taking of the finger-prints. Thus in case a man deserts from the army he can easily be identified when captured, and his capture is facilitated by advertisements which are inserted in the newspapers, and by the four thousand posters containing a half-tone photograph and a full description of the deserter which the government sends out in each case. The reward for the apprehension of a deserter, which had been ten dollars in 1900, was advanced to fifty

dollars, and soon the private detective agencies all over the country were reaping a fat harvest by the rounding up of young men who had run away from the army. By this means 2257 runaway soldiers were "gained from desertion" in 1909.

In time of war a deserter is shot. In time of peace, under present conditions, it is the belief among many humanitarians that he might as well be. When a man deserts from our army in these peaceful times he loses all his rights of citizenship, his pay



THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF THE ENLISTED MAN, WHO WOULD LOATHE CUTTING GRASS AT HOME.—MESS-ROOM OF AN ARMY POST; ROUGH TABLES, LOW STOOLS, AND COARSE FOOD THE COMMON SOLDIER'S PORTION



Formerly there was no "mugging" of an enlisted man, no great hue and cry over his desertion from post duty, no four thousand circulars offering a reward, and no harsh prison discipline for him in a large bastille among other convicts. When captured he was merely returned to his post, where he was made to work out a short sentence and then was dishonorably discharged, after which he could go home. But the War Department is bent upon correcting the "laxity of public opinion" upon the subject of desertion. It is bent upon making desertion "mean something."

and his clothes, is dismissed with dishonor from the service, and if captured is condemned to hard labor and prison fare. If in the meantime he should try to return to the army, by going to another post, he is not only sentenced for desertion but also for fraudulent enlistment. The "mugging" and the fingerprints give him no chance of escape.

But what do they do in a similar case in the British army, where the percentage of desertions is less than one-third that of ours? It was discovered long ago in England that the harsher you bear down upon the deserter the more there will be of him and



## The Shame of Our Army

the larger the criminal element in the land. So year by year the punishment of deserters from the British army has been decreased, and in December, 1908, at the very time when our wise legislators in Congress were brewing the bitter draft of three years' imprisonment at hard labor for a young man who had been in the army as short a time as a month, perhaps, and who had been captured after he had overstayed his leave a few weeks, the British government was adopting a measure by which the stigma of the prison is entirely removed from deserters, who, upon being apprehended for their first offense, are merely detained in barracks for a period of *seven to twenty-eight days!*

In England there is no "mugging" of newly enlisted soldiers, no taking of finger-prints, no Bertillon


measurements, no treatment of a soldier as if he were likely to become a criminal who must be hunted down. If a British soldier deserts in time of peace he retains his citizenship and is often taken back into the army. In fact, in 1908, of 4766 deserters, 1728 rejoined the army! In the case of our army those 1728 men would have been lost to the service by dishonorable discharge, and most of them would still be in prison cells as military convicts, and many of them, by association with criminals, would become criminals and remain criminals all their lives.

The military prison at Fort Leavenworth is Uncle Sam's great crime-hatchery. It is filled with deserters and other offenders against military law. Of late it has become so inadequate that a new and

**\$50.00 REWARD**

FOR THE ARREST AND DELIVERY OF

**JOHN H. MEYER,**



CHARGED WITH BEING A  
**DESERTER FROM THE ARMY.**

JOHN H. MEYER, private, 1141 Barrett Company, who was enlisted August 1, 1908, is reported to have deserted at Fort Sherman, N. Y., December 30, 1908. At enlistment he gave his residence as 15 Hedges street, Hoboken, N. J., and the name and address of person to be notified in his behalf in case of emergency as Mrs. Louis Meyer (mother), 210 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

DESCRIPTION (at date of enlistment): White; born in New York, N. Y.; age, 21 1/2 years; occupation, saddlebag maker; blue eyes; blue hair; light beard; complexion, fair; height, 5 feet 10; inches; weight, 160 pounds; prominent nose and mouth; front view—near rear center of forehead, on right side of forehead, near right side of abdomen, and left side, finger; two scars on upper right leg. Back view—two scars on left side, three and upper left forearm; mole on middle left side of back; tattoo marks, United States coat of arms on each lower forearm.

A REWARD OF \$50.00 is payable for the apprehension of this man, and for his delivery to the military authorities, at any time within five years from the date of his enlistment. The reward is payable to any United States Army post to any civil officer or other civilian who delivers the man alive. If he is apprehended he should be delivered at, and the reward claimed at, the nearest Army post.

The act of Congress, approved June 16, 1908, provides: "That it shall be lawful for any civil officer having authority under the laws of the United States, or of any State, Territory, or District, to arrest and deliver, to the military authorities, a deserter from the military service of the United States and deliver him into the custody of the military authorities of the General Government."

Any information that may be secured as to the whereabouts of this man should be communicated to the

THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 15, 1909.



THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATES THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT TOWARD THE DESERTERS IT HAS MADE BY FORCING SOLDIERS TO THE TASKS DEPICTED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS BELOW. FOUR THOUSAND OF THESE POSTERS ARE CIRCULATED FOR EACH DESERTER

stronger prison is being built to accommodate more young men who have found that in the army "jumping a job" is not like lightly leaping from an office or a shop. The young man who is liberated from the military prison at the end of his term of sentence goes forth a released convict, with a convict's shame and disgrace, a convict's inaptitude for honest work, a convict's view of society, and a convict's keen desire for revenge upon it.


Now the sole idea of our strenuous campaign for the apprehension and punishment of deserters was to decrease desertion. Has it done so? Let Secretary of War Dickinson reply to this question in language taken from his latest report,

"The record of the past year shows a slight increase in desertion over the rate for

**\$50.00 REWARD**

FOR THE ARREST AND DELIVERY OF

**JAMES L. ALBRITTON.**



CHARGED WITH BEING A  
**DESERTER FROM THE ARMY.**

JAMES L. ALBRITTON, private, Troop F, 10th Cavalry, who was enlisted July 27, 1899, is reported to have deserted at Fort Riley, Kans., March 14, 1900. At enlistment he gave his residence as 1581 Hubbard street, Jacksonville, Fla., and the name and address of person to be notified in his behalf as care of emergency as Mrs. Bessie A. Hunt (sister), 1501 Hubbard street, Jacksonville, Fla.

DESCRIPTION (at date of enlistment): White; born in Kingston, N. C.; age, 27½ years; occupation, laborer; eyes, blue; hair, dark brown; complexion, ruddy; height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 145 pounds; prominent nose and mouth; broad chest; small on left knee and right foot; tattoo marks, under on right forearm and back of right hand; four vaccination marks on upper left arm; tattoo marks, butterfly on left shoulder and eagle on right shoulder.

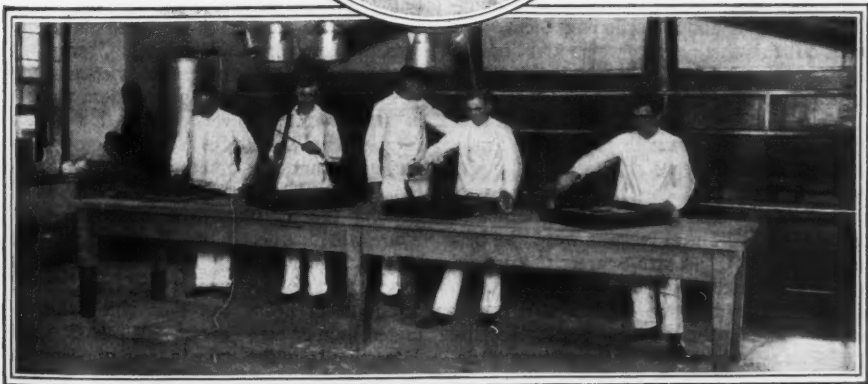
A REWARD OF \$50.00 is payable for the apprehension of this man, and for his delivery to the military authorities at any time within five years from the date of his enlistment. The reward is payable to any United States Army post to which he is delivered or to any other civilian who delivers him there. If he is apprehended he should be delivered at, and the reward claimed at, the nearest Army post.

The act of Congress approved June 24, 1900, provides: "That it shall be lawful for any civil officer, having authority under the laws of the United States, or of any State, Territory, or District, to arrest offenders, to summarily arrest a deserter from the military service of the United States and deliver him into the custody of the military authorities of the nearest Government."

Any information that may be secured as to the whereabouts of this man should be communicated to .

**THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.**

March 26, 1901.



TO THE AVERAGE RECRUIT LIFE IN THE ARMY IS ONE STUDIED ROUND OF MONOTONOUS AND UNCONGENIAL TASKS. HIS PRESENT LIBERTY IS CIRCUMSCRIBED BY A MAN WITH A GUN, AND THE GOVERNMENT'S REWARD MAKES EVERY MAN HIS ENEMY IF HE LEAVES

the preceding year, notwithstanding renewed efforts looking to the apprehension and punishment of deserters."

This is the way Reform, with a big R, works in the War Department. It is a humiliating fact that it generally has worked that way, so far as desertion is concerned.

One great cause of desertion from our army is the fact that many officers are absent from their regiments for long periods, sometimes over a year. On June 30, 1909, more than a third of the captains of the mobile army were absent from their commands on detached service of a nature to require their places to be filled by subalterns for a long time. Moreover, it is a fact, fully admitted by the War Department, that, including those captains who were temporarily absent, less than

## The Shame of Our Army

*one-half of the companies were commanded by captains.*

"This," as an army man explained to me, "throws the work of training soldiers upon inexperienced officers. Soldiers long in service hate to obey the orders of some young squirt fresh from the Point. They want their captains with them."

But this theory of desertion fails to work out in many cases. Seven out of fifteen captains were absent from Fort Clark, Texas, last year, and yet the Third Cavalry, then at that post, had a very low percentage of desertion.

The drudgery and monotony of garrison life are, perhaps, chiefly responsible for the appalling number of desertions and the comparative infrequency of reenlistments. This monotony might be relieved, but no attempt is made to relieve it. From a layman's view of the matter it would be better for the government to spend a little money in providing its soldiers with such amusements as cheap vaudeville, moving-picture shows, and concerts than to lay out millions in running down deserters and keeping them in prison, as has been done in the past ten years.

The men also object strenuously to what they deem the useless and absurd practice drills and marches in bad weather, mud, snow, and cold. "The theory," says General Funston, "that in peace men should make marches in rain and snow and in hot weather, merely because they would have to do so in a campaign, is, in my mind, merely rubbish. Nothing makes men curse and damn the service like a peace-time practice march in snow and mud, merely to carry out somebody's theories about hardening them. To work out this theory fully we should line the soldiers up and shoot at them once a week to get them used to the sound of bullets."

There is other proof besides desertion that many men do not want to stay in the army. In the past three years 4589 soldiers bought their way out of it. This "discharge by purchase," as it is called, was a plan adopted in 1902 in the belief that recruits would be better satisfied with an army career if they did not find themselves hopelessly committed to it. To the layman the logic of this hardly appears, and to the lay mind it decreases by analogy the heinousness of the offense of desertion. A young man of rich or well-to-do parents, who wants to leave the army, can buy his way out of it without disgrace, but a poor chap, "mugged" and finger-printed,

who wants to leave it, has no alternative but to run away, be dishonorably discharged, be placarded all over the country, and, if captured, serve a term in prison. The statement of this proposition leaves one's mind in a whirl as to the moral view of the War Department. Broadly speaking, it is desertion in either case, for both the paid and the unpaid leave the ranks before their enlistments expire.

One splendidly luminous fact shines forth from our military record: our soldiers do not desert when there is fighting to be done. During the Spanish war *less than one per cent.* were reported as deserters. On the other hand, Great Britain, though her records show a much smaller proportion in peace than ours, made a bad showing in the Boer War, when there were 10,375 deserters, or 2.5 per cent. of the whole army. We are a brave if not a distinctly military people, "incapable of discipline," and our government ought to help in maintaining this valiant character instead of pulling it down by making convicts of our youths who run away from the army when there is no opportunity to fight for their country.

It may be true that the American soldier is a "kicker," as many officers declare. It may be that he has a deficient sense of seriousness and particularly of the seriousness of the enlistment oath; it may be that he has a loose tongue, a small regard for superior authority, a contempt for humble and simple things and a desire to avoid them and throw them off. Perhaps he has the "big head" and is altogether too independent and too restless under discipline. But, Uncle Sam, you ought to know him well enough by this time to be able to make allowances for all these shortcomings. Then why this "mugging," why this relentless hunting-down and convict-making?

The old order changeth. Modern parents in this country have learned that severe measures will no longer work in home training, no matter how well they worked in Spartan times. You, Uncle Sam, have a lot of hopeful though unruly boys to deal with. They will not desert you if you treat them right. How would it do to treat them as though you did not suspect that they were all criminals at heart, but men with souls secreted somewhere about their anatomies? Desertion from the army in time of peace is a grave misdemeanor, we all admit; but, Uncle Sam, are you improving matters by making military convicts and criminals of your soldier boys and of the generations to follow?



SHE AND MCGILL SET OUT FOR OPHIR, A TRIP HE NEVER FORGOT

# McGill

A STORY OF LOVE—AND SOME OTHER THINGS—IN THE FROZEN NORTH

By Rex Beach

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Illustrated by J. D. Gleason

**T**HE ice was running when McGill arrived. Had he been two hours later he might have fared badly, for the ramparts above Ophir choke the river down into a narrow chute through which it hurries, snarling, and the shore-ice was widening at the rate of a foot an hour. Early in the day the recorder from Alder Creek had tried to come ashore, but had broken through, losing his skiff and saving his life by the sheer good luck that favors fools and drunken men. It was October; the last mail had gone out a fortnight previously, and the wiseacres were laying odds that the river would be closed in three days, so it was close running that McGill made—six hundred miles in an open whipsawed dory.

They heard him calling, once he saw the lights, and when they got down to the water

level could make out his boat crunching along through the thin ice at the outer edge. He was trying to force his way inward to a point where the current would not move him, but the Yukon spun him like a top, and it looked as if he would go past. Fortunately, however, there happened to be a man in the crowd who had learned tricks with a lariat back in Oklahoma, so they got a line out, and McGill came ashore with his bedding under one arm and a sheet-iron stove under the other. Stoves were scarce that winter, and McGill was no tenderfoot.

They obtained their first good look at him when he lined up with the crowd at Hopper's bar ten minutes later, by which time it was known who he was. He had a great big frame, with a great big face on top of it, and, judging from his reputation, he had a great big heart to match them both. Some of the late-comers recalled a tale of how he had lifted the gunwales out of a poling-boat that



*Drawn by J. D. Gleason*

McGILL SPOKE IN A HARSH, CRACKED VOICE. "TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THAT GUN, BARCLAY"

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was wedged in a timber-jam above White Horse, and from the looks of his massive hands and shoulders he seemed amply able. He was not handsome—few strong men are—but he had level, blue eyes, rather small and deep set, and a jaw that made people think twice before angering him, while his voice carried the rumbling bass note one hears at the edge of a spring freshet when the boulders are shifting.

"I missed the last boat from Circle," he explained, "so I took a chance with the skiff."

"Looks like you'd be the last arrival before the trails open," offered Hopper. "I don't guess there's nobody behind you?"

"I didn't pass anybody," said McGill, and it was plain from his smile that he had made good time.

"Aim to winter here, Dan?"

"I do. Minook told me, four summers ago, that he'd found a prospect near here, and I've always figgered on putting some holes down. But it looks like I'm late."

"Oh, there's plenty of ground open. You've got as good a chance as the balance of us."

"Any grub in camp?"

"Nope. Ophir was struck too late in the fall."

McGill laughed. "I didn't think there would be; but that's nothing new."

"Didn't you bring none?"

"Nary a pound. There's women and children at Circle, and there wasn't more than enough for them, so I pulled out."

"There's plenty below," Hopper assured him.

"How far?"

"We don't know yet. There's a boat-load of 'chekakos' bound for Dawson somewhere between here and Cochrane's Landing. They'll be froze in now, and tenderfeet always has grub. Soon's we get some more snow we'll do some freightin'."

Before he retired that night McGill had bought a town lot, and a week later there was a cabin on it, for he was a man who knew how to work. Then, during the interval between the close of navigation and the opening of winter travel, he looked over the country and staked some claims. He did not locate at random, but used a discrimination based upon ten years' experience in the arctic, and when cold weather set in he felt satisfied with his work. Men with half his holdings reckoned their fortunes at extrava-

gant figures; transfers of unproved properties for handsome terms were common; millions were made daily, on paper.

Soon after the winter had settled, two strangers "mushed" in from down river. For ten days they had pulled their own sled through the first dry, trackless snow of the season, and they were well spent, but they brought news that the steamboat was in winter-quarters a hundred and fifty miles below. They assured McGill, moreover, that there was plenty of food aboard, so, a day later, he set off on their back trail with his dog-team. By now the melancholy autumn was gone, the air was frozen clean of every taint, and the frost made men's blood gallop through their veins. It changed McGill into a boy again. His lungs ached from the throbbing power within them, his loping stride was as smooth as that of a timber-wolf, his loud, deep laughter caused the dogs to yelp in answer.

When he finally burst out of the silence and into the midst of the gold-seekers with tidings of the new camp only a hundred and fifty miles away, they shook off their lethargy and awoke to a great excitement. He told all he honestly knew about the town of Ophir, and, with nimble fancies, they added two words of their own to every one of his. They stopped work upon their winter-quarters and made ready to push on afoot—on hands and knees if necessary. Here was a man who had made a fortune in one short autumn, for with the customary ignorance of tenderfeet they perceived no distinction between a mining claim and a mine. A gold-mine, they reasoned, was worth anything one wished to imagine, from a hundred thousand to a million; thirty gold-mines were worth thirty millions—figure it out for yourself. The conservative ones cut the result in half and were well satisfied with it. They were glad they had come.

The steamboat captain offered McGill a bed in his own cabin, for the log houses were not yet completed, and that night at supper the miner met the rest of the big family. Among them was a girl. Once McGill had beheld her, he could see none of the others; he became an automaton, directing his words at random, but focusing his soul upon her. He could not recall her name, for her first glance had driven all memory out of his head, and during the meal he feasted his hungry eyes upon her, feeling a yearning such as he had never before experienced. He did not pause to argue what it foretold; it is doubtful

if he would have realized had he taken time to think, for he had never known women well, and ten years in the Yukon country had dimmed what youthful recollections he possessed. When he went to bed he was in a daze that did not vanish even when the captain, after carefully locking the doors and closing the cabin shutters, crawled under the bunk and brought forth a five-gallon keg of whiskey, which he fondled like a mother her babe.

"Wait till you taste it," crooned the old man. "Nothing like it north of Vancouver. If I didn't keep it hid, I'd have a mutiny."

He removed a steaming kettle from the stove, then, unearthing some sugar from the chart-case, mixed a toddy, muttering: "Just wait, that's all. You just wait!" With the pains of a chemist he divided the beverage into two equal portions, rolled the contents of his own glass under his tongue with a look of beatitude on his wrinkled features, then inquired, "What did I tell you?"

"It's great," McGill acknowledged. "First real liquor I've tasted for months." Then he fell to staring at the fire.

After a time he asked, "Who's the lady I was talking to?"

"The one with the red sweater?"

"Yes."

"Miss Andrews. Her first name is Alice."

"Alice!" McGill spoke it softly. "I—I s'pose she's married, of course?"

"No, Miss Andrews."

McGill started. "I thought she was the wife of that nice-looking feller, Barclay."

The captain grunted, and then after a moment added, "She's an actor of some kind."

McGill opened his eyes in genuine astonishment. He opened his mouth also, but changed his mind and fell to studying the flames once more. "She's plumb beautiful," he said at length.

"All actors is beautiful," the captain remarked wisely.

McGill slept badly that night, which was unusual for him, but when he went to feed his dogs on the following morning, he found Miss Andrews ahead of him.

"What splendid creatures!" she said, petting them.

"Do you like dogs?" he queried.

"I love them. You know, these are the first I have ever seen, of this kind."

"Then you never rode behind a team?"

"No, I have only read about such things."

McGill summoned his courage and said, "Mebbe you'd like me to—give you a ride?"

"Would you? Oh, Mr. McGill!" She clapped her hands, and her eyes widened at the prospect. He noted how the brisk air had brought the blood to her cheeks, but broke off the dangerous contemplation of her charms and fell to harnessing the team, his fingers stiff with embarrassment. He helped her into the basket sled and then, at her request, tucked in the folds of her coat. It was a novel sensation and one he had never dreamed of having, for he would not have dared touch any woman without a command.

It was not much of a ride, for the trails were poor, but the girl seemed to enjoy it, and to McGill it was wonderful. He felt that he was making an awful spectacle of himself, however, and hoped no one had seen them leave; he was so big and so ungainly to be playing squire, and, above all, he was so old.

He could think of nothing to say on the excursion, but when she thanked him upon their return he was more than paid for his misery. As they drove up Barclay was watching them from the high bank, and Miss Andrews waved a mitten at him. Later, when McGill had left for a moment, the young man began sourly,

"Making a play for the old party, eh?"

"He isn't old," said Miss Andrews carelessly.

"What's the idea?"

"I don't know that I have any idea. Why?"

"Humph! I'm interested—naturally."

"You needn't be. It's every one for himself up here, and you don't seem to be getting ahead very fast."

"I see. McGill's due to be a millionaire, and I'm down and out," Barclay sneered. "Well, we're neither of us children. If you can land him, more power to you."

"I wouldn't stand in your way," said Miss Andrews coldly, "and I don't intend that you shall stand in mine."

"Is that the only way you look at it?" Barclay wore an ugly frown that seemed genuine, then when she merely shrugged, exclaimed hotly, "If you don't care any more than that, I won't interfere." He turned and walked away.

Those were wonderful days for McGill. Instead of hurrying back to his work he loitered. With a splendid disregard of convention he followed the girl about hourly and was too drunk with her smiles to hear the com-

ment his actions evoked. He had moments of despair when he saw himself as a great awkward bear, more aptly designed to frighten than to woo a woman, but these periods of depression gave way to the keenest delight at some word of encouragement from Alice Andrews. He did not fully realize that he had asked her to marry him until it was all over, but she seemed to understand so fully what was in his heart that she had drawn it from him before he really knew what he was saying. And then the joy of her acceptance! It stunned him. When he had finally torn himself away from her side he went out and stood bareheaded under the northern lights to let it sink in. There were no words in his vocabulary, no thoughts in his mind, capable of expressing the marvel of it. The gorgeous colors that leaped from horizon to zenith were no more glorious than the riot that flamed within his soul. She loved him, Dan McGill, and she was a white woman! When he thought how beautiful and young she was, his heart overflowed with a gentle tenderness which rivaled that of any mother.

Still in a dream, he related the miracle to the steamboat captain, who took the announcement in silence. This old man had wintered inside the circle and knew something of the woman-hunger that comes to strong men in solitude. He was observant, moreover, and had seen good girls made bad by the fires of the frontier, as well as bad women made good by marriage.

There being no priest nearer than Nulato, it was perforce a contract marriage. A lawyer in the party attended to the papers, and it pleased the woman to have Barclay sign as a witness. Then she and McGill set out for Ophir, a trip he never forgot. The sled was laden with things to make a bride comfortable, so they were forced to walk, but they might have been flying for all he knew. Alice was very ignorant of northern ways, childishly so, and it afforded him the keenest delight to initiate her into the mysteries of trail life. And when night drew near and they made camp, what joy it was to hear her exclamations of wonder at his adeptness! She loved to watch his ax sink to the eye in the frozen fir trunks and to join his shout when the tree fell crashing in a great upheaval of white. Then when their tiny tent, nestling in some sheltered grove, was glowing from the candlelight, and the red-hot stove had routed the cold, he would make her lie back on the fragrant springy couch of boughs while he

smoked and did the dishes and told her shyly of the happiness that had come upon him. He waited upon her hand and foot; he stood between her and every peril of the wilds.

And while it was all delightfully bewildering to him, it was likewise very strange and exciting to his bride. The deathly silence of the bitter nights, illumined only by the awesome aurora borealis; the terrific immensity of the solitudes, with their white-burdened forests of fir that ran up and over the mountains and away to the ends of the world; the wild wolf-dogs that feared nothing except the voice of their master, and yet fawned upon him with a passion that approached ferocity—it all played upon the woman's fancy strangely. For the first time in her tempestuous career she was nearly happy. It was worth some sacrifice to possess the devotion of a man like McGill; it was worth even more to know that her years of uncertainty and strife were over. His gentleness annoyed her at times, but on the other hand she was grateful for the shyness that handicapped him as a lover. On the whole, however, it was a good bargain, and she was fairly well content.

As for McGill, he expanded, he effloresced, if such a nature as his could be said to bloom. He explored the hindermost recesses of his being, and brought forth his secrets for her to share. He told her all about himself, without the slightest reservation, and when he was done she knew him clear to his last, least thought. It was an unwise thing to do, but McGill was not a wise man, and the stories seemed to please her. Above all, she took an interest in his business affairs, which was gratifying. Time and again she questioned him shrewdly about his mining properties, which made him think that here was a woman who would prove a helpmate.

Their arrival at Ophir was the occasion for a rough, spontaneous welcome that further turned her head. McGill was loved, and once his townsmen had recovered from their amazement, they did their best to show his wife courtesies, which all went to strengthen her belief in his importance and to add to her complacency.

McGill was ashamed of his cabin at first, but she surprised him with the businesslike manner in which she went about fixing it up. Before his admiring eyes she transformed it by a few deft touches into what seemed to him a paradise. Heretofore he had witnessed woman's handiwork only from a dis-

tance, and had never possessed a real home, so this was another wonder that it took time to appreciate. Eventually he pulled himself together and settled down to his affairs, but in the midst of his tasks it would sometimes come over him with a blinding rush that he was married, that he had a wife who was no squaw, but a white woman, more beautiful than any dream-creature, and so young that he might have been her father. The amazing strangeness of it never left him.

But the adolescence of Ophir was short. It quickly outgrew its age of fictitious values, and its rapturous delusions vanished as hole after hole was put to bed-rock and betrayed no ore. Entire valleys that were formerly considered rich were abandoned, and the driving snows erased the signs of human effort. Men came in out of the hills cursing the luck that had brought them there. The gold-bearing area narrowed to a proved creek or two where the ground was taken, and where there were ten men for every job; the saloons began to fill with idlers who talked much but spent nothing; and one day the camp awakened to the fact that it was a failure. There is nothing more ghastly than a broken mining town, for in place of the first feverish exhilaration there is naught but the wreck of hopes and the ruin of ambitions.

McGill's wife was not the last to appreciate the truth; she saw it coming even earlier than the rest. Once she had lost the first glamour and fully attuned herself to the new life, she was sufficiently perceptive to realize her great mistake. But McGill did not notice the change and saw nothing to worry about in the town's affairs. He had been poor most of his life, and his rare periods of opulence had ended briefly, therefore this failure meant merely another trial. Ophir had given him his prize, greater than all the riches of its namesake, and who could be other than happy with a wife like his? His very optimism, combined with her own fierce disappointment, drove the woman nearly frantic. She felt abused, she reasoned that McGill had betrayed her, and at last owned to the hunger she had been striving so vainly to stifle for months past. Now that there was nothing to gain, why blind herself to the truth? She hated McGill, and she loved another! There had never been an instant when her heart had not called.

And then, to make matters worse, Barclay came. He had spent most of the long winter at the steamboat-landing, being too angry to

show himself in Ophir, but the woman-hunger had grown upon him, as upon all men in the north, and it finally drew him to her with a strength that would have snapped iron chains. Hearing, shortly after his arrival, that McGill was out on the creeks and never returned until dark, he went to the cabin. Alice opened the door at his knock, then fell back with a cry. He shut out the cold air behind him and stood looking at her until she gasped,

"Why have you come here?"

"Why? Because I couldn't stay away. You knew I'd have to come, didn't you?"

"McGill!" she whispered and cast a frightened look over her shoulder.

"Does he know?"

She shook her head.

"I hear he's broke—like the rest." Barclay laughed mockingly, and she nodded. "Have you had enough?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes!" she wailed suddenly.

"Take me away, Bob. Oh, take me away!"

She was in his arms with the words, her breast to his, her arms about his neck, her hot tears starting. She clutched him wildly, while he covered her face with kisses.

"Don't scold me," she sobbed. "Don't! I'm sorry, I'm sorry. You'll take me away, won't you?"

"Hush!" he commanded. "I can't take you away; there's no place to go to. That's the worst of this damned country. He'd follow—and he'd get us."

"You must, Bob! You *must*! I'll die here with him. I've stood it as long as I can—"

"Don't be a fool. You'll have to go through with it now until spring. Once the river is open—"

"No, no, no!" she cried passionately.

"Do you want us to get killed?"

Mrs. McGill shivered as if some wintry blast had searched out her marrow, then freed herself from his embrace and said slowly: "You're right, Bob. We must be very careful. I—I don't know what he might do."

That evening she met McGill with a smile, the first she had worn for some time, and she was particularly affectionate.

Instead of returning down river, Barclay found lodgings and remained in Ophir. He was not the most industrious of men, and before long became a familiar figure around the few public places. McGill met him frequently, seeing which Barclay's fellow passengers from below raised their eyebrows and



"THERE AIN'T ROOM ENOUGH IN OPHIR FOR BARCLAY AND ME AND THE WOMAN," SAID MCGILL, AND WITH THE GAIT OF AN OLD MAN HE SHAMBLED TO THE DOOR AND OUT INTO THE STORM

muttered meaningless commonplaces; then, when the younger man took to spending more and more of his time at the miner's cabin, they ceased making any comment whatever. These are things that wise men avoid, and a loose tongue often leads to an early grave, when fellows like McGill are about. Some of the old-timers who had wintered with the miner in the "upper country" shook their heads and acknowledged that young Barclay was a braver man than they gave him credit for being.

Of course McGill was the last to hear of it, for he was of the simple sort who have faith in God and women and such things, and he might have gone on indefinitely in ignorance but for Hopper, who did not care much for the Barclay person. The saloon-man, being himself uneducated and rough, like McGill, cherished certain illusions regarding virtue, and let drop a hint his friend could not help but heed. The husband paid for his drink, then went back to the rear of the room, where he sat for an hour or more. When he went home he was more gentle to his wife than ever. He brooded for a number of days, trying to down his suspicion, but the poison was sown, and he finally spoke to her.

"Barclay was here again this afternoon, wasn't he?"

She turned her face away to hide its pallor. "Yes. He dropped in."

"He was here yesterday, and the day before, too, wasn't he?"

"Well?"

"He'd ought to stay away; people are talking."

She turned on him defiantly. "What of it? What do I care? I'm lonesome, I want company. Mr. Barclay and I were good friends."

"You're my wife now."

"Your wife? Ha! ha! Your wife!" She laughed hysterically.

"Yes. Don't you love me any more, Alice?"

She said nothing.

"I've noticed a change, lately, and—I can't blame you none, but if you loved me just a little, if I had even that much to start on, I wouldn't mind. I'd take you away somewhere and try to make you love me more."

"You'd take me away, would you?" the woman cried, gaining confidence from his lack of heat. "Away, where I'd be all alone with you? Don't you see I'm dying of lonesomeness now? That's what's the matter. I'm half mad with the monotony. I want to



see people, and live, and be amused. I'm young, and pretty, and men like me. You're old, McGill. You're old, and I'm young."

Her husband withered beneath her words; his whole big frame sagged together as if the life had ebbed out of it; he felt weary and sick and burned out. His brain held but one thought—Alice did not love him because he was old.

"Don't go on this way," he said finally to check her. "I suppose it's true, but I've felt like a daddy and a mother to you, along with the other feeling, and I hoped you wouldn't notice it. I don't reckon any young man could care for you like that. You see, it's all the loves of my whole life wrapped up together, and I don't see, I don't see what we can do about it. We're married!" It was characteristic of him that he could devise no way out of the difficulty. A calamity had befallen them, and they must adjust themselves to it as best they could. In his eyes marriage was a holy thing, an institution of God, with which no human hands might trifle.

"No," he continued, "you're my wife, and so we've got to get along the best way we can. I know you couldn't do anything wrong—you ain't that kind." His eyes roved over the homely little nest and the evidences of their married intimacy. "No, you couldn't do that."

"Then you won't make it any harder for me than you can help?"

"No." He rose stiffly. "You're entitled to a fair show at anything you want. I don't like Barclay, but if you want him around, I won't object. Try to be as happy as you can, Alice; maybe it'll all come out right. Only—I wish you'd known it wasn't love before you married me." He put on his cap and went out into the cold.

During the ensuing week or two he devoted himself to his work, spending every daylight hour on his claim, in this way more than satisfying Barclay and the woman, who felt that a great menace had been removed. But Hopper determined that his friend should know all and not part of the truth, for good men are rare and weak women in the way, so he put on his "parka" and walked out to the place where McGill was working, and there, under a bleak March sky, with the snow-flurries wrapping their legs about, he told what he had learned. Hopper was a little man, but he had courage.

"I've heard it from half a dozen fellers," he concluded, "and they'd ought to know, be-

cause they come up on the same boat with them. Anyhow, you can satisfy yourself easy enough."

McGill moistened his lips and thanked his informant, then said, "Now you'd better hustle back to camp; we're due for a storm."

It was still early afternoon when he walked swiftly out of the gulch and into the straggling little town. On his way down from the claim the blizzard had broken, or so it seemed, for the narrow valley had suddenly become filled with a whirling smother through which he burst like a ship through a fog; but when he emerged upon the flats he saw that it was no more than a squall and the wind was abating again.

His moccasins made no sound as he came up to his own house, and the first inkling of his presence that the two inside received was when the door opened and he stood before them. Something in his bearing caused his wife to clutch at the table for support and Barclay to retreat with his back to the opposite wall, his hand inside his coat.

McGill never carried a weapon, having yet to feel the need of one. He spoke now in a harsh, cracked voice. "Take your hand off that gun, Barclay."

"What's the matter with you?" the younger man questioned.

Mrs. McGill's eyes were wide with terror, her frame racked by apprehension, when her husband turned upon her and asked:

"Is it true? Do you love—him?" He jerked his head in Barclay's direction. "Answer me!" he rumbled savagely as she hesitated.

Her lips moved, and she nodded without removing her gaze from him.

"How long have you loved him?"

When she still could not master herself, he softened his voice, "You needn't be scared, Alice. I couldn't hurt you."

"A long—time," she said finally.

McGill leveled a look at the other man.

"That's right," Barclay agreed. "You might as well know."

"They tell me that you and her had"—McGill ground his teeth, and his little eyes blazed—"that she didn't have no right to marry without—telling me something about you."

The former answered through white lips: "Well? Everybody knew it except you, and you could have found out. I'd have married her some time, myself, if you hadn't come along."

McGill's fingers opened slowly, at which the woman burst forth:

"No, no! Don't—do that! You can't blame him, Dan. I did it. Don't you understand? *I'm* the one. I loved him in 'Frisco, long before I saw you, and I've loved him ever since. Take it out on me, if you want to, but don't hurt him."

"I don't reckon I'd have minded it much if I'd known the truth at the start," said McGill. "Most women have made mistakes at one time or another, at least most of those I've known have. No, it ain't that, but you married me knowing that you loved him all the time."

"I tried to quit," cried the wife. "I tried to, but I couldn't."

"And what's the rottenest of all," McGill's voice was ugly again, "you made him best man at the wedding, or just the same. He stood up with us. Didn't you, Barclay?"

The wife flung herself into the breach once more with a self-sacrifice that wrenched her husband's heart. "He didn't want to, but I made him. I thought you had money, and I was mad at him for letting me go, so I tried to hurt him. I wanted him to marry me, but he wouldn't, and I took you. When it was over and I saw the kind of man you are I tried to love you, honestly I did, but I couldn't. You're so—I—I couldn't do it, that's all." She broke into a torrent of tears, holding herself on her feet by an effort. Her wretched sobbing was the only sound in the cabin for a time, then Barclay inquired,

"Well, what are you going to do?"

McGill turned to his wife, ignoring Barclay. "I guess I understand things pretty well, now, and I'm beginning to see your side. Of course I never aimed to hurt *you*, Alice—I couldn't—but I aimed to kill this man, and I will if he stays here." Over his shoulder he flung out quickly: "Oh, the gun won't help you none. You've got to go, Barclay."

"I'll go with him," cried Mrs. McGill desperately. "If he goes, I'll go, too."

"That's exactly what you've got to do. You can't stay here now, neither of you. If he ain't able to take care of you, why, I will as long as I live, but you've both got to go."

"It's the best course under the circumstances," Barclay agreed with relief. "We'll take the first boat—"

"You'll go to-day, now," said the husband grimly, "before I have time to think it over."

"But where?"

"To hell! That's where you're headed."

"We can't go afoot," the woman cried in a panic.

"I've got dogs! And don't argue or I'll weaken. I'm letting him go because you seem to need him, Alice. Only remember one thing, both of you—there ain't no town big enough to hold all three of us. Now go, quick, before I change my mind, for if the sun ever goes down on Barclay and me together, so help me God it won't rise on both of us. There ain't no place in the world that's big enough for him and me, no place in the world."

McGill stood on the river bank and watched them vanish into the ghostly curtain that sifted slowly down from the heavens, and when they were finally lost to view he turned back to his empty cabin. Before entering he paused as usual to note the weather—it was a habit. He saw that the sky was strangely leaden and low, and in spite of the fact that the "quick" was falling rapidly, the air was lifeless and close. If McGill was any judge, that squall had been but a warning, and foretold more to follow. He sighed miserably at thought of the night his wife would have to face.

He cooked his supper mechanically, then sat for hours staring at it. The wind rattling at his door finally roused him to the knowledge that his fire was out, and the room chilly. Being unable longer to bear the silence and the mute evidences of her occupation that looked at him from every side, he slipped into his "parka" and went down to Hopper's place, where there were life and human voices at least.

The night was yelling with a million voices when he stepped out. The bitter wind snapped his fur garment as if to rend it to ribbons, the whirling particles of snow rasped his face like the dry grains from a sand-blast. Boreas had loosed his demons, and they were lashing the night into chaos. McGill felt a sudden tender concern for the woman, a concern so great as almost to destroy his bitterness, but he reflected that he had seen to loading the sled himself and among the other paraphernalia had included a tent and a stove. Unless Barclay was a fool, therefore, Alice was perfectly safe. There was wood aplenty, and the spruce forests offered shelter from the gale. The thought awakened a memory of those night camps he had made on that dreamlike wedding journey and brought forth a groan.

How old and spiritless he had become; he could scarcely stand against the wind!

Of course the story had gone broadcast, hours before, for other eyes than his had watched the man and woman take the outbound trail that afternoon, so when he came stumbling into Hopper's place a sudden silence fell. He went directly to the bar and called for straight "hootch," to drive the cold from his bones, but although it warmed his flesh, his soul remained numb and frozen. Inside him was a great aching emptiness that even Hopper's kindly words could not reach.

"Looks like the worst night we've had this year," said the proprietor. "Better have a drink with me."

McGill's teeth rattled on the glass when he put it to his lips. "She's gone!" he whispered, staring across the bar, "and I didn't kill him. I couldn't—on her account."

Hopper nodded. "I'm awful sorry it came out this way, Dan."

McGill shivered and drew his head down between his gaunt shoulders. "Talk to me, will you?" he begged. "I'm hit hard."

His friend did as he was directed, but a few minutes later in the midst of his words the big man interrupted.

"There wasn't room for all of us here," he declared fiercely. "I told her that, but she wanted him worse than her own life, so I had to give in."

They were still talking at midnight, after all but a few loiterers had gone home, when they heard a man's voice calling from outside. An instant later the front door burst open and a figure appeared; it was Cochrane, the trader from down river.

"Here! Give me a hand!" he bellowed through his ice-burdened beard, then plunged back into the hurricane to reappear with a woman in his arms.

"I thought I'd never make it," he declared. "There's a man in the sled, too. Get some 'hootch' and send for a doctor, quick."

McGill uttered a cry, while the hand with which he gripped the bar went white at his pressure. "Where did you get them?" he questioned.

His wife, half dazed as she was, heard his voice and cowered.

"Ten miles below," said Cochrane. "I was camped for the night when their dogs picked up my scent. They were half dead when they got to me, and he was in mighty bad shape, so I came through. I've been five hours on the road."

Two men brought in Barclay, at which McGill flung out a long arm and cried in a loud voice,

"Is that man dead?"

No one answered, so he strode forward, only to have the weakened traveler raise his head and say:

"No, I'm not dead, McGill. But we had to come back."

The wife was calling to her husband wretchedly: "Don't do it, Dan. We couldn't help it. We'll go to-morrow. We'll go. Please don't! We'll go."

The onlookers, knowing something of the tragedy, drew back, watching McGill, who still stared into the face of the man who had robbed him of everything.

"Do you remember what I told you?" he questioned inflexibly.

Barclay nodded, and the woman shrilled again:

"Don't let him do it, men. *Don't!*"

"There ain't room for us here," went on McGill.

"Only to-night," supplicated his wife, the frostbitten spots in her cheeks no more pallid than the rest of her countenance. "He *can't* go. Don't you see he isn't able? Wait, Dan, I'll go if you want me to"—she struggled forward—"I'll go, but he'll die if you send him out."

"It's always him, ain't it?" said the miner slowly. "You seem to want him pretty bad, Alice. Well, you can have him. And you can stay, both of you." He drew his cap down over his grizzled hair and turned toward the door, but Hopper saw the light in his eye and intercepted him.

"I'll go home with you, Dan," said he.

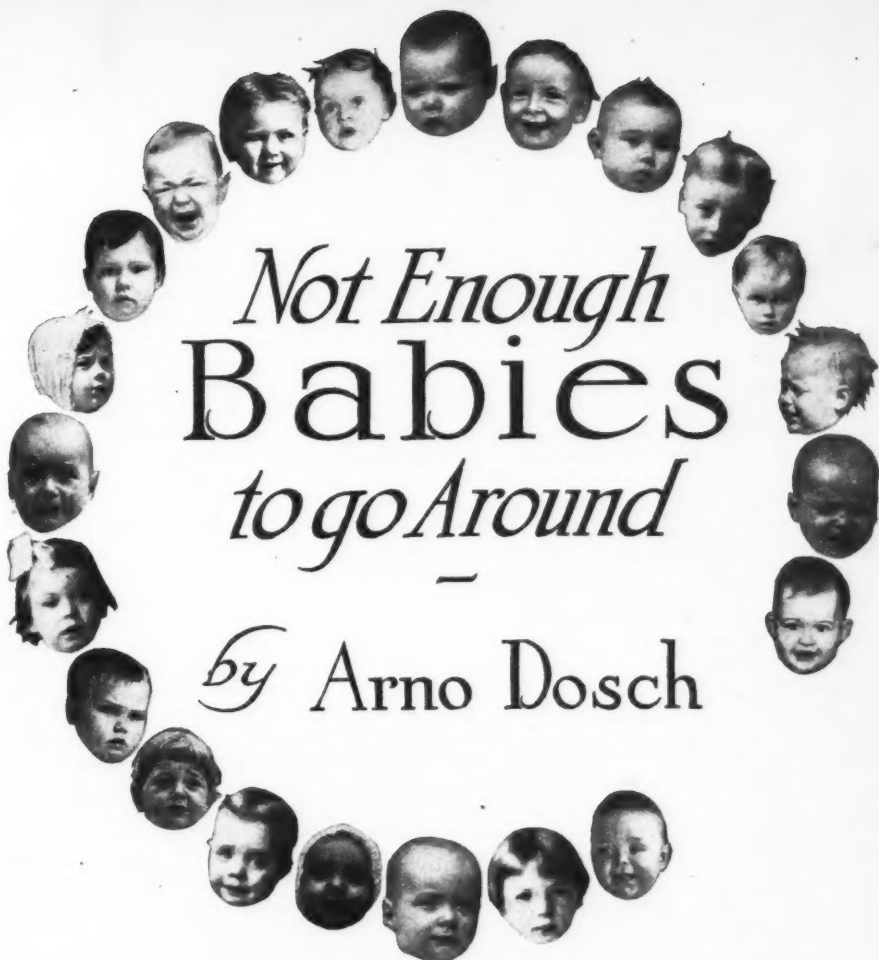
"I ain't going home."

"You mean—"

"There ain't room enough in Ophir for Barclay and me and the woman."

"My God, man, listen to that blizzard. It's suicide!"

But McGill only repeated dully: "There ain't room, Hopper. There ain't room!" and with the gait of an old man shambling to the door. When he opened it the storm shrieked in glee and rushed in, wrapping him up to the middle in its embrace. He closed the door behind him, then went stumbling off into the night, and as he crept blindly forth upon the frozen bosom of the river the bellowing wind wiped out his footprints an arm's length at his back.



# *Not Enough* **Babies** *to go Around*

*by* Arno Dosch

ON a pile of soiled clothing in a sunless Chicago tenement a fair-haired baby boy lay crying of hunger while a swarthy, unclean woman, obviously not his mother, stirred uneasily in a half-drunken, noonday sleep. Presently the door was pushed open, and a quietly intrusive charity worker stood in the room.

"Where did you get that baby?" he asked.

"Oh, him?" replied the woman, sitting up untidily, "I give twenty-five cents an' a canary bird fer him. I could 'a' had a dark one fer nothin'."

This was a dozen years ago. At the time it was frequently found that keepers of bawdy houses had adopted babies, which were being reared by the unhappy inmates. But that is

all changed now. It has gone, along with the belief of a few years past that orphaned and deserted babies should be condemned to soul-destroying institutions until they were half-grown and then sent out to anyone who cared to have them as house servants. Homeless babies are becoming scarcer, and are no longer to be had for the asking. For every unfortunate child that has lost its parents there are two homes that want it. There are not enough babies to go around.

He who would adopt a baby in this day puts in an application, and the society which has the babies in charge sets about investigating his credentials. His financial standing is as carefully scrutinized as if he had a daughter eligible for a match with a foreign noble-

## Not Enough Babies to go Around

man. If that is found to be all right—not too affluent, but comfortable—the agent of the society goes into his ancestry, his personal habits, and his social environment. The point to be decided is whether he will be likely to give the baby a good start in life or let it grow up to become wayward and then say complacently: “It was in the blood, I fear. There is so much in heredity.” In making the decision the agent is to be led astray by neither the glitter of wealth nor the humbleness of the surroundings. What he is looking for is a home.

Foster-parents no longer preen themselves with conscious rectitude for having adopted a baby; rather they feel proud of the distinction that has been conferred on them. For it is not everyone who is so honored. They used to say, “See this poor, little thing we have taken in and are trying to make happy.” Now they cry, “Look at the fine baby we have been allowed to make our heir.” In a material way the average person nowadays would do well to be born in an almshouse.

Death, brutality, and evil on the high seas of life used to cast tens of thousands of babies on the beach, there to meet what fortune happened their way, and that generally proved to be very bad indeed. More recently lifeboats have been put out to rescue them from the sinking ships, and, once ashore, instead of giving them to anyone who came along, attempts have been made to find them the best available shelter. It has become an “organized charity,” an expression which has a rather disagreeable connotation, but there is nothing case-hardened about the people who dispense the charity in this case. It is one thing to provide for shiftless grown-ups and see them return more worthless and futile than ever, and quite another to take puny, deserted infants and watch the color come to their cheeks and their tiny mouths learn to crow. Their helplessness and trust, the way their little arms reach out, never palls, never becomes an old story. Each baby is a new wonder, fraught with all the possibilities of the future, unhurt by fate, capable of rising to any pitch of power or happiness. And yet one glance at the little thing lying there, an accidental life, the most painful expression of the blind human struggle, and the heart clutches at the throat. Of the dozens of men and women engaged in this work to whom I have talked there has not been one who could converse on the subject for five minutes with dry eyes.

With organization has come marked suc-

cess and, within the past year, a demand for babies that could not be met. Small local societies have for a long time frequently found themselves embarrassed by this lack of infants in the face of an insistent demand, but now the scarcity has even become apparent in the cities, believed to be inexhaustible reservoirs of misfortune.

Homeless Protestant babies are largely under the supervision of the thirty-six state branches of the National Children's Home Society, which last year found itself in the same embarrassing situation as the local charities. Exact records of applications were not generally kept by the societies, but answers to inquiries show that there were more than ten thousand for the 6297 children who came under its care. Homes for 5543 were found during the year, and of those left half were awaiting adoption pending investigation, and the other half, on account of some physical defect, were not suitable for the purpose. Of these 169 were in hospitals.

A very conservative barometer on the applications for the whole country is Philadelphia, which has a large poor population, and yet E. D. Solenberger, general secretary of the Pennsylvania Aid Society, the clearing-house for Philadelphia's homeless babies, writes, “The applications we receive for babies for adoption far exceed the supply.” How far the supply falls short of the demand can be readily estimated from the records of the State Charities Aid Association, which does the same work for the Protestant baby-asylums and foundling-hospitals of New York. It has a much bigger supply to draw on than most societies, yet it cannot nearly meet the demands made upon it. My authorities for this statement are Miss M. V. Clark and Miss Elizabeth Guy, who have the active work in hand. Out of 813 applications for babies last year, it was able to fill only 504. This, moreover, does not include almost a thousand other applicants, of whom 315 had to be satisfied with babies who were more than two years old and classed as young children. The rest remained unsatisfied.

These societies, mind you, cater only to the active demand. If they attempted to rouse the latent demand they would be swamped, as the work of the Catholic societies indicates. That there are any babies at all in Protestant asylums is due to the fact that the societies are all short of funds necessary to investigate applicants and transport babies to homes which are awaiting them.





THE TRANSFORMATION—IN ONE DAY—OF AN ORPHAN

In the morning he was a waif; at night he was a somebody to be considered. The first photograph shows him in his accustomed garb. At the "institution" he was first stripped of his shawl and then given an outfit with "pants." By night he had been adopted, dressed as became a son of well-to-do parents, and taken to his new home

Among the Catholics there is practically no race suicide, consequently the active demand for homeless babies is small; but hearts are big, and there is never any trouble in finding room for the unfortunates at already well-filled hearths. Until recently this work was largely done by the parish priests, who wrestled with this human problem, as with all others, the best they could. Now there are home-finding societies in all the principal cities, and the Catholic foundling-asylums and institutions, formerly filled to overflowing with homeless babies, are being emptied by the car-load.

Only one of these societies is more than a few months old. This is the Catholic Home Bureau of New York, which has been carrying on the work for eleven years. To arouse the latent demand, it sends agents to interior towns and country districts. There they are introduced by the priest, and from the start they have been notably successful. At first they were given duplicate lists, but so many babies were bid for several times that lists have latterly been kept separate. It was thought advisable in one case last winter, however, to find a home immediately for twins, and their photographs were given to all the agents. The result was that every agent brought back several applications. With the growing scarcity of babies and the resultant clamorous demand, the Catholic societies, to secure the best possible homes for their wards, have established bureaus similar to the one in New York in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Boston.

Early last spring there was a happening which gave the work of the home-finding agencies dramatic point. The New York

Foundling Asylum received from Louisiana several requests for babies, and the agents sent to investigate the applicants came back with a whole stack besides. To fill them a car-load of babies was sent. When it arrived in New Orleans, March 9th, it was immediately mobbed, and the babies were almost carried off by force. It had not been particularly advertised, but, somehow, several hundred childless men and women had heard of its coming, and they were on hand to seize what babies remained unclaimed. The original applicants took the entire supply, however, and the others went home disappointed.

A flood of letters to the New York Foundling Asylum followed, and other car-loads are to be sent. This institution has the largest supply of babies in the country. Within its walls there were at the first of the year 2171, but during the early months of 1910 this number steadily decreased, indicating that there would not be many more than half that number at the end of the year. If it were not for the policy of the institution to keep babies until they are two years old there might be none at all.

To anyone who has visited any large infant-asylum there would appear to be no dearth of babies, but ninety per cent., except those in foundling-asylums, are half-orphans or have relatives who will not permit of their being adopted. In the big cities, also, the number of babies in both Catholic and Protestant institutions is swelled by the presence of Jewish babies. Steadily increasing immigration has filled Jewish institutions far beyond their capacity and left a large overflow for Christian orphanages to look after. New York presents the case in the extreme, as over

## Not Enough Babies to go Around

half of the two million five hundred thousand Jews in this country are centered in the metropolis. Of the fifteen hundred or more babies who are public charges hardly more than one-tenth are in the Hebrew Infant Asylum. Of the 720 babies cared for by the New York Infant Asylum, a Protestant institution, six hundred are Jewish. These babies are mostly Russian-Jewish. German-Jewish babies are almost as scarce as Protestant. One woman in New York has been searching eight years to find a German-Jewish

FRESH FROM A "HOME"; THE FACE IS DULL AND HAS THE "INSTITUTION LOOK." THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHOWS THE SAME CHILD THREE MONTHS LATER



BRED IN TENEMENT-LINED STREETS; NOW DELIGHTING IN A REAL HOME IN THE COUNTRY



WILFUL AND UNMANAGEABLE WHEN SHE LEFT THE ASYLUM, THIS WAIF HAS BECOME A POPULAR NEBRASKA SCHOOLGIRL

baby that fulfills her ideal, but the number has not been great enough to allow her the latitude she desires.

There is a favorite type of Jewish baby, the little boy of three, which is also hard to get. According to G. E. Halpern, assistant superintendent of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, the demand is eight times as great as the supply. Among Christians little boys of that size are not particularly popular, and the heavy call is for little girls of two. A baby boy of four months was left one day in the hallway of a tenement on Second

Avenue on the lower East Side in New York. Although there are more babies to the block in this section than anywhere else in the world, the clean blanket about him attracted the attention of the woman who occupied the third floor back, and she, surmising that he had been deserted, picked him up. Immediately the necessity of telling some one about it came to her, and in a fateful moment she knocked at the nearest door. To the couple who lived there she related her exciting story, and as they looked upon the boy a spirit of covetousness seized them.

"Give him to us," said the man. "We have none."

"I will not," she replied. "He's mine. I found him."

"But he was at our door. You said so yourself."

The matter was still unsettled and the foundling was in danger of being torn in two between them when a policeman arrived. (Whatever happens in that quarter a policeman always arrives.)

"It belongs to neither," he said. "It's a foundling, and I'll have you know finders is not keepers."

Both doggedly asserting their claims even in the face of this incontrovertible authority, the whole party was led to Bellevue Hospital, where the baby was turned over to a nurse. The claimants were permitted to make application for the baby, but they might as well have dropped their quarrel right there. Neither had the remotest chance of getting the baby. For the present his fortunes were being arbitrarily settled. According to the custom in New York, the foundling, not showing positive signs of being Jewish, was to be



A TYPICAL INSTITUTION BOY  
AND THE SAME BOY A YEAR  
LATER. THE GROWTH IN CHAR-  
ACTER IS DECIDEDLY APPARENT



christened either Protestant or Catholic, and it was his turn to become a Protestant.

The lack of orphaned babies, especially Protestant babies, has even led to a desultory and elusive traffic, and babies have been known to bring as high as one thousand dollars apiece. The money is apparently given as a gift, and the authorities have never been able to establish a case, but there are several men in the big cities, all of sanctimonious mien, who are known by charity workers to be in the business. They make it their affair, usually under the guise of religion, to find rich homes which lack children and provide them from the surplus supply of the poor. The chief requirement of the rich patrons is that the child be cut off entirely from the past, and for that purpose a go-between is required who can be relied upon to forget the transaction. The poor mother is enticed into giving up her baby by a picture of the wealth and luxury it will have, and for the child's sake, as she sees it, she stills her aching heart. The go-between, once he has arranged the matter, receives a "gift." Graft takes many forms, but could there be anything more contemptible than this?

Finding a home for a baby is merely a matter of choice, and even those who have the best of qualifications cannot simply step into the office of a society and say, "My wife is lonely and needs a baby to give her an interest in life," and take one home with him. The society's agents are willing enough to bring the light of a baby's smile into a cheerless home, but they are much more concerned with cheering up homeless infants. A Boston lawyer with a large income and a handsome apartment on Commonwealth Avenue applied

in New York over a year ago for a baby girl with blue eyes, fair hair, and unimpeachable parentage. The other day he adopted a dark-eyed, black-haired little girl whose father died of drink and whose mother was in the madhouse. It was the best he could get. While he was waiting, there had been a baby girl that answered his requirements exactly, except that she was rather delicate, and the agent, having seen the richly dressed but thin-legged little children in the parkway along Commonwealth Avenue, re-



THE IMPRINT  
OF A CHICAGO  
"POORHOUSE"  
IS IN THE DULL  
FACE OF THIS  
CHILD. A  
MONTH WITH  
A FOSTER-  
MOTHER PRO-  
DUCED THE  
BRIGHT BOY  
SHOWN BELOW

strained from playing by their nurses, decided that the baby would not flourish in those surroundings. Meantime the baby had captivated the childless wife of a young draftsman living in a suburb of New York, and the agent reported that she would have a better chance of survival in the care of the draftsman's wife, who could not afford a nurse, than in the expensive Boston apartment.

If the heart of an applicant goes out to the little waif it has been noticed that the baby responds as to a telepathic wave, holding out little arms im-



YESTERDAY A WAIF AND A  
PUBLIC CHARGE; TO-DAY  
THE LIFE OF A ONCE  
CHILDLESS HOME

## Not Enough Babies to go Around

mediately to be picked up. The charity workers look for this sign as a gage on the unselfishness of the applicant's love, and when one appears who radiates kindness and generosity they will not let him go without a baby, even if it is necessary to resort to a trick.

In the office of one of these bureaus for homeless infants a little foundling girl, braced up with pillows in a chair, sat tugging at her cap until four or five bright-red curls popped out.

"No, no," said the secretary, who was watching her anxiously. "Mustn't do that. He won't like you if he sees those dear little red curls."

Kneeling before her, he tucked them back one by one.

"Now quick," he said to his stenographer; "bring him in."

A big, kindly eyed man strode into the office with slow, heavy tread. The secretary greeted him nervously.

"Could you find a little girl baby with blue eyes and black hair?" he asked, as if repeating a question he had put to the same man several times before.

The secretary did not answer directly, but turned toward the chair, where sat the little human mite, back straight, unknowingly facing the crucial moment of her life.

"Here's a little girl no one has any strings on," he said with forced jocosity. "She's eleven months old and free to choose her own parents."

His airy manner was wasted, the big man was not listening. Instead he had turned his kindly eyes on the little face before him, and without a moment's hesitation two little arms stretched up to him and the little lips were moving. "Baba, mama," she was saying, the first articulate sounds that come to every child.

Reaching down, he took the little waif into his arms without a word, while behind his back the secretary made gestures of intense joy to the stenographer. But he might have shouted and turned handsprings in his transports, for all the big man noticed. The baby had reached out and seized his mustache with all her tiny fingers, and he was squeezing her tight to his body. The secretary, the stenographer, and the office ceased to exist. All the man could see was the baby he had taken to his heart.

"For me?" he asked huskily.

"If you want her," answered the secretary equivocally.

"Want her, the dear little thing!" he exclaimed, holding her, wriggling with delight, at arm's length. "Want her? Why, she's just what we want?"

He bounced her up in the air, and the secretary's heart stood still as a curl popped out.

"Red?" said the man in surprise, falling back to his natural, monotonous tone. "I thought she was to have black hair?"

"I didn't say she did," replied the secretary, studying the man's face intently, "but there isn't a black-haired baby with blue eyes to be had for adoption in the city. This is the last baby girl of any kind that can leave the nurse's care. I forgot that you specified black hair. Here, let me have her."

"Let you have nothing," replied the big man brusquely. "I don't care if she has red hair. She's mine."

Has it occurred to you that there must be a reason why there are not enough babies to go around? There is, and a very terrible reason at that. Homeless babies almost always die. It makes no difference how well they are cared for, if they do not receive the direct personal love of a mother or a foster-mother, they do not survive. It is in institutions, of course, that this love is lacking, and there the death-rate is appalling. In a general way this has been known for a long time, but an investigation is only now being made. Hastings H. Hart, head of the Child Helping Department of the Sage Foundation, is at present engaged in an extensive and intensive study of the subject. As yet he has made only a few preliminary incursions, but the conditions indicated are sufficiently horrifying. Moreover, there is no hope that the facts have been exaggerated. They have been furnished by the superintendents of the institutions themselves. The tendency would be quite the opposite.

In twenty-two institutions, chosen at random, out of 56,451 infants received 22,743, or more than forty per cent., were reported to have died before reaching the age of two. Awful as this seems, it is nowhere near the whole truth, as many infant-asylums make a practice of sending sick babies to hospitals and *not recording their deaths*, merely marking them in the books as "removed to an institution" or "returned to mother." Infant-asylums with hospital attachments show an average mortality of fifty to seventy per cent. To a letter of inquiry from Dr. Hart, the superintendent of one very large infant-asylum sent the brief but pointed reply,

"During the past twenty years the death-rate among children of two years and younger has been seventy-five per cent." If that is shocking, listen to this, "During my period of observation, covering more than a year," wrote the physician in attendance at another orphanage, "every motherless infant under the age of one year, admitted to this institution, died before reaching the age of two."

Improvement in the institutions themselves, following the tendency of recent years, has done wonders for older children, and, in some cases, has even succeeded in removing the curse of the deadly, loveless routine which makes orphan-asylums the saddest spots on earth; but little, apparently, can be done for babies. All the improved methods in care and feeding cannot make up for the lack of love. Out of 7326 infants under two years of age, in carefully conducted institutions, 2677 died during the past year. This is an average of thirty-six and one-half per cent., which, according to earlier reports from the same institutions, is only four per cent. less than the average in earlier years when babies were handled in a much more haphazard manner than at present.

This is the record, remember, of superior institutions. Much more terrible is such a tale as that of Randalls Island. Its pernicious activities have long since been done away with, but, in reading its grim record, do not forget that there are other Randalls Islands still flourishing in many parts of the United States. How many will not be known until Dr. Hart has probed into them and revealed their rottenness.

It used to be the custom in New York to send all foundlings and indigent babies to the workhouse on Randalls Island. There were many older children there, too, and they grew up as best they might, except for those lucky ones who were snatched away by the Children's Aid Society and sent west where they had some chance of survival. For a long time it had been generally known that conditions were pretty bad over there, but it was not until 1898 that the truth came out. Then it was learned that for years the mortality among babies on the island had been ninety-five to one hundred per cent. When the fact became known, there was a sensation. The newspapers investigated and called attention to it, but after the excitement had worn off everything would have settled down to the same old death-rate for babies if it had not been for one woman. She happened to be

rich, and she had a sympathetic heart. One day during the period of investigation she showed a tear-stained face in the office of the State Charities Aid Association, holding out a check-book and biting her lips to keep from crying. "Te-tell me how much you need," she faltered, trying to control her voice. "I want to help." Her voice got away from her, but she mastered it only to end in a crescendo of choking sobs, "I haven't been able to sleep thinking of those poor little things over on Randalls Island."

With the fund she started the babies were taken away, and each was placed in the care of a wet nurse, who mothered it as well. According to the report of the society, on account of the large number of sickly infants among those removed from the island, the percentage of deaths during the first year was still fifty-five. But the next year it dropped to thirty-one. The third it was only eighteen, and the fourth ten. When, in 1907, the city decided to do the boarding out itself the death-rate was only six and one-half per cent.

Far fewer children are in institutions nowadays than might be supposed. In all New York there are only 2178 in Protestant institutions-receiving state aid, and that includes almost the entire number. Those who remain there are either half-orphans or not physically fit for adoption. In Massachusetts, where institutions have been looked upon with increasing disfavor for years, fifteen have closed their doors. Ohio formerly boasted proudly that it had one for each county, but already ten have been closed, and the others have been half emptied.

It is unfair, however, to condemn institutions absolutely and paint them all in evil colors. They have played their part in civilization, and their importance is dwindling, but the people who run them are sympathetic and pitying or they would not be there. But they do not provide a home. An institution can never be that, but it is a port in a storm. What went on before the development of the institution is shown in the story of Margaret, known in sociological circles as "the mother of criminals."

Twenty years ago there came under the supervision of the Children's Aid Society of New York a boy whose natural instincts were so weak and debased that his family history was secured in an effort to understand his case. At the beginning was Margaret, a girl so pretty that she lived in tradition even after a hundred years in the small town in which



## Not Enough Babies to go Around

she had been allowed to go astray. As she grew older she corrupted her two younger sisters, and among them they started this evil family. Of 709 descendants, ninety-one were illegitimate, 129 were prostitutes, eighteen owned establishments of bad repute, and sixty-nine died of disease. During the hundred years there had hardly been one decent member in the entire family. Seventy-six were publicly recorded as criminals and served altogether 116 years in prison. Only twenty-two ever acquired property, and eight of these lost what little they had. The county helped 142 over an aggregate period of 734 years, and sixty-four died in the poorhouse. The boy's five contemporaries were all in prison serving long terms for serious offenses. Naturally he was not told these things, and under careful rearing he has developed into a colorless man.

There was nothing essentially bad about Margaret; she merely lacked care. If she had been born fifty years later, she would have been placed in an orphanage; now a home would be found for her.

Only ten years ago the baby Margarets were regularly sent to grow up in institutions, but with the present demand for them for adoption, the supply is being cut away from the bottom, and few are growing up there. The census of the Catholic institutions of New York has shown this in a very striking manner. During 1909 the Catholic Home Bureau found foster-parents for six hundred babies, and the total number of inmates in the orphanages decreased by an almost identical number.

That there is such a small number of children leading the measured existence of the institution in Protestant asylums in New York is due chiefly to the Children's Aid Society. It was founded in 1857, and since that time has secured homes for more than fifty thousand children. Every month, sometimes twice a month, it sends west a car-load of this helpless flotsam. The little things, taken from institutions where they have never known anything beyond the confines of the asylum walls except for the sad walks taken two by two along the streets, all at once find themselves looking from a car window at the wide world out into which they are being tossed. These little parties have been going west since before the Civil War. First they were sent to Western New York and Pennsylvania, then to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. When the Northwest began to be settled they pioneered into the new country, and for the

past dozen years they have been going to Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The bigger boys are being placed on the ranches of Texas.

The children always go to the country or to prosperous inland towns. With the increasing demand baby girls are now almost always placed with bankers and established merchants. For years they are visited and kept track of by the society, moved if the first home is not satisfactory, and watched over until they are fairly well started in life. In all the work being done for children nothing appeals so strongly to the imagination as the thought of those little parties flung far out on the sea of life and yet always within reach of the long arm of the society.

When they are delivered at some forlorn station on the prairie, if bound for a country district, and the farmers drive in for miles around to look them over, the moment is tense with sadness and hope. The agents never put up one of these little parties "to the block" without a clutching at the throat. Instead of becoming hardened by the repetition of the experience, their hearts melt.

B. W. Tice, the western agent of the society, arrived in a Missouri town one day with twenty-four babies and small children, having delivered a similar car-load eighteen years before. At the station he was greeted by a handsome girl, who announced herself as secretary of the local committee.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked, smiling.

"No, but your name is oddly familiar," he replied.

"You carried me here in your arms when I was a baby," she responded, "and here are three more of us."

Turning, she pointed to a pretty girl and two grown men, one of whom held a baby of his own in his arms.

"Where is the third brother?" asked Mr. Tice, with quick memory. She explained that he had gone to seek his fortune farther west.

Some of the newly arrived babies became fretful, and two other young women, tears rolling down their cheeks, began to soothe them. They also were of the original party. The list continued until they were all accounted for. Among them they were ready to take care of all the babies Mr. Tice had brought.

What comes into the stunted minds and starved hearts of the little children at this



FOUNDLINGS PLACED IN FAMILIES FOR ADOPTION, FROM THE INFANTS' HOSPITAL ON RANDALLS ISLAND, NEW YORK. BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD WITH EVERY HANDICAP, MOST OF THESE BABIES, UNDER NEW CONDITIONS, WILL MAKE GOOD CITIZENS

sudden blossoming out of life was brought home to me by a story told by one of these charity workers. She had been in the interior, looking for available children for adoption, and was bringing back a diminutive girl of four from an orphanage. In the train the child was silent and wistful, nestling into the folds of her dress and clinging close to her. Accustomed as she was to having the children in institutions climb upon her lap and

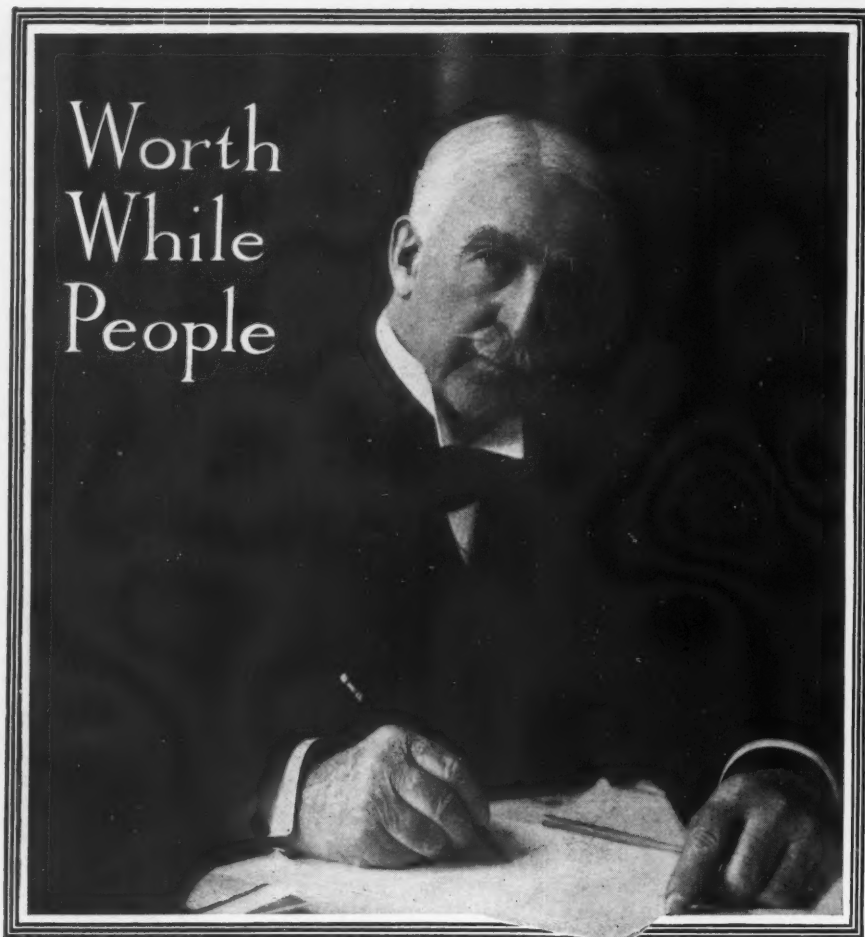
ask to be hugged, her heart was strangely moved. When she felt sure of her voice, she asked,

"Were you sorry to leave?"

The little girl shot up a quick glance as if to assure herself that some one had really asked such a ridiculous question, then, nestling closer and stretching her little arm around the woman's waist, she said, with lip quivering,

"Sh! I'm playing you're my mama."

# Worth While People



*Photograph specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, WHO, AT SEVENTY-ONE AND WITH FORTY-TWO YEARS OF SERVICE,  
IS READY FOR ANOTHER WAR

BY such wonder-ways of wisdom and warfare as are instilled by the rod of iron circumstance and the walloppings of worldly experience, General Nelson A. Miles has traveled past his seventy-first birthday to a place among the nation's large and conspicuous characters. To-day he is inevitably the foremost of American militarists. Massachusetts-bred, he has waxed vigorous under the smoke-reek of many battles and lives to tell a tale of hard fighting through many campaigns and of victories aplenty. He has seen the now vanishing red man at his best and worst. He has matched the cunning of copper-colored savagery with the knowledge and instinct of the born defeater. In the saddle he is an animated and heroic

sculpture. In the drawing-room he is a Chesterfield. Retired since 1903, he has kept in close touch with world-events, and were a conflict to burst upon the country to-morrow General Miles would, on his own admission, be among the first to offer his sword and strength for the defense of his motherland.

Largely self-instructed, ambitious, forceful, well read, wide traveled, General Miles is of the type that can face no problem and leave it unsolved. His record is as clean as it is heroic. Man and soldier, he has side-stepped no duty nor whined in its fulfilling. He is one of our genuine American heroes, and though he megaphones none of his virtues to a press-avid public he stands for the truly Olympic in our present-day life.



*Photograph specially posed for the Cosmopolitan*

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION—MRS. PHEBE PALMETO, WHO DOES NOT HAVE TO PROCLAIM HER TITLE FROM THE HOUSETOPS

REMOTE from the crowd and forgotten, if indeed she was ever known to it, lives sedately, as becomes her eighty-eight years, the only genuine and indisputable Daughter of the Revolution, Mrs. Phoebe Maria Wooley Palmeto. By a special act of Congress she has enjoyed for many years the bounty of Uncle Sam, which is extended through the Pension Bureau, by reason of her father's prowess in an early unpleasantness with Great Britain over some trifling matter of restricted human liberty. In plainer terms Mrs. Palmeto's belligerent sire, Jonathan Wooley, served honorably in a New Hampshire company of militia active in the war of the Revolution, and she is the sole recipient of pension funds on that ac-

count. It may be inferred that Jonathan rose to no dizzy heights of generalship and that his name can be found nowhere graven imperishably in bronze; but that he was squarely "on the job"—in our vulgar modern talk—when British bullets flew and were answered in kind is a matter of indubitable record. And so, being offspring of a patriot, this kindly old soul, who has recollections of a day as dead as Pharaoh's, lives dreamfully in the hamlet of Brookfield, New York. It must amuse this ancient gentlewoman hugely to hear of the capers and controversies of a thousand clamoring sisters, who, in print and from rostrum, declare their true title to daughterhood among the Revolutionary elect.

SOME OF THE  
WORLD'S  
BUSY WORKERS



MISS JANE ADDAMS, THE ONLY WOMAN TO  
HOLD AN HONORARY DEGREE FROM YALE



ROBERT W. CHAM-  
BERS

AMERICA'S MOST  
POPULAR STORY-  
TELLER, WHO HAS  
JUST WRITTEN FOR  
THE COSMOPOLITAN  
A POWERFUL NOVEL  
DEALING WITH A  
PROBLEM OF MOD-  
ERN LIFE



THE SULTAN OF SULU, WHO IS TOURING THE  
WORLD, AND WILL SOON VISIT THE U. S.



SENATOR JULIUS C. BURROWS, OF MICHIGAN. UPON THE RETIREMENT OF THE VETERAN SENATORS FROM NEW  
ENGLAND SENATOR BURROWS IS EXPECTED TO SUCCEED TO THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SENATE, WHERE  
HE IS NOW A POWER BY REASON OF HIS MEMBERSHIP UPON IMPORTANT COMMITTEES.—MORTI-  
MER L. SCHIFF, SON OF JACOB H. SCHIFF, OF NEW YORK. MR. SCHIFF IS ONE OF THE HEIRS  
TO THE POWER WIELDED BY THE PRESENT KINGS OF FINANCE AND HAS ALREADY  
SHOULDERED MANY OF THE RESPONSIBILITIES ATTACHING TO GREAT WEALTH





A DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRAT—LADY HEMSLEY,  
WHO WAS LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE

A GROUP OF  
CLEVER  
PERSONALITIES



EDWIN A. BROWN

A MILLIONAIRE WHO  
IS SORRY FOR THE  
DOWNTRODDEN AND  
UNFORTUNATE AND  
HAS DONNED THEIR  
GARB THE BETTER  
TO INVESTIGATE  
THE TREATMENT  
THAT THEY RE-  
CEIVE

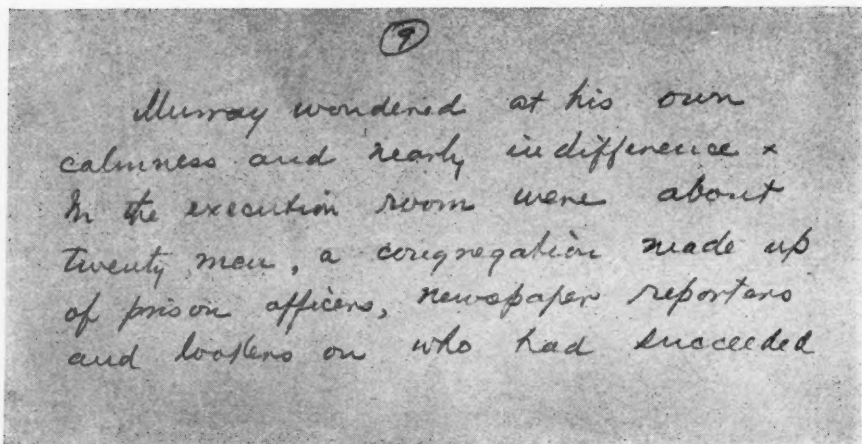


TYPIFYING THE FREEDOM OF THE WEST—MISS  
MINNIE THOMPSON, THE NOTED HORSEWOMAN



MRS. HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE EQUALITY LEAGUE OF SELF-SUPPORTING  
WOMEN, AND A MILITANT SUFFRAGIST, ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING IN NEW YORK.—MISS GUSSY  
HOLL, A YOUNG GERMAN IMPERSONATOR WHO HAS MET WITH SUCCESS IN NEW YORK. SHE HAS  
ALSO CAPTURED THE HEART OF PRINCE DJIN HAI, A NEPHEW OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR,  
WHO HAS BEEN LEARNING THE SCIENCE OF WAR AS AN OFFICER IN THE GERMAN ARMY  
THE PRINCE WILL RESIGN FROM THE ARMY TO ENTER THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE IN BERLIN

# O. Henry's Last Story



Facsimile of the last page of the story which O. Henry was writing for the *Cosmopolitan* at the time of his death. With the writing of these words the pen that has meant mirth to millions was laid aside forever. There is a peculiar pathos in the unfinished sentence, for the life-work that ended here was certainly not finished, though the work that was left behind might well have occupied a long life.

## The Dream

MURRAY dreamed a dream.

Both psychology and science grope when they would explain to us the strange adventures of our immaterial selves when wandering in the realm of "Death's twin brother, Sleep." This story will not attempt to be illuminative; it is no more than a record of Murray's dream. One of the most puzzling phases of that strange waking sleep is that dreams which seem to cover months or even years may take place within a few seconds or minutes.

Murray was waiting in his cell in the ward of the condemned. An electric arc light in the ceiling of the corridor shone brightly upon his table. On a sheet of white paper an ant crawled wildly here and there as Murray blocked his way with an envelope. The electrocution was set for eight o'clock in the evening. Murray smiled at the antics of the wisest of insects.

There were seven other condemned men in the chamber. Since he had been there Mur-

ray had seen three taken out to their fate: one gone mad and fighting like a wolf caught in a trap; one, no less mad, offering up a sanctimonious lip-service to Heaven; the third, a weakling, collapsed and strapped to a board. He wondered with what credit to himself his own heart, foot, and face would meet his punishment; for this was his evening. He thought it must be nearly eight o'clock.

Opposite his own in the two rows of cells was the cage of Bonifacio, the Sicilian slayer of his betrothed and of two officers who came to arrest him. With him Murray had played checkers many a long hour, each calling his move to his unseen opponent across the corridor.

Bonifacio's great booming voice with its indestructible singing quality called out,

"Eh, Meestro Murray; how you feel — all a right — yes?"

"All right, Bonifacio," said Murray steadily, as he allowed the ant to crawl upon the envelope and then dumped it gently on the stone floor.



"Dat's good-a, Meestro Murray. Men like us, we must-a die like-a men. My time come nex'-a week. All-a right. Remember, Meestro Murray, I beat-a you dat las' game of da check. Maybe we play again some-a time. I don'-a know. Maybe we have to call-a de move damn-a loud to play de check where dey goin' send us."

Bonifacio's hardened philosophy, followed closely by his deafening, musical peal of laughter, warmed rather than chilled Murray's numbed heart. Yet, Bonifacio had until next week to live.

The cell-dwellers heard the familiar, loud click of the steel bolts as the door at the end



*Gone with love  
Miss 'O' Henry*

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF O. HENRY (SYDNEY PORTER) WHICH HE CONSIDERED HIS BEST. HIS DAUGHTER, MISS MARGARET PORTER, SHARES HER FATHER'S FAME BY SIGNING HERSELF MISS "O. HENRY"

of the corridor was opened. Three men came to Murray's cell and unlocked it. Two were prison guards; the other was "Len"—no; that was in the old days; now the Reverend Leonard Winston, a friend and neighbor from their barefoot days.

"I got them to let me take the prison chaplain's place," he said, as he gave Murray's hand one short, strong grip. In his left hand he held a small Bible, with his forefinger marking a page.

Murray smiled slightly and arranged two or three books and some penhold-

ers orderly on his small table. He would have spoken, but no appropriate words

## The Dream

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Murray was waiting in his cell

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF O. HENRY'S LAST STORY. HE BEGAN IT WITH HOPE, AS HE HAD PLANNED WITH IT TO ENTER A NEW FIELD OF FICTION. BUT THERE WERE OTHER PLANS FOR HIM, AND THIS UNFINISHED "DREAM" MUST REPRESENT THE WEALTH OF STORIES THAT HE MIGHT HAVE TOLD

seemed to present themselves to his mind.

The prisoners had christened this cell-house, eighty feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, Limbo Lane. The regular guard of Limbo Lane, an immense, rough, kindly man, drew a pint bottle of whiskey from his pocket and offered it to Murray, saying:

"It's the regular thing, you know. All has it who feel like they need a bracer. No danger of its becoming a habit with 'em, you see."

Murray drank deep into the bottle.

"That's the boy!" said the guard. "Just a little nerve tonic, and everything goes smooth as silk."

They stepped into the corridor, and each one of the doomed seven knew. Limbo Lane is a world on the outside of the world; but it has learned, when deprived of one or more of the five senses, to make another sense supply the deficiency. Each one knew that it was nearly eight, and that Murray was to go to the chair at eight. There is also in the many Limbo Lanes an aristocracy of crime. The

man who kills in the open, who beats his enemy or pursuer down, flushed by the primitive emotions and the ardor of combat, holds in contempt the human rat, the spider, and the snake.

So, of the seven condemned only three called their farewells to Murray as he marched down the corridor between the two guards—Bonifacio, Marvin, who had killed a guard while trying to escape from the prison, and Bassett, the train-robber, who was driven to it because the express-messenger wouldn't raise his hands when ordered to do so. The remaining four smoldered, silent, in their cells, no doubt feeling their social ostracism in Limbo Lane society more keenly than they did the memory of their less picturesque offenses against the law.

Murray wondered at his own calmness and nearly indifference. In the execution room were about twenty men, a congregation made up of prison officers, newspaper reporters and lookers on who had succeeded

Here, in the very middle of a sentence, the hand of Death interrupted the telling of O. Henry's last story. He had planned to make this story different from his others—the beginning of a new series in a style he had not previously attempted. "I want to show the public," he said, "that I can write something new—new for me, I mean—a story without slang, a straightforward dramatic plot treated in a way that will come nearer my idea of real

story-writing." Before starting to write the present story, he outlined briefly how he intended to develop it: Murray, the criminal accused and convicted of the brutal murder of his sweetheart—a murder prompted by jealous rage—at first faces the death penalty, calm and, to all outward appearances, indifferent to his fate. As he nears the electric chair he is overcome by a revulsion of feeling. He is left dazed, stupefied, stunned. The entire scene in the death-chamber—the witnesses, the spectators, the preparations for execution—become unreal to him. The thought flashes through his brain that a terrible mistake is being made. Why is *he* being strapped to the chair? What has *he* done? What crime has *he* committed? In the few moments while the straps are being adjusted a vision comes to him. He dreams a dream. He sees a little country cottage, bright, sun-lit, nestling in a bower of flowers. A woman is there, and a little child. He speaks with them and finds that they are his wife, his child—and the cottage their home. So, after all, it is a mistake. Some one has frightfully, irretrievably blundered. The accusation, the trial, the conviction, the sentence to death in the electric chair—all a dream. He takes his wife in his arms and kisses the child. Yes, here is happiness. It *was* a dream. Then—at a sign from the prison warden the fatal current is turned on.

MURRAY HAD DREAMED THE WRONG DREAM.

## O. Henry, Man and Writer

By Will Irwin

THESE were the last words O. Henry wrote. On that final unfinished sentence he laid down his pen.

He had returned to New York from Asheville early in the spring, leaving his family in the South. Why he did it is apparent now. The illness of which he made so light was firmly rooted in him. He knew that he had only a little time to live. He was behind the bank-account as always; no other genius was ever so careless and improvident. Yet he really hated debt. He set to himself,

therefore, the task of finishing his play and of writing as many short stories as he could before brain and hand stopped. Alone and silent he fought it out. He had always avoided society, but in the last month he became a hermit. He shut himself up, kept his telephone off the hook, and went abroad only for a daily walk—a painful, exhausting passage of three blocks over to Madison Square and three blocks back. Once, in that last month, a party of friends coaxed him out to dinner. He could not eat; but he tried



pathetically to talk and to summon those glints of cynic wisdom which were the salt at every table where he sat. They noticed then how his face had changed. He was a shy man with a manner almost apologetic—a lone wolf from his birth. The shyness expressed itself in a furtive manner, but mainly in a repressed upper lip which hid his teeth. Now he had lost control of that upper lip; it drew up as he talked, giving a sinister change to the whole aspect of his face.

His tales were conceived in all manner of ways. Sometimes he set out deliberately to make a plot. By no accident was he the son of a man who gave up medical practice to be an inventor. He was dining one evening at Mouquin's, and the talk fell on his work. "I think I'll make a story out of this table," he said. His eye lit on the bill of fare. He picked it up. The *carte du jour* was typewritten. "Here it is, Colonel," he said after a moment. And straightway he told off "Springtime à la Carte." But mostly the plots for his stories sprang into his mind in flashes, generated from some remark, some picture, some slight accident of the day's work.

So the idea came, about two weeks before his death, for his last, unfinished story. As he was resting, his eyes on the clock languidly noting the time, he fell into the intermittent slumber of the sick. And he dreamed a long dream which seemed to hold the experiences of a lifetime. He awoke with his eyes still on the clock. He had been asleep less than two minutes. Immediately the story came. He told it to a member of the staff of the COSMOPOLITAN and took an order to write it, but he did not begin it then. A week later, however, he dropped the play and went back to fiction. Probably he saw how short was his time, realized that, in order to fulfil his last and dearest wish, he must go back to his own familiar art.

On the afternoon of Friday, June 3d, his oldest friend in New York had a call from him over the telephone. "Can you come down right away, Colonel?" he said. His friend found him lying on the floor, the telephone receiver swinging. He had sent the message and collapsed. The servants at the apartment-house got him to bed, and went for a physician. He reported that the case was serious; though not until the autopsy did anyone know how serious. As a matter of fact, had Porter gone under the strictest physical régime a year before, he could only have drawn out his life a little, not saved it. An

operation was necessary at once. While the doctor went to arrange with the hospital, Sydney Porter, holding back the pain, set calmly about settling up his affairs with this friend and another who arrived after the doctor. Such papers were to be sent to his family, such to his publishers; and there were messages, all with the tone of farewell in them. At that confession of danger, his old friend tried to cheer him.

"You'll be all right after the operation," he said.

"Never mind that, Bill," he answered. To man or woman, "Bill" was his word of affectionate address. "I'm on."

With this same friend he had spoken two months before upon immortality.

"Did you ever hear the little chickens picking at the shells, trying to get out?" he had said. "We're like them. We're picking at our shells."

"But outside? What happens when we get out?"

He had shrugged his shoulders. "Would there be any sense in it? Suppose you and I got another chance, with the experience and knowledge we have now—wouldn't we boggle up our lives just as badly?" Then he had turned the subject.

Now, having admitted for the first time in these weary months that he was "on," his mind turned back to that conversation.

"Would we boggle them up, Bill?" he asked. "Or would we know how to play the game?"

His friends changed the subject, as people will in such crises, and assumed that ghastly cheerfulness which is the armor of brave hearts.

"We'll enter you at the hospital under an assumed name," said one. "You're famous, you know, and people will bother you." But he answered,

"To-morrow my name will be Dennis."

When the doctor came back he had a grip on himself again. He joked feebly. The doctor, dressing him for his journey, tried to brush his hair.

"You're a poor barber, Doc," smiled Porter and took the brush himself. He had another spasm of pain then; he was knotted with it as they carried him out to the taxicab; but he insisted on stopping to shake hands with Mr. Miller, manager of his apartment-house. Nor, when they reached the hospital, would he let them carry him. He showed at this point a whimsical weakness of courage. He who

was facing a lonely death, he who knew his end as well as did his own "Murray" in the story, expressed dread of the ether. Would he sink into unconsciousness right away or must he "fight it"? The doctor reassured him.

Then, as he stepped from the elevator to the ward, a kind of miracle came over him. Shy, sensitive, guarding the bare nerve-ends of his soul with an affectation of flippancy, his gait had always been furtive, his manner shrinking. Now he walked nobly, his head up, his chest out, his feet firm—walked as earls walked to the scaffold. Underneath all that democracy of life and love of the raw human heart which made him reject the prosperous and love the chatter of car-conductors and shop-girls—that quality which made Sydney Porter "O. Henry"—lay pride in his good Southern blood. It was as though he summoned all this pride of blood to help him fight the last battle like a man and a Sydney. He smiled back to his friends at the door, and none of his own ever saw him again alive; for his family came just too late.

He rallied from the operation; and he lay for a day in a painless half-stupor, out of which he smiled now and then when the nurses moved him. Once he roused himself to ask if his family were coming. It was midnight between Friday and Saturday when they took him to the hospital. In the early morning of Sunday, the nurse saw him move. He was looking toward

the window; there was no sign yet of dawn. He rolled his head back toward the dim hospital lamp and whispered,

"Turn up the lights: I don't want to go home in the dark!" The nurse obeyed, and seeing the change in his face, called the doctor. But Sydney Porter never spoke again. Just before his spirit mingled with the peaceful ocean of unnumbered souls, he looked up and gave them one of his quick smiles. And on that smile he died.

"I don't want to go home in the dark"—what man in dying ever so expressed his very self? The jesting phrase of the street, bawled from concert-hall stages, called from cab-seat to cab-seat, whispered in the love-hour on the front steps of tenements, shouted at the batsman by baseball coaches—that catch-word of the day carried through layer after layer of feeling and consciousness until it touched the depths and became poetry! More: he carried within him all the tragedy in this world as well as all the mirth; for that is the law of the masters. Such as he cannot quite face the sadness of things, else the soul would sink under the weight of it. As one such has silence for a defense and one affectation, Sydney Porter had an appearance of cynicism; he shielded his soul with flippant and humorous phrases. And I do not doubt that in this phrase, with its balance between humor and poetry, he fortified himself to face the world "outside the shell."

## The Crucible

### O. Henry's Last Poem

*O. Henry did not often express himself in verse. The following is one of two poems found in a notebook after his death. In the first pages of the book was the other poem. At the end of the book, with blank pages between, came "The Crucible."*

HARD ye may be in the tumult,  
Red to your battle hilts,  
Blow give for blow in the foray,  
Cunningly ride in the tilts;  
But when the roaring is ended,  
Tenderly, unbeguiled,  
Turn to a woman a woman's  
Heart, and a child's to a child.

Test of the man, if his worth be  
In accord with the ultimate plan,  
That he be not, to his marring,  
Always and utterly man;  
That he bring out of the tumult,  
Fitter and undefiled,  
To woman the heart of a woman,  
To children the heart of a child.

Good when the bugles are ranting  
It is to be iron and fire;  
Good to be oak in the foray,  
Ice to a guilty desire.  
But when the battle is over  
(Marvel and wonder the while)  
Give to a woman a woman's  
Heart, and a child's to a child.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ON HER WHITE FACE THE WHITE MOON SHONE GHOSTLY. "WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?" SHE ASKED, HOLDING BY THE RAILS

## A Romance at Random

WHEREIN A GENTLEMAN BECOMES A SCAPEGOAT FOR A LADY IN DISTRESS

By H. B. Marriott Watson

*Author of "Galloping Dick," "Captain Fortune," "Hurricane Island," etc.*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg



THE clock in a small church hidden among the huddle of houses had struck twelve, and a fine moon brightened the almost silent street, as Lord de Lys quickened his steps to draw closer to the woman. It was something in her gait, coupled with the strangeness of her sudden flitting from the brougham, which had originally arrested him. She had descended into the chill night air, thrown a furtive glance about the street which evidently missed him where he stood in the shadow of a portico, and, with

a gesture of dismissal to the coachman, darted round the corner. De Lys had stared, pulled himself together, and followed.

Why did a fashionably dressed woman behave like that at such an hour within the precincts of Mayfair? He had followed her distantly down two streets, which, as a matter of fact, was his legitimate course, his feet clanging regularly on the pavement, and now, as she drew within the circle of an electric light, he hastened closer. He had indulged his curiosity, and now he felt ashamed, ashamed perhaps more by the flash of her eyes as she wheeled them about on him, her

open cloak betraying the low-cut dress beneath, her handsome face pallid in the white light.

He passed her where she stood, as if he had been the only occupant of the street, since that conduct alone was left him now. He had become conscious that she had become conscious of him, and that he was suspected of a vulgar pursuit. His face tingled with shame. He heard her crossing the street, and, almost without knowing he did so, turned his head. He saw her cross quickly, and pause before a house, the plain front of which was whitened in the moonlight. She set her hand on the area railings, and she swayed.

He strode across to her at racing speed. She turned, and on her white face the white moon shone ghostly.

"What is it you want?" she asked, holding by the rails.

"I—I beg your pardon," said de Lys with some diffidence. "I thought I saw you—I feared you were ill."

Her unknown eyes seemed to be fixed on him for a moment ere she replied.

"Oh, dear, no," said she at last. "Your imagination outstrips fact. It runs far ahead." She paused, then went on: "You were good enough to be interested in me, but I assure you there is nothing to exercise your wits on. I was looking to see if the kitchen lights were out. This is my house."

"I—I am sorry," stammered de Lys, "I thought you were ill. That was why I—" He did not finish his sentence. He saw to his surprise that she was smiling, and he had not looked for amusement, but for either indignation or embarrassment.

"I have no doubt it was," she said. "As a matter of fact, I did trip on the pavement, and feel a little shaken. So if you will be good enough to walk with me so far as the door I shall be grateful."

It was unexpected, and subverted in a moment all his theories. Silently he attended her until the fanlight over the door shone full upon them both. The lady stood on the step above him, and they regarded each other. There was no more question as to her class and breeding than as to his—which puzzled him the more. This was no rich and idle wanton, but a woman of character, of some authority, as well as of beauty. A smile spread over her face, which had been grave, as she studied him.

"Do you know the number of this house?" she asked, "or this street?"

"No," he confessed. "I was not noticing."

"If you give me your word of honor as a gentleman not to try to discover either, I can offer you a glass of wine for your kindness," she said.

"Agreed!" said Lord de Lys promptly. This was the sort of adventure that was dear to his heart.

The lady placed a latch-key in the door, turned it, and passed through the open way, beckoning him in silently. He followed, and the heavy door sank bank into the sockets dully, almost as if it closed a prison.

The hall was but dimly lighted; but the lady led the way to a room at the back, which seemed to look on the usual abridged London garden. She switched on the electric light, revealing a roomy chamber pleasantly furnished, with a fire burning briskly, Empire ornaments on the mantelpiece, rich hangings, and an elegant Sheraton table covered with a damask cloth, and set for supper. He noted in his quick way that the materials of the supper were light, such as should make appeal to a woman; and a bottle of claret already opened stood on the table.

"You don't want that," said his companion with a wave of the hand toward the wine. "Men don't at this hour."

She was evidently quick of mind, and he rejoiced to find it; he braced up his wits for the coming encounter.

"I think, if you don't mind," said he, as if he were at an ordinary table and in ordinary circumstances, "that I should like a whiskey and soda."

She gave vent to a little laugh. "I could have guessed that, too," she said. "I have not lived—how many years, do you think?—without observation. And one of the most important pieces of knowledge to gain, if you want to live with ease and without friction, concerns the appetites and tastes of men."

She spoke very slowly, as if she were thinking. She had sat down, and leaned her chin on her hand, her elbows on the table. She was not looking at de Lys, but abstractedly at the table-cloth or a plate. Her cloak had been laid aside, and she was in the full glory of evening dress. Half consciously de Lys glanced at his own rough lounging-suit, which was in evidence, now that he had thrown off his overcoat.

"May I then?" he inquired gently, lifting the decanter.

She gave a little sigh, and came back to

life. "Oh, yes, please do," she said. "I offer apologies. Having brought you here, I should play the part properly."

Some bitterness was evident in her voice, which he ignored when he said, "That generalization of yours interests me." Her eyes inquired of him. "I mean as to the obligation to learn men's appetites and tastes if you wish to live without friction. I suppose there is the usual stratum of truth in it."

He helped himself from one of the dishes, after serving her. She stared at the plate, but said nothing.

"Oh, we women know it best, don't we?" she said abruptly.

"You are in a position of vantage for making observations," he replied reflectively. "But whether you make them fairly, disinterestedly, and without prejudice is another matter. May I pour you out a glass of wine?"

"No—yes, I thank you," she said, and almost savagely turned on him. "Without prejudice!" she said. "Do you not see that it is woman who is prejudiced always, that she makes a one-sided bargain, that it is all give and no take with her?"

He demurred, sipping his whiskey. "You are talking in a big generalization again. Single out cases, and we can discuss them on their merits. I am prepared to admit bargains made as badly as you allege; but on the whole I conclude that the balance is in favor of woman and against man."

"Man of course thinks so," she said scornfully. "Man, who has his entire freedom—"

"And the responsibility of that freedom," he interrupted. "Do you ever consider that? Is it not possible that life within rules, life within a certain gentle authority, is easier than life at large, life with the terrible freedom of eternal choice? And besides, the entire freedom you speak of does not amount to real liberty. Man is always conditioned by his affections, and—"

It was she who interrupted now. "His affections!" She threw out her hands. "They derive from base metal. Oh, I have no patience with these affections of yours."

She rose and crossed the room. She seemed to listen by the door, and it was as if a great change had come over her. Watching her, de Lys had the feeling that something was impending; there was the atmosphere of a crisis in all the scene. He was vaguely troubled, and full of wonder, and the wonder kept the upper hand. She came back.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, smiling.

"There must be something in the affections, but they are vastly overrated."

He rode off lightly on that sentiment. "Agreed," he said, smiling with her. "We exaggerate all emotions. There is really nothing worth while disturbing ourselves about unduly."

"Do you believe that?" she asked bluntly.

"I practise it," he replied.

She considered him. "Yes, I dare say you do," she said. "You are fortunate." She sat down, and gazed at the fire. "Unhappily our emotions are made for most of us; they are not the work of our own hands."

"Lightly come, lightly go" is an admirable watchword," he declared. "We should take it with us, and it will prove an excellent passport, giving us the freedom of our circumstances."

"Yes, men can and do," she said bitterly.

"Come," said de Lys, moved to boldness by her attitude and the strangeness of the situation. "You yourself can rise to it—have risen. These circumstances, the occasion of our meeting, this breach of the stupid conventions—"

Her eyes on him, glowing, seemed suddenly to shoot fire.

"Yes, you remind me," she said. "I can rise; I have risen. 'Lightly come, lightly go.'" She laughed, rose restlessly, and went to the door again. The Empire clock on the mantelpiece near de Lys struck one. She had opened the door and was looking out; then she vanished. De Lys looked at the gilded clock, and shifted uneasily. He drank a little whiskey, rose, and examined the ornaments on the mantelpiece to distract himself from his growing misgivings. The objects of art on the mantelpiece were choice and of considerable value, as were the miniatures that hung on the wall. He lifted an ornament to inspect it closer, and a paper which had rested near it fluttered to the floor. Stooping, he picked it up, and, it being open, his eyes could not but take in the significance of that legal communication. Indeed, the very first thing his eyes alighted on was a name. He could not have refrained from seeing it, and from guessing the rest, without paralysis at once of sight and mind. Yet he experienced a sense of shame at his discovery, and hastily replaced the paper. He went back to the table, drummed his fingers on it with a frown, and again sipped his whiskey. There was nothing but silence in the house, and he was alone.



It was a few minutes afterward that the lady entered. "I beg your pardon for leaving you," she said coldly. "I must not forget that I have the duties of the position which I have accepted."

"Will you tell me what that is?" he asked plainly.

She paused before she replied, her glance taking in the clock on the way to the fire. "Perhaps you have the right to know—now," she said slowly. "I am not sure, but I think you have earned the right to know by this time." Her eyes met his, which were steady, cool, bright, and respectful. "Your motto being what it is," she went on, "you will understand. I only got the idea when I found you were following me." He moistened his lips, but said nothing. "I repulsed it, but you played into my hands by your final insult, when you crossed the road and accosted me. I determined then to—to use you." She paused, and the pause was long.

"And my use?" he asked quietly.

She did not meet his eyes now. Her pause before she finished witnessed to a certain

agitation; yet she spoke with hardness. "I am in a position where I need assistance."

"My dear lady," said de Lys, more lightly, "I hasten to put myself at your disposal."

She paid no heed. "I need—a scapegoat," she said slowly.

"A scapegoat!" He repeated the word musingly.

Her face was now quite averted, and she spoke with difficulty, but with defiance, he thought, as if she braced herself to a task she feared.

"I have the misfortune to be one of those women whom I believe you were good enough to except from your statement as to the balance of vantages. I—I am married, and my husband is, I suppose, a good specimen of a fine animal. He does me the honor to be jealous—"

She ceased, as if she could press her way no farther, and de Lys assisted her.

"It has become intolerable?" he suggested.

She made a gesture of despair. "I have resolved to seem to be what he seems to think me," she cried passionately. "At least, I



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

LORD DE LYS MOVED SILENTLY TO THE DOOR, PUSHED IT TO, AND LISTENED AT THE CRACK

shall have my release, I shall have my release."

Her voice died suddenly out, and de Lys was left looking at her, looking at her fine profile, at the brown hair on the small nape of the neck, at the moving bosom. His thoughts were quick, as always.

"I think I see," he said. "I think I begin to see my—my use."

She uttered no word now.

"I am designed as the instrument of rescue," he went on in an even voice, as of one summing up the situation judiciously. "I am intended to cut the Gordian knot—otherwise the marriage tie. I am the scissors. Please correct me if I am wrong."

"I should not have thought of it—I would not have—have used you if you hadn't insulted me," she burst out.

"My way home lay this way—your way," he said as evenly as before. "I did not follow, but I had the natural curiosity of the average man as to a handsome woman whom he finds in the streets in unusual circumstances."

"You came over and spoke to me," she protested fiercely.

"Because I thought I saw you stagger," he replied coolly. "Your appearance was unusual; you had, pardon me, rather a wild air, and I thought you were ill." He examined his nails. "There are, even among men, some who are loath to pass by a fellow creature who seems to be in trouble, even if she be a woman."

There was a perceptible pause, in which he looked up. To his amazement, he saw her face quivering with emotion. He saw that she was on the edge of a collapse.

"Don't," he said sharply. "Don't! You have played your part up till now bravely. Continue! No harm is done. What is it you feel?"

"I thought—I thought—" she stammered.

"Never mind." He took her hand, which was cold as ice. "Please sit down. I am sure there is a way out of trouble for you. As for me, don't consider me just now. Look upon me as a stranger—no, a lawyer—who has dropped in to talk things over with you."

"No, no," she said with agitation. "You must go now—go quickly, go at once. It is done, but you will never be known. Go, go!"

He hesitated; and then of a sudden there was the noise of a door being opened.

"It's the hall door. It's my husband," she whispered fearfully. "He has come back."

De Lys held up a hand for silence, listening; he moved silently to the door, pushed it to, and listened at the crack. Voices came to him, voices of men in laughter and talk. He stood there tensely waiting, and then another door opened, the voices trailed off into murmurs, and the door was shut. His breath came slower now. The immediate danger had passed; the husband and his friends had gone into one of the rooms.

He went quietly back to the woman. "They have gone into the smoking-room or the dining-room," he said. "Don't be afraid. The hall is free. I can escape now."

She shook her head; and then lifted a pallid face, terrified as a child in fear of nameless terrors. "It is no good," she whispered. "He has set the servants to watch. They are his spies. They saw you come in. I knew it, and that was why—"

She did not finish. De Lys frowned heavily. So it was laid as deep as that!

"Who knows of my presence?" he asked.

"The butler!" she stammered. "I saw his shadow in the darkness of the stairway as we entered." She made an effort, and rallied. "Yes, you are right. You must go now, while the coast is clear. I'm a fool. No one knows who you are. You will not be mixed up in anything. And the butler—"

He saw her point—that the husband would have his evidence, that she would be free! She had wanted that. He looked at her closely, at the pallid face, at the scared eyes, at the moving bosom. He sat down. A thin stream of voices and laughter issued down the hall.

"Let me give you this," he said, pouring out a glass of spirits. "I insist." He forced it on her, and watched the improving color in her cheeks. "I want you to understand," he said presently and with earnestness, "that you are not going through this as you think."

"Forgive me, won't you?" she pleaded brokenly.

"I want you," he continued, "to understand that this is not going to be what you think, or to take you where you think. Get that clearly into your head, and rest on it with confidence. You can repeat this another time if you like it well enough, but to-night—for my sake, and for yours—it's not going to happen."

He went to the mantelpiece, and took up the piece of paper that lay there. Then he came back and took her hand, warmed it between his, and set her in the chair. "It

won't matter that you are looking ill and terrified," he told her. "In fact, I prefer it just now. And now kindly follow my directions absolutely. Sit here until you hear me come back, and take your cue from me."

"Where are you going?" she asked in wonder and fear.

He was struggling into his overcoat, and he took up his hat. "I'm going to see the butler. Wait," he addressed her kindly and firmly, and something in his expression forbade her resistance. She sank back into the armchair.

De Lys went out into the hall, which was still in dim light, and looked around. The room into which the host and his guests had gone was on his right. He avoided that, and knocked on the door on the left; then he turned his attention to the stairs, but no one was visible. Finally he opened a baize door behind the staircase, which evidently gave on the kitchen quarters, and a man met him.

"Are you footman or butler or something?" he asked cheerily. "Because if so, I guess you'd better come and look after the missis. She's taken it pretty badly."

"What d'you mean? What is it?" demanded the man, amazed.

De Lys saw him now in the light for what he was, a dull, unimaginative, and highly respectable man servant of fifty.

"The lady, I say," he said with some show of impatience. "I've tried to give her some whiskey, but she won't have it. Come along, man, do. It ain't a time to stare and gape."

He seized the astonished butler and conducted him into the hall and toward the door

of the room in which he had left the lady, talking the while.

"They sometimes take it like this, but as often as not they don't mind, bless you. It's the man that's got to pay up and grin. Still, I'm always sorry for 'em, poor things. That's why I like to do it when there's a man about. I kept it from her as long as I could."

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" gasped the outraged butler.

"Who am I?"

De Lys grinned at him at the door of the room they had reached. "Why, at the suit of Bell and Weston, two hundred and thirty odd."

He entered, almost dragging in the butler as he spoke.

"Here, my lady," he called out in his suave, insinuating voice, such as bailiffs' men are wont to cultivate. "I've found one of your servants," and to the butler in a lower but perfectly audible voice, "Make her take a little—

go on, man. Otherwise she'll get hysterical! Don't mind me, my lady," he called in a louder voice. "I can make myself at home. I've been too long a broker's man to cause any trouble. I'm sorry, but if the gentleman had been here—"

The butler found his voice. "Sir Charles is here," he said between dignity and horror.

"How did you get in? Did you—did you—" He glanced across at his mistress, who had half started up on their entrance, and was eying both, looking pale and haggard.

"Oh, I managed it pretty easily," said de Lys complacently. "I'm sorry, my lady, to have been obliged to make use of you this evening, but it was my duty—"

She shivered at the phrase "make use of,"



HIS EXPERIENCES STARTLED SIMPSON, PARTICULARLY THE CASE OF THE PEER WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE BY TAKING POISON IN HIS WINE, "JUST AS IT MIGHT BE YOU AND ME DRINKING, MR. SIMPSON"

but she had evidently recovered, and she spoke now. "I don't want to hear anything more of you. No doubt Sir Charles—"

"Oh, please don't worry yourself," said de Lys amiably. "Sir Charles will be all right, I've no doubt. We'll all be all right."

He made a feint of examining a picture on the wall while the butler assiduously attended to his mistress. She was playing the game, the game he had started, with the courage of despair.

"Did you know anything of this, Simpson?" he heard her ask.

"No, my lady. The man says it's Bell and Weston."

"Bell and Weston?" she repeated, as if trying to remember the name.

"The jewelers in Bond Street, my lady," said Simpson.

"Jewelers!" The word seemed to have a strange effect on her. "What is the amount?" she raised her voice to ask de Lys.

"Certainly, my lady," he said, turning quickly. "Only a little matter of two hundred and thirty odd."

She was silent for a moment, and then to Simpson, "Leave me with this—this man," she commanded. "I wish to speak to him. Return when I ring."

The butler withdrew, expressing deference and sympathy in his very mien. The lady broke out quickly, in seeming excitement:

"Will you explain, please? I took your cues as you asked. But I do not understand. What is this about Bell and Weston? And how can you—"

For answer he put into her hand the paper he had seen on the mantelpiece. "It was an absolute accident," he said. "I had no thought of seeing it, but the mere fact of the document wrote itself on my mind mechanically. When the crisis came, my mind remembered it."

She was hardly paying attention to him; she was studying the paper. "At the suit of Bell and Weston," she was saying, "the jewelers of Bond Street! I have bought no jewelry for years. And when I buy I pay for my— The bailiffs have not been put in?" she asked him.

He smiled. "I am representing them for the time," he said. "But no doubt to-morrow or the next day—they are probably waiting to see the effect of this." He pointed to the paper. "They can come in when they like after that."

"Ah!" She was thinking deeply, and then

looked at him with a change of expression. "I thank you, sir, for your kindness," she said, in a voice in which formality strove with real feeling. "You have done something for a woman which no woman could forget."

"It would be well to forget it," said de Lys gently.

The color clouded her face, as his words recalled to her what had passed between them. Impulsively she touched his arm.

"I don't know who you are. I don't want to know," she said, "and, not knowing, we can exchange words other than mere convention. What has been said has gone too deep for us to pretend now. I ask your pardon."

"There is no necessity," he replied, and gracefully touched her fingers with his lips.

"I pardoned you when I saw you."

"No, no," she put her hands over her ears. "Please, nothing but sincerity. We are dealing with naked truths."

"And yet," he replied, "it is true."

"Had I been plain and old?" she asked strangely.

He bowed. "Even so, you would have been what you are—a woman."

"Ah!" she flashed in her impulsive way, "I see what you mean. You are going back to your argument that the woman has the advantage. Yes, my friend, I admit it—with men such as you."

"I am the average man," he smiled at her.

"No." She shook her head, and held out her hand. "Good-by, friend. If I can say that to a man, it passes him for me. I have never yet said that to a man. Good-by, my friend."

"Good-by," he said, and hesitated. "You are not troubled? You have solved your problem?"

"I have solved it, I think," she said gravely.

"I will ring for Simpson."

Suddenly he laughed. "But how am I to be squared? We have forgotten that. I take it my place is here, like a watchdog."

Her face darkened. "Yes," she said, "I had thought of that. You mean Simpson will tell his master, and the question will arise—how were you disposed of? I don't think the difficulty is as great as you imagine. Still—"

"It would be advisable to show up before his master."

She looked doubtful. "I—I—"

But fate settled the matter for them. Steps sounded in the hall, and were evidently coming in their direction.



J. M. FLAGG

"THIS, I ASSUME, IS CORRECT?" HER VOICE AS COLD AS SNOW, SHE HELD FORTH THE LAWYER'S DOCUMENT, WHICH SHE HAD TAKEN FROM DE LYS

"It is he," she whispered with some tenseness of face and figure.

De Lys moved swiftly across the room to the door, hat in hand. "Well, it's my duty to see the gentleman, and I'm going to do it. I'm sorry, madam." His voice rang loud and sleek. He turned into the hall, and a man in evening dress encountered him, dark, square built, and flushed.

"Who the devil are you, and what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Sorry, sir; these things are a bit awkward, I know. But it's only temporary, we all know."

"What the blazes—"

"Bell and Weston—execution warrant," murmured de Lys politely.

"Damnation!" exploded the man in evening dress.

"Only a matter of a little inconvenience, I've no doubt, as I've been telling my lady," continued de Lys in his rôle as suave broker's man.

"Look here, you can't stay here; you'll have to clear out," stormed Sir Charles.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's impossible. I'm

placed here to do my duty, and I've got to do it as well as you," said the obstinate broker's man with a hint of resentment which de Lys fancied might help. It had some effect apparently, for the man fumed instead of storming.

"But, hang it, man, it's after one o'clock, and I've got guests, and—oh, I say it's impossible."

"I can make shift in the servants' hall, I dare say, sir," said de Lys, eying his victim.

"But confound—do the servants know you're here?" asked the embarrassed master of the house, who saw himself the laughing-stock of his domestics.

"Only one, sir, the butler," said de Lys reassuringly.

"Oh! Look here, it was an oversight, I'll send on a check to-morrow."

"A check to-night, sir, perhaps would make it easier," suggested de Lys.

He had been right in his conjecture. The man could not draw a check for the amount; and his vexation and his shame were alike apparent in his face. As de Lys watched him there flashed back on him the memory of the



## A Romance at Random

night, of the tragic despair of a woman driven to abandon her name of honor, and he felt glad to witness that shame and that anger.

"Look here, you go into the kitchen and see Simpson. Hanged if I'll have you about here," blustered the impotent master of the house.

De Lys turned. "Certainly, sir," he acquiesced, and departed through the baize door in search of the butler. He found him alone in the kitchen, for seemingly the other servants were in bed, and saluted him genially.

"I dare say we can make ourselves comfortable, Mr. Simpson," he insinuated. "A drop of something, eh? I suppose you've got a steward's pantry handy, seeing your position, and all that."

Mr. Simpson took the suggestion well. He was staggered by the presence of this unwelcome visitor, but he had come to close quarters with the gentry before, and he was a man of the world. Moreover, he remembered vaguely that the sheriff's bailiff must be treated considerably, according to the law. And again this revolution in the house dispensed naturally with the ordinary forms and conventions; and a drop of something would be acceptable. He produced two glasses of fine old port.

"Governor's taking it nastily," observed de Lys, adding philosophically, "about his first experience, I should say. He'll get over it."

As he was a gentlemanly broker's man, Simpson condescended to ask questions as to his experiences, which were answered with a wealth of invention, and startled Simpson, particularly the case of the peer who committed suicide by taking poison in his wine, "just as it might be you and me drinking, Mr. Simpson."

Simpson glanced uneasily at the port wine, as if he suspected it of holding death in leash, and the affable broker's man rattled on.

The adventure had had its grave aspects, but the tension had lessened, and his whimsical humor had gained full possession of him.

Presently an electric bell sounded loudly in the kitchen, and Simpson rose.

"It's Sir Charles," he explained.

De Lys rose also. "Excuse me. It's for me," he said. "Sir Charles was to ring for me. I doubt not he's going to fix it all up properly with a check, and get it cleared up to-night."

Simpson hesitated, and, as the broker's

man did not, lost his chance. De Lys went into the hall and walked up to the door of the dining-room. Entering, he found a couple of card-tables occupied, though the men at one of them had just finished a rubber, and were discussing its points.

"Simpson, bring—" The master of the house looked up at that, and saw de Lys. His face crimsoned. "What the devil—" he began, and checked himself.

"Hsh!" urged de Lys in a loud whisper. "I'm discreet. I sha'n't give you away. It isn't the first time I've acted this way."

"Confound you!" The master of the house rose, and before his wrath and physical menace the broker's man retreated. "What do you mean," he growled under his breath, "coming in here and letting my guests know—"

"Hold hard, sir, don't you be afraid," urged the broker's man in a voice that seemed to strive for secrecy, but was wonderfully audible through the room. "It won't be the first time I've taken the part of a waiter where I've been put in. And as Mr. Simpson had a bit of a headache, why—"

"Silence, damn you!" Sir Charles's voice burst out of his control. The card-players stared. An awkward silence fell on the room.

"What can I get, sir?" asked de Lys cheerfully, breaking this.

"I say, Winterbotham!" a man's voice issued from the card-table, where the second party were finishing. A fair, big bluff man came forward. "Look here, we're in the way," he said in a lower voice. "I guess we'll go now."

De Lys slipped out of the room, leaving the master of the house a prey to bitter shame. He was not penitent, as he glanced down the hall toward the room in which the lady had entertained him. It was dark now, and silent. He wondered if she had gone to bed, and he hoped she slept, oblivious of her cares. It was time he himself went. Yet he could not forego a doubt as to what would follow this strange adventure. It did not seem complete; the skein was raveled. Had his action, taken on the prick of desperation and an ingenious wit, only relieved her for the moment? Was there to be a reckoning on the morrow when the cold light of reason shone, and the broker's man had disappeared!

He saw and heard the guests filing out, himself remaining doubtful in the darkness; and when the last had gone he was aware of a white shadow on the stairs, descending. The door of the dining-room was open, and the

light streamed out. Sir Charles had gone back with his garment of shame.

De Lys stepped out, and met her as she came off the last stair. She showed no surprise at his presence, but with a gesture invited him to follow. She entered the dining-room. Sir Charles was sitting moodily by the fire, a full glass of whiskey in his hand. He turned with a start.

"Violet!" he said, and seeing de Lys, "Get away, you scoundrel!"

"No." The woman spoke, and with authority. "I think it is necessary that he should not leave just now. He can leave altogether presently. This, I assume, is correct?" Her voice as cold as snow, she held forth the lawyer's document, which she had taken from de Lys.

He winced. "I suppose so," he said, mumbling.

"Bell and Weston. Two hundred and thirty-five pounds fifteen shillings," she mused. "Those are the jewelers, aren't they?"

He stirred uncomfortably. "Yes," he admitted.

"I don't think I have had any jewelry from you for—why, not since our marriage, I think, now I come to remember. I think, Charles, there must be a mistake."

Of a sudden de Lys realized, and he thrilled as he did so. He could have clapped his hands at her, and her manner of conduct.

Oh, he was to see this bear, this animal, wallow in shame and confusion!

"Beg pardon, my lady," he volunteered in assistance, "there's no mistake. All's in order."

"Why, then, Charles," said she, "it must be paid. And so," she drew from the bosom of her dress a little piece of paper, "I have drawn a check for the sum. This—this gentleman's presence would be inconvenient"—her eyes met those of de Lys, and were full of somber fire and triumph. She passed him the check. "I suppose I can be satisfied of the correctness of the account?" she asked.

"You can get all the items from Bell and Weston, my lady," said de Lys glibly, as he pocketed the check. "Thank you. And now I'll quit. Sorry to have disturbed you, sir."

Sir Charles's face was averted; he said no word. Lady Winterbotham accompanied de Lys to the door. "You will see to this for me?" she asked.

"Yes," he whispered back. "A thousand congratulations; you were wonderful."

"Oh, I am free now, I know—in a way," she said listlessly. "Good-by. I shall never forget."

"Nor I," he said, and closed the door behind him.

Before going to bed he wrote a particular letter to Messrs. Bell and Weston, to whom he was well known, enclosing the check of Lady Winterbotham.

## Wimmen

By Arthur Stringer

THERE are wimmen's faces, lad,  
That are wind and fire,  
Shtirrin' up the whole world,  
Wakin' ould desire!

And there's other wimmen, faith,  
Calm and shtill through all,  
Shtickin' to their wan love  
Till the hivens fall!

Wan's as foine as hell fire;  
Wan's as thrue as life!  
*Wan ye'll leave and weep for,  
And wan ye'll take as wife!*

# The Real Reason for High Prices

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" When the people of this big, hustling nation of ours become angry enough or determined enough to cry this command from the housetops at the great predatory trusts and to see to it that the command is enforced literally and without favoritism—on that day the first real step forward will be taken toward the solution of the gravest and most vital problem now confronting us. For years we have stood by like helpless children, watching the trusts cinch their hold upon national affairs. They have and they maintain the power to fix prices. The consumer pays. Further and more insolent still, tribute, like the famous blood and land tributes of the old feudal barons, is demanded of every one of us to help pay interest on the billions of dollars of the trusts' watered stocks—nine billions in railroad securities alone. How long will it last? Doesn't it seem about time to make a change, to really wake up? Such an awakening is all that is needed to put into force a very simple and a very effective remedy in the interest not of a few but of all the people.



SOME years ago Mr. William Allen White, the obscure editor of an obscure paper in the obscure town of Emporia, lifted up his voice to inquire "What's the matter with Kansas?" The query went echoing across the country. It reëchoed back to the state which originally voiced it. Kansas sat up and took notice. What was the matter with Kansas, anyway? Because it put that question to itself insistently and earnestly, that former commonwealth of cranks, malcontents, and long-haired visionaries who needed just that irritating incitement to "stop raising hell and go to raising corn" is one of the most progressive, educated, and self-representative states in the Union. Which is cited merely as evidence that when any considerable body of Americans can be brought to look a question in the face, they are likely to furnish the answer.

Some millions of whites, blacks, browns, greens, grays, and assorted hues and shades of Americanism are to-day asking "What's the matter with America?" They began by asking it timorously, next dubiously, then anxiously. Now they're asking it fearfully. Soon they will be asking it angrily, for fear breeds wrath in the blood of a free people. And in that day it will go hard with our leaders if they formulate no better reply than did William H. Taft to that unknown voice in Cooper Union, demanding to know what a man was to do, who, being out of work and able to work, could find no work.

"God knows," said Mr. Taft sadly. "I don't."

Many men of many minds have made answer to the national riddle, in the COSMO-

POLITAN's symposium [June and July numbers], on the advanced cost of living. All agree upon one point: that the cost of existence has swollen like a river in flood. But that, of course, diagnoses not the disease itself, but only a symptom. And, as I run over the list of the contributors to the symposium, I seem to discern in the editorial mind behind the publication a subtle implication that these men are in some sense responsible for the ailment. The COSMOPOLITAN might have said to these eminent gentlemen (with one or two exceptions) and, I suspect, did say within its editorial self: "You are the guiding minds of this nation, you professors of economics who educate our youth to think, you financial editorializers who voice the theories upon which we act, you capitalists who determine our prices and trim our laws to fit, you millionaire merchants who direct our trade, you labor leaders who declare war or make peace for the great army of toil, you politicians who represent some of us all of the time, if not all of us some of the time. Let us hear what you've got to say about it."

And they say their say, and the result is turned over for analysis and report to me, who am neither economist, politician, employer or controller of labor, nor, Heaven knows, capitalist or millionaire, but only an interested and implicated observer, the man in the street; in short, that disregarded, discountenanced, voiceless, leaderless, and groping nonentity, the consumer. Whatever conviction or conclusion I advance is offered modestly as the view of a man who has to pay one-ninety-millionth part of the bill, and finds it increasingly hard to meet that growing obligation.

Here, then, are the principal diagnoses of the many men of many minds. Overproduc-



Drawn by Horace Taylor

THE GREAT TRUSTS ARE TREMENDOUSLY OVERCAPITALIZED; IN TERMS OF VALUE, THREE FOR ONE, FOUR FOR ONE, EVEN FIVE FOR ONE DOLLAR ACTUALLY INVESTED OR REPRESENTED BY ANYTHING OTHER THAN THEIR POWER TO OVERCHARGE THE PUBLIC

## The Real Reason for High Prices

tion of gold, say some. Extravagance, suggest others. The grasping retailer, opines Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. The greedy farmer, accuses Senator Lodge, pointing, as it were, a finger at Secretary Wilson. The unfair tariff, cries John Wanamaker, jerking, so to speak, his thumb over his shoulder at Senator Lodge. The brutal labor unions, growls Kirby of the National Association of Manufacturers. Others declare for economic waste, inequitable taxation, trusts, railroad rates, and so on.

You pay your money and you take your choice. The nearest approach to a consensus of opinion is upon the "flood of gold" theory. For once, doctors agree. All the political economists who took part in the discussion unite in ascribing the present worldwide phenomenon of disparity between living expenses and earnings to the enormous recent increase in the output of gold, an arresting theory when one recalls the savage heresy-hunting of Bryan, only a few years ago, for prophesying this very status. But, Mr. Charles Edward Russell points out, although the cost of living has shown an increase the world over, the increase is still about twice as great in the United States as elsewhere. So, although the political economists have divided our why by two, it still remains a why.

The ascriptions which respectively hold the farmer, the retailer, and the laborer responsible can be briefly disposed of. This country, in its present crisis, is not becoming less rich; it is only becoming less prosperous. We are steadily creating more wealth. This wealth, since it is not being distributed, is accumulating somewhere. Presumably those in whose hands it is accumulating are the ones who are reducing our general prosperity; that is, getting our money away from us by forcing or fostering disparity between earnings and subsistence. Will this impeachment lie against the farmer? Allowing that he is somewhat better off than he was ten years ago, he is in small danger of just criticism as a malefactor of great wealth. Can it be charged against the retailer? Except for the great department stores, in which prices are low, the retailer is not amassing any swollen fortunes, but is, rather, acquiring swollen eyes in the effort to discern the vanishing margin between income and output. The laborer, then; is it he who is battenning upon our national distress? Neat and plausible tables can be adduced to show how much more he earns per week than he did in 1900, but these statistics totally

neglect to mention the number of weeks per year he is idle. And it is reasonably safe to say that among the 180,000 families worth, on the average, a quarter of a million dollars, comparatively few are those of laborers, whether union or non-union. None of these causes, then, would seem to be responsible for the stringent cost of living.

The theory of extravagance finds ardent, not to say indignant, supporters. By a curious coincidence, the contemnners of wanton waste all belong to one class. Perpend the names: James J. Hill, John Wanamaker, Gage Tarbell, S. R. Guggenheim, millionaires all. Mr. Guggenheim preaches, perhaps, most convincingly on the curse of extravagance—as practised by the other fellow. When you're listening to a sermon, it's just as well to know your preacher. Mr. Guggenheim, as president of the Yukon Gold Company, is an associate of the great Morgan-Guggenheim-Alaska grab. Here is his text, "I believe the wage-earner in America is more extravagant in proportion to his earnings than the multimillionaire."

Pregnant saying! Here's proof in support of it. I know a laborer in Pittsburg named Gognam, which, I surmise, might be Guggenheim trimmed down to meet the present reduced scale of subsistence. He works—unless he is discharged or dead—in the steel mills at \$1.36 per day. He has a wife and a child, this Mr. Laborer Guggenheim, which, doubtless, Mr. President Guggenheim would regard as a primal and inexcusable extravagance. Expenses are high in Pittsburg. Mr. Laborer Guggenheim's \$9.50 per week (he works seven days, of course), on his wanton basis of wife and child, doesn't go very far. One week it went like this:

|                           |        |
|---------------------------|--------|
| Rent .....                | \$2.60 |
| Food .....                | 5.23   |
| Milk for baby .....       | .18    |
| Fraternal Insurance ..... | .20    |
| Clothing .....            | 1.09   |
| Total .....               | \$9.30 |

Twenty whole cents in clear savings had Mr. Laborer Guggenheim at the end of that week. (The weather being very hot, Mr. G. wasn't eating as much as usual; hence the margin.) And what did he do with it? I asked him.

"Tookt my woman to a tee-ayter show," he said.

Could Mr. President Guggenheim's proposition be more conclusively supported?



Now let us suppose that Mr. President Guggenheim made, in that same week, two thousand dollars, one thousand dollars of which he put in the bank, leaving himself a paltry thousand for the support of his wife and family. Then we have this table:

|                            | Wage      | Expenditure | Savings | Percentage of wages saved |
|----------------------------|-----------|-------------|---------|---------------------------|
| Mr. President Guggenheim.. | \$2000.00 | \$1000.00   | \$1000  | 50%                       |
| Mr. Laborer Guggenheim..   | 9.50      | 9.50        | 0000    | 0                         |

Truly the wage-earning Guggenheim was "more extravagant in proportion to his earnings" than the multimillionaire Guggenheim. The figures show it. Q. E. D. Mr. President Guggenheim bewails "the desire to drive out of the country men of wealth." It would be most regrettable were Mr. President Guggenheim to be included in such an eviction. Personally I hope he will be spared to found a Guggenheim-Alaska school of economics, to which he'll undertake to furnish a horrible example of extravagance, in the person of Mr. Laborer Guggenheim—at \$9.50 a week and find yourself!

From Professor Carver of Harvard came two thoughtful and thought-provoking suggestions, that our troubles result, in part, from waste of land and labor, owing to an uneven distribution and disposition of effort, which tends to overcrowd the cities (that is to say, the processes of distribution) and underman the country (the processes of production), and in part to our theory of taxation.

As to our taxation, no one who has looked

into that haphazard structure of industry-discouraging, perjury-inciting fiscal folly, which casts the major burden of the nation's operation upon those least able to bear it, will quarrel with Professor Carver's blunt charge that "there is no civilized country in the world with so crude and unintelligent a system of taxation as that which prevails generally throughout this country." However, serious though these phases of business mismanagement are, I do not understand that the Harvard economist puts them forward as

being more than strongly contributory, in the rising cost of living. They are important, but not fundamental. In the popular mind the tariff is the scapegoat. And there is no denying that the cynical and contemptuous "revision upward" has given an impetus to expense in many phases of life. But, more than by its direct effect, the tariff has been calamitous because



TRUST CONTROL IS ONE OF THE HORNS OF THE DILEMMA ON WHICH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE IMPALED. THE RAILROADS, HEAVILY OVERCAPITALIZED, ARE THE OTHER HORN

it has tightened instead of loosing the bonds in which the trusts hold the nation. Thanks to the tariff, sugar, cotton, agricultural machinery, and scores of other products are squeezing two profits out of you and me—the normal profit, at which the American manufacturers can sell and do sell in the foreign markets, plus an extra profit which their monopoly enables them to extort from the nation which fosters them.

Trust control is one of the horns of the dilemma on which the American people are impaled. But the trusts, say their apologists, often lower the cost of the articles which they produce. "Man lives not by bread alone, but

## The Real Reason for High Prices

chiefly by catch-words," says the wise and genial Stevenson. By this catch-word of lowered prices the trusts have lived long on the credulity of the public. They have made us believe that, without their beneficent machinations, the cost of their products would be higher than it now is.

In a few instances—a very few—trusts have sold their products at a price lower than the independent products formerly commanded. *They never sell as low as the normal price.* If free competition were established, there is no trust product which, to-day, could not be bought, in an open market, cheaper than the trusts sell it. Combination and improved machinery have lowered the cost of production of many trust products; no trust has ever lowered its prices *proportionately*. Professor Jenks has cited the steel trust, which, he says, held prices stationary in the face of increased cost of raw material. But the steel trust has steadily and stealthily forced down the price of the most important of all raw materials—labor. There is no more wretched proletariat in America than the wage-slave of the steel-mills. And—ominous prospect—the steel trust has the indubitable power, entrenched as it is through the tariff, to raise prices at its own will and thus tax still further every man, woman, and child in the nation, directly or indirectly.

Now let us turn to the railroads. A few men control the commerce of the nation. Limitations have been set on their power to raise rates arbitrarily, and this check they have bitterly opposed. They advance this argument for the latest projected raise—that the cost of materials and operation is rising, that their men have higher wages, and that the roads must obtain an ampler return in order to meet this condition. But most of these great organizations are already paying heavy dividends on watered stock. This is the real reason for raised rates, not increased wages. And the very advances which they propose are more than enough to pay the added cost of operation and higher wages. They are sufficient to give them an extra profit—a super-profit—which, of course, the public will pay. The railroads, heavily overcapitalized, are the other horn of the dilemma.

Consider, now, two statements: the two overwhelmingly vital facts adduced by the COSMOPOLITAN's symposium:

1. "In this country from fifteen to twenty million people work for nothing, or less than nothing," says George Lewis, editor of *The*

*Financier*. That is, sixty per cent. of the country's wage-earners find that the cost of keeping alive (which even Messrs. Hill & Co. would concede to be a necessary measure) has outstripped their earning capacity.

2. About nine billion dollars of a total railroad capitalization of eighteen billions, in this country, is fictitious, non-existent, imaginary. Mr. Charles Edward Russell points out this significant fact. For years Senator La Follette has been striving to get a law enacted providing for a physical valuation of the railroads. The railroad senators have always balked him. Why? Because they know that such a procedure would disclose the scandalous watering of the stock; that the people of the United States would find that they were being taxed to pay dividends on nine billions of fiat dollars. Similarly the great trusts are tremendously overcapitalized; in terms of value, three for one, four for one, even five for one dollar actually invested or represented by anything other than their power to overcharge the public.

Who pays? Why, Mr. Lewis's "fifteen to twenty million people" who "work for nothing or less than nothing." And, beyond them, the rest of us, who can afford the contribution a little better now, but who, as the arbitrary taxing power closes in, will soon be added to the fifteen or twenty millions.

Do you begin to see now what's the matter with America? Here is the problem briefly summarized:

Trusts which fix prices and maintain even when they do not employ the power of taxing the public arbitrarily for the necessities of existence.

Overcapitalization, with its mounting fictitious values, the dividends upon which must be wrung out of all of us.

The final manifestation of these two forces in minimization of prosperity and centralization of wealth.

Wealth is power. If we are to combat successfully a centralization of wealth, it must be through a counter-centralization of power. What we need, to check the rising tide, is:

1. Supervision and control of the trusts. The power to say to the despots of price-making "Thus far and no farther"; to declare to the trusts, "You shall not charge one fraction of a mill above what will give you a fair return on a fairly estimated investment."

2. Commissions to fix the limits of railroad and industrial capitalization, and forbid the issuance of stock not authorized by such



PROOF OF THE CONTENTION THAT THE LABORER IS MORE EXTRAVAGANT THAN THE MILLIONAIRE.  
ONE WEEK THE LABORER HAD TWENTY CENTS LEFT, AND HE TOOK  
HIS "WOMAN TO A TEE-AYTER SHOW"

commission. Then we shall see the end of taxation of the whole for the benefit of a small part; of sweating the public for private profit.

Up rises the old howl of "Socialism!" Socialism? What matters it by what name you call a step of necessity? It is the old game of trying to befool the people by a catchword. Amid all the clamor, there are two ways discernible: rigid, detailed, centralized control, or—the other way. And the other way is Starvation.

That sounds very sensational, doesn't it? Yet the sixty per cent. of the nation's wage-earners who, in order to live, must spend more than they earn, are undergoing economic starvation. Nor is actual bodily starvation as rare a phenomenon in our twentieth century America as might be supposed. I can lead you, sleek skeptic, to city districts where starvation is typical; where children have the brains starved within their mis-

shapen skulls for lack of blood; the bones starved to brittle fiber inside their rickety limbs for lack of nourishment. They will grow up sickly and incompetent, to breed children more sickly and incompetent than themselves. And thus is the damnable slum-cycle maintained; *Poverty—Sickness—Incapacity—Helplessness—Pauperism*. As the circle grows, taking in more and more, we, the public, must carry the heavy burden; we must see the outer circle of the maelstrom approaching nearer and nearer to our precarious footing. Meantime the great fortunes grow steadily. What are we going to do about it? The question is vital to more than eighty-five per cent. of us, the consumers. Answered it must be, and answered firmly and soundly. And soon. Soon, lest in the last outreach of the great trust machine that binds us all to its purpose the consumer become the consumed.



WILLIAM LORIMER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS. REPRESENTATIVE WHITE'S CONFESSION THAT HE WAS BRIBED TO VOTE FOR LORIMER STARTED THE INVESTIGATION WHICH HAS REVEALED A PITTIABLE STATE OF DISHONOR AMONG ILLINOIS LEGISLATORS

# What Are You Going to Do About It?

## 3. The "Jack-pot" in Illinois Legislation

By Charles Edward Russell

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At Albany and at Pittsburg some big-business interests were found to have accomplished ends inimical to the people by purchasing the readily purchasable honor (or was it the dishonor?) of men in authority. The spectacle of men yielding to such temptation was disheartening to those everywhere who are called upon to elevate, through their franchises, a few of their fellows to power. But the depths to which legislators can—and do—descend were not hinted at in those revelations. It has remained for Illinois to furnish examples of oath-bound men not only accepting but seeking opportunities to heap dishonor upon dishonor and to add graft to graft. The measure of shame is full and running over at Springfield.

**A**T Iuka, a decent little town in Marion County, Illinois, the chief citizen was D. W. Holstlaw. He was commonly referred to as the founder of Iuka, which was not quite true; but he had helped it and given much to it and was accustomed to have his way about

it. In the eighteenth century he would have been the feudal baron. In the twentieth he was the rich man of the town, the banker, political leader, social dictator, and business guide. He was also the example to young men and the delight of the moralists. He

owned much real estate, he was president of one bank and chief owner in two others, he built and maintained the Baptist Church, he selected candidates for office, and for his opinions as for his character men had profound respect. He was a good man.

In politics he chose his own prizes. He was the acknowledged Democratic leader in his region, and he went to the state Legislature, first as representative, then as senator. He had passed his sixtieth year: a life free from reproach was declining full of honor. He was a good man.

In May he went to Baltimore as a delegate to the National Convention of the Southern Baptist Church, of which he was a pillar. On his way home he learned that he had been summoned as a witness before the grand jury of Sangamon County, in which lies Springfield, the capital of Illinois. Therefore he broke his journey at Springfield to see in what way he could assist the grand jury.

The state's attorney (or prosecuting officer) of Sangamon County, a slender young man not long in office, invited Senator Holstlaw to his room. "Senator," said the young man, in a quiet, friendly way, "did you ever hear any talk of bribery in connection with the contract for furniture awarded at the last session of the Legislature?"

"Why, no," said Senator Holstlaw, "I never did."

"Do you know a man named J. W. Knox?"

"Yes, I think I have met him—in a casual way."

"Did you write and mail to Mr. Knox, before January 18th, a letter addressed to him in Chicago?"

"I don't think I did. I have no recollection of it."

"Did you ever make any appointment with him?"

"No, I did not."

"Ever seek to make any appointment with him?"

"No, I did not."

"Ever communicate with any of the representatives of the furniture firms?"

"No, I never communicated with any of them."

"Very well," said the state's attorney. "We will now go up to the grand-jury room if you like."

So they went up to the grand-jury room, where Senator Holstlaw heard the same questions and gave the same answers, and was excused.

A few minutes later he was indicted for perjury. He waited in the sheriff's office. It was a gray and trembling old man that sent word thence to State's Attorney Edmund Burke that he desired to correct his testimony before the grand jury.

"No corrections," said Mr. Burke, not unkindly. "If you are willing to make a full statement of all you know about these matters it will be received. But I cannot discuss anything else with you. You are under indictment. I advise you to secure counsel at once."

The under-sheriff sent out and got him lawyers, and at the close of the day Mr. Burke went home. Early the next morning the lawyers were at his telephone asking him to call for a moment at their office on his way to his own. Mr. Burke complied. Spread out before them the lawyers had a copy of the indictment, which Mr. Burke himself had drawn. It contained the following letter:

|                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Forty-sixth General Assembly | D. W. HOLSTLAW |
| State of Illinois            | 42d District   |
| Senate                       | Iuka           |
|                              | 1/12/10        |

MR. KNOX, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir

It has been arranged that I should see you will it be convenient for you to meet me in Springfield Monday Evening say about 8, oclock if so *wire* or write me at my home (Iuka Ill) Must see you not *later* than above date.

Yours Resp

D. W. HOLSTLAW.

The questions asked of Senator Holstlaw and his answers thereto followed this letter.

"You don't intend to prosecute on this indictment, do you?" said one of the lawyers.

"I certainly do," said young Mr. Burke.

Some lawyer's prolegomena followed, and then came the news that Senator Holstlaw wanted to confer with Mr. Burke.

"Nothing to confer about," said the young man, and he got up and moved for the door. "I came here under the impression that you had something to say that related to my duties. Senator Holstlaw has counsel; they will have to look out for his interests."

"Well, how about an order of immunity?" suggested counsel.

"If Senator Holstlaw will make a full, true statement, covering all phases of this matter and all he knows about bribery, I will consent to an order of immunity," said Mr. Burke. "But his statement must be submitted to me in writing, and he must be examined on it by me in your presence."

Mr. Burke went out, and that afternoon



## What Are You Going to Do About It?

Mr. Holstlaw's statement came over. It was an explicit confession that he had received \$2500 to vote for William Lorimer, present junior senator from Illinois, \$700 as his share of the miscellaneous graft of the session, and a promise of \$1500 for his vote on the furniture contract. Bald details of these transactions he set down—what men had bribed him and when—and, in outline, appeared something of the system whereby for years a controlling clique in the Illinois Legislature had sold legislation to the highest bidder exactly as it might sell peanuts or town lots.

Then Mr. Holstlaw was released and allowed to go home. When he arrived at Iuka his son-in-law, who had gone down the line to meet him, all but carried him from the car. He had not slept for sixty hours, his drawn face was the color of ashes, his feet hammered the earth as he tottered along. The two slipped from the rear of the train, hoping to avoid those same townspeople that used to welcome their senator when he came home and were now to the shaking old man objects of unspeakable terror. So he reached his house and his bed, his aged wife weeping and wringing her hands, the window-blinds pulled down, the place darkened for shame. Some days later Mr. Burke found he must ask of Senator Holstlaw some further questions, and went to Iuka. The fallen leader lay in bed, a physician in constant attendance. One palsied hand on the bedclothes shook and twitched; he rolled his head from side to side as if in unendurable pain; his face was like a dead man's. I wish all the men that so airily and flippantly go into this deadly business of graft could have seen him, for such is the ripened fruit of their work. The wife came into the room, and the son must lead her out. Down-stairs the daughter sat crying. All this household crushed; the reputation swept away that the man had toiled forty years to build; all gone for the sake of forty-seven hundred dirty dollars that the man did not need. Think of that for a time and see where it leads you, particularly if you believe in the sanctity of the existing system.

This is not the beginning of the graft scandal of Illinois. I do not know that one can say it had any beginning; it has gone on year in and year out, sometimes flagrant and sometimes smoldering, but present in every legislative session. Now it happens to be rank before the disgusted people because certain events have forced it upon their notice; but at almost any other time the like

events might have stirred a like stench, varying in degree but not in essence.

The events ran like this: On May 26, 1909, the Legislature of Illinois in joint session elected to the United States Senate, William Lorimer, long the Republican boss of Cook County and powerful and autocratic in state affairs. The election was accomplished chiefly by fifty-three Democrats that joined with a knot of Republicans to elect Lorimer over A. J. Hopkins, the regular Republican candidate. This action by Democratic members (who deserted the candidate chosen by their own primary) aroused suspicion in even the simplest minds. Many Republicans and Republican newspapers in Illinois do not care much for Mr. Lorimer. In one of these newspapers, the *Chicago Tribune*, appeared on April 30, 1910, a confession by Charles A. White, a Democratic representative in the Legislature, that he had been bribed with \$1000 to vote for Lorimer and that the bribe had been paid to him by Lee O'Neil Browne, the Democratic leader in the lower house.

Upon the publication of this astounding document, which was absolutely cold blooded and circumstantial, the state's attorney of Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, secured the indictment of Browne for bribery, and wrested from other members of the Legislature confessions that corroborated White's. These indicated that Lorimer's election had been bought by the payment of a very large sum, possibly \$250,000. With this chapter of the history of representative government in America we shall have much to do hereafter and in a way calculated to enlighten optimism; but we have first to deal with other edifying matters.

Besides telling about the bribing of legislators to vote for Lorimer, Representative White related a story of the legislative "jackpot," or common graft fund, from which, it appeared, he had drawn at the end of the year \$900. This story at once attracted the attention of young Mr. Burke at Springfield and fitted exactly into what he had heard, known, and suspected about the Illinois Legislature. He was the state's attorney of Sangamon County; in Sangamon County the bribes took place. He set forth, therefore, to indict all the persons that he believed to have been guilty of taking or of giving bribes.

In Cook County the investigation was strictly confined to bribery in the senatorial election. To young Mr. Burke it seemed



FORTY-SIXTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY  
STATE OF ILLINOIS  
SENATE

1-12-10

D. W. HOLSTLAW  
SENATOR  
1884



Mr Knox Chicago Ill

My Dear Sir

It has been arranged that I should see  
you will it be convenient for you  
to meet me in Springfield Monday  
Evening say about 8 o'clock if so wise  
or write me at my home (Juka Ill) must  
see you not later than above date

Yours Resp

D W Holstlaw



SENATOR HOLSTLAW'S LETTER TO MR. KNOX, AGENT OF A FURNITURE COMPANY, ASKING FOR AN APPOINTMENT. DENIAL OF THIS LETTER LED TO HIS INDICTMENT FOR PERJURY. THE PORTRAIT OF SENATOR HOLSTLAW WAS MADE DURING ONE OF HIS EARLY CAMPAIGNS FOR THE LEGISLATURE

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

that of the two aspects of the story the "jack-pot" was much the more important. The sale of a United States senatorship was a great evil, but ordinarily it occurred at long intervals. A system by which, session after session, the people's representatives auctioned government to the highest bidder struck even more deeply at the foundations of free institutions. He determined to probe this offense to the bottom, and being a frank Western man he said so.

We are now at the root of things. Please be good enough to observe what followed. On May 2d, Mr. Burke received from the attorney-general of Illinois the following letter:

State of Illinois,  
Department of Justice,  
Springfield.

May 2, 1910.

HON. EDMUND BURKE,  
State's Attorney,  
Springfield, Illinois.

My dear Sir: I noticed by yesterday's papers that you contemplate investigating the bribery charges which were published in Saturday's *Tribune*, before the grand jury of this county.

Under the statute, as you of course know, the duty of investigating charges of this character before a grand jury rests with the state's attorney. The attorney general has no authority in the matter. I have no intention of invading your field of authority nor of doing anything in this matter which might have that appearance. I simply desire to say that if you feel at any time that my department can be of any assistance to you, if you will indicate that fact to me, I will lend you any assistance within my power.

Very respectfully,

W. H. STEAD,  
Attorney General.

This manly and obviously sincere utterance gave Mr. Burke great encouragement. But it quickly became apparent that the attorney-general's friendly attitude was not shared by other political leaders. On the very day that Mr. Stead wrote this letter Governor Deneen gave out a statement interpreted as a severe rebuke of Mr. Burke for undertaking an investigation at Springfield and declaring that the work should be confined to Cook County—where only the senatorial bribery had been taken up. Immediately Mr. Burke became the victim of a most singular campaign, part of which was plainly traceable to the politicians that cared only to get Lorimer's scalp, and part remaining to this day without an acknowledged explanation. The newspapers known to be close to the interests and serving the alliance between the interests and politics, turned upon him with violent attacks. He was accused of try-

ing to defeat the ends of justice and of shielding the bribe-takers. Streams of ridicule were loosed upon him; the comic writers made him the target of their engaging wit. Interviews with him were daily manufactured and sent out, reporting him as saying things he had never dreamed of saying and always things that made him ridiculous or hampered his work.

Meantime every possible obstacle was put in his way and every effort made to induce him to leave the "jack-pot" alone. Old friends and former clients pleaded with him to stop. Political gentlemen talked alluringly of his future and the chances of higher office. A Chicago attorney, famous as a negotiator, came down to "see" him. Detectives swarmed about him and reported every move he made and the name of every person he talked to. Even when he went for a week's fishing on the Illinois River detectives dogged him incessantly. At one time their forces in Springfield were so great that they furnished the natives with vastly amusing spectacles and actually fell to trailing one another. In some way that defied detection his every move was known as soon as it was decided upon. He could summon witnesses only by issuing subpoenas for them, and every subpoena was at once revealed to watchers that sent agents to see the man he wanted and talk with him before Burke could get hold of him. The expenses of such a system were obviously very great, but for weeks without cessation the whole state was covered by this mysterious network of espionage, and Mr. Burke found himself fighting alone against a powerful, subtle enemy, equipped to thwart him at every turn.

In Springfield sinister efforts were made to lead him into traps; schemes were arranged to induce him to indict perfectly innocent men; false information was showered upon him; and daily he was advised not to go into the matter of the "jack-pot." Whenever possible, assistance was denied him. Often his subpoenas were not served; and to get service he was finally obliged to take his own deputy sheriff and send or accompany him into the other counties of the state.

The climax of his annoyances came on May 10th, when the same attorney-general that eight days before had written so warm a letter of encouragement and support went into the Circuit Court at Springfield and endeavored to get a judicial order blocking his work. This extraordinary motion, which



SENATOR ALBERT E. ISLEY, WHO WAS CALLED AS A WITNESS IN THE BROWNE TRIAL, BUT GAVE NO MATERIAL TESTIMONY

was probably not in any sense of Mr. Stead's contriving, the court very fortunately denied. It began thus:

"Now comes W. H. Stead, as attorney-general of the State of Illinois, and moves the court to further instruct the grand jury that it is its duty to refrain from any investigation into the charges of bribery against some members of the General Assembly of Illinois until the investigation with reference to said charges now

in progress before a special grand jury of the Criminal Court of Cook County shall have been concluded."

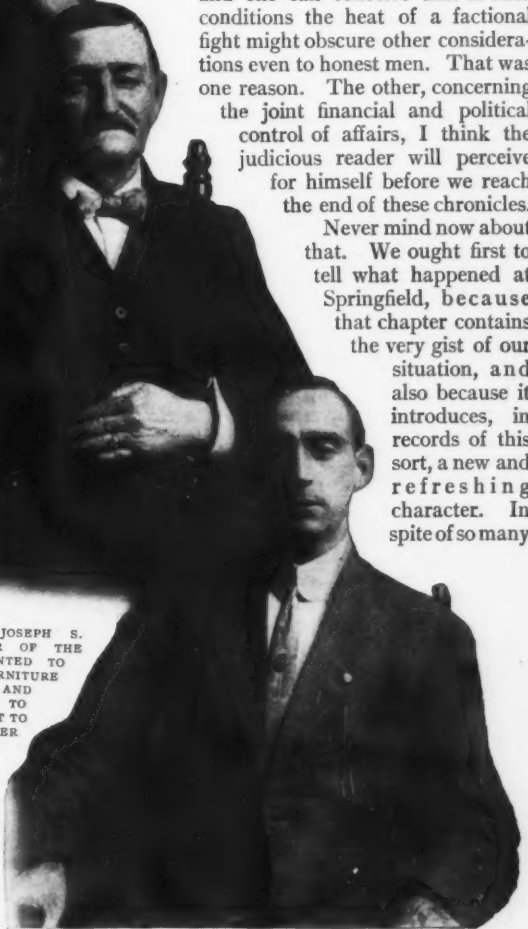
The result of this motion, if it had been allowed, would have been to stop for months the investigation of the "jack-pot," which was not and has not since been included in the inquiry at Chicago.

The fact seems to be that the controlling political forces in the state desired to restrict the scandal to the senatorial election and to focus public attention upon the plight of Senator Lorimer. For this there were two good reasons. In the Republican party was bitter factional war. The faction long and vainly opposed to Senator Lorimer saw at last a chance to overwhelm its ancient enemy, and one can conceive that in such conditions the heat of a factional fight might obscure other considerations even to honest men. That was one reason. The other, concerning the joint financial and political control of affairs, I think the judicious reader will perceive for himself before we reach the end of these chronicles.

Never mind now about that. We ought first to tell what happened at Springfield, because that chapter contains the very gist of our situation, and also because it introduces, in records of this sort, a new and refreshing character. In spite of so many

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH S. CLARK, A MEMBER OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED TO PURCHASE NEW FURNITURE FOR THE SENATE AND HOUSE. HE VOTED TO GIVE THE CONTRACT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

CHARLES SWINNEY, CLERK OF THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, ST. LOUIS. HE IDENTIFIED THE SIGNATURE OF REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT E. WILSON, WHO, IT IS ALLEGED, GAVE OUT "JACK-POT" MONEY IN ST. LOUIS



and such great obstacles young Mr. Burke plugged steadily along, getting evidence and preparing indictments. He began by indicting Senator John Broderick of Chicago, whom Holstlaw had named as his briber, Senator Stanton C. Pemberton, an eminent gentleman of Oakland, and Representative Joseph S. Clark, of Vandalia. To these, as rapidly as conditions would allow, he added other eminent names. He summoned witnesses from all parts of the state, worked them through the cordon of detectives, and for all the intimidation and hostile influence drew from them confessions and statements that constantly widened the field of the inquiry. Some of the things he turned up were of a nature to jar complacent patriots. Trails that he struck led sometimes into the offices of great manufacturing enterprises and sometimes to the residences of great captains of industry. Persons accustomed to denounce the labor unions as organizations of grafters appeared in a very painful light, and there were even reformers that did not seem to have been conspicuous models of civic virtue.

Legislation by auction was the substance of the system Mr. Burke and his grand jury turned up; legislation by bargain and sale to the highest bidder.

Mr. Burke, it is true, was in a peculiarly advantageous position to serve the state, to do as he pleased, and to follow the graft clues wherever they might lead. The curse of public service in America is its entanglement with party politics and party machines. Mr. Burke was absolutely free. He was elected to office against the will of the party bosses; therefore he owes no obligations except to the community. He has no political ambitions; therefore he need not resort to grand-stand tricks. He is thirty-two years old, of Irish descent, a graduate of the University of Michigan, clean visaged, clean handed, clean minded, and, for a wonder, not attracted by any phase of what is called "playing the game." It is only once in a thousand times that you can find a public officer that doesn't give a hoot for politics, politicians, machines, campaign funds, factions, or bosses and has sincere ideas about duty for its own sake and service for its own reward. That is why we had better take note of Burke. He seems to be one of that kind, which is an encouraging fact and helps to redeem the American university.

He had already shown where he stood before this thing came up; the political high-

binders might have known that they could do little with him. Before his time the state's attorneys had been paid by the fines they collected from criminals, for it was a fee-office. Young Mr. Burke said this was a vicious system and he would not tolerate it. When he took office he insisted that he be paid a salary of \$5400 a year, which was about one-fourth the average annual produce of the fee-system.

When he came into office he found the Gamblers' Trust operating Springfield as a wide-open town. Many offers of graft and preferment were made to him if he would suffer such conditions to continue. He declined these pleasant overtures and personally conducted the raids that cleared Springfield of gambling and of gamblers. It is a peculiarity of his that he does all these things without bitterness or vehemence. In the case of the gamblers he called them before him and said quietly: "Now, my men, you can't do any business in this town. Hadn't you better go away?" And when they found he was as resolute as candid they all went and never came back.

He puts things together in a common-sense way and then acts upon old "infallible deduction." Take this furniture deal upon which he caught Holstlaw. The last session of the Legislature appointed a commission of five—Secretary of State Rose, Senators Pemberton and Holstlaw, and Representatives Clark and Pierson—to buy new desks and chairs for the Senate and House of Representatives. Mr. Burke has lived most of his life in and about Springfield. With the rest of the inhabitants he knew that graft was to be expected in every such purchase, and when the contract was awarded to the highest bidder\* he made a mental note of the fact. Then Charles A. White made his confession of bribery in the senatorial election, and Burke noticed that Representative Clark was involved therein. He added that fact to his mental store, and sent for the agents of the firms that had competed unsuccessfully for the furniture contract. From these, in his frank, easy way, he drew much enlightenment. One of them was J. W. Knox. Knox told him of a conversation with Holstlaw, in which Holstlaw offered his vote for \$2500.

"How did you come to meet Holstlaw?" said Burke.

"He wrote me a letter asking for an appointment."

\*Mr. Rose did not vote on this contract, and Mr. Pierson voted against it.



W. H. STEAD,  
ATTORNEY GENERAL

State of Illinois  
Department of Justice  
Springfield.

May 2, 1910.



Hon. Edmund Burke,  
State's Attorney,  
Springfield, Illinois.

My dear Sir:-

I noticed by yesterday's papers that you contemplate investigating the bribery charges which were published in Saturday's Tribune, before the grand jury of this county.

Under the statute, as you of course know, the duty of investigating charges of this character before a grand jury rests with the state's attorney. The attorney general has no authority in the matter. I have no intention of invading your field of authority nor of doing anything in this matter which might have that appearance. I simply desire to say that if you feel at any time that my department can be of assistance to you, if you will indicate that fact to me, I will lend you any assistance within my power.

Very respectfully,

Attorney General.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL STEAD'S COURTEOUS LETTER TO STATE'S ATTORNEY BURKE, OFFERING HIM ASSISTANCE IN THE PROSECUTION OF GRAFT CASES. A FEW DAYS LATER HE APPLIED FOR A JUDICIAL ORDER, WHICH, IF GRANTED, WOULD HAVE HANDICAPPED BURKE

"Got that letter?" Burke then asked.

"Yes—at my house in Chicago."

Burke wrote out a telegram to Knox's family, directing that the letter be sent under registry. Knox signed it. The next day the letter came. Then Burke subpoenaed Holst-law and caught him lying.

The furniture contract was for \$19,710. It seemed a small amount from which to extract

graft. Mr. Burke began to understand now that in the Illinois Legislature nothing was too small, as nothing was too great, to furnish graft.

He owns that cottage on the Illinois River where, in vacation time, he goes to fish and to shoot ducks. The Illinois is a great river for commercial fishing. At the last session of the Legislature a bill was introduced restricting

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

seines to three hundred feet in length and changing the size of the mesh. This would have brought hardship upon many poor fishermen. After being advanced close to passage the bill had been allowed to die. On the last night of the session a representative made strenuous efforts to have it resurrected.

"Shut up!" yelled Lee O'Neil Browne, the minority leader of whom we have heard before.

Mr. Burke noted this curious incident. On May 6th Minority Leader Lee O'Neil Browne was indicted, charged with bribing Demo-

cratic members to vote for Lorimer. Mr. Burke reviewed his mental notes, found the fish bill with Browne's name hanging to it, recalled what the bill would have meant to his friends the fishermen, and quietly dropped down to Pekin, a town on the river. He got there at night and without delay sent for Henry Lemm, a fish-dealer.

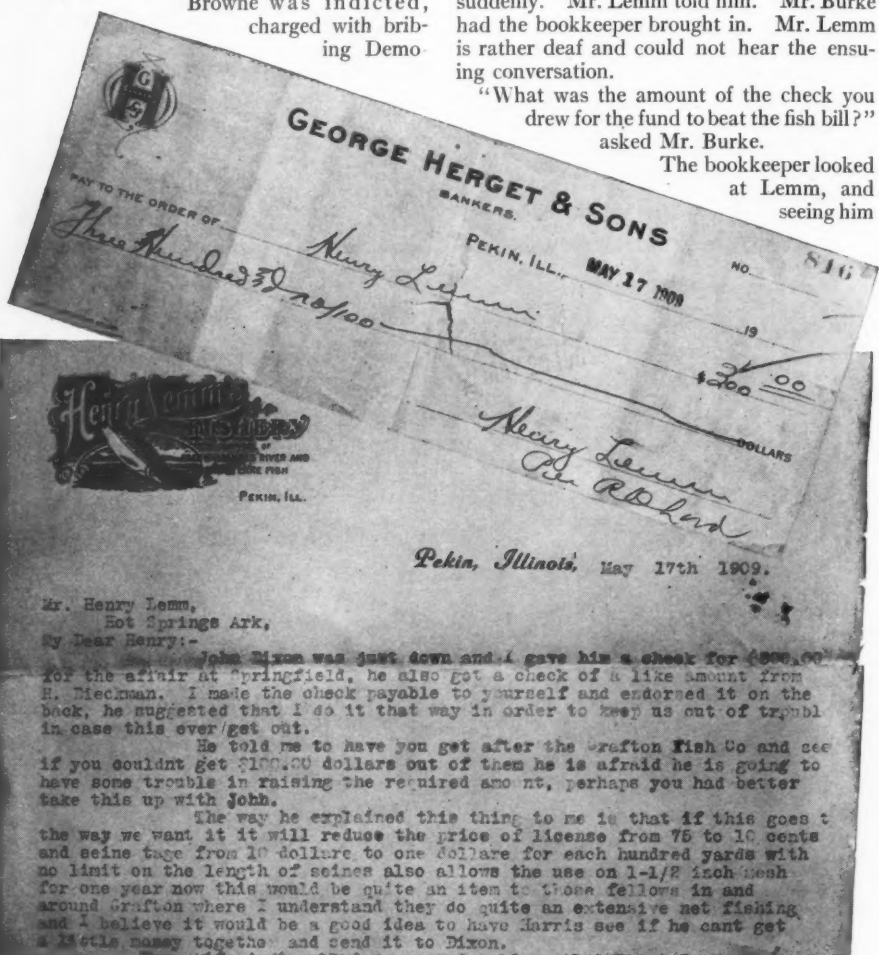
Mr. Lemm came to Mr. Burke's hotel and stoutly denied any knowledge of any fund raised to defeat the fish bill.

"Who is your bookkeeper?" said Mr. Burke suddenly. Mr. Lemm told him. Mr. Burke had the bookkeeper brought in. Mr. Lemm is rather deaf and could not hear the ensuing conversation.

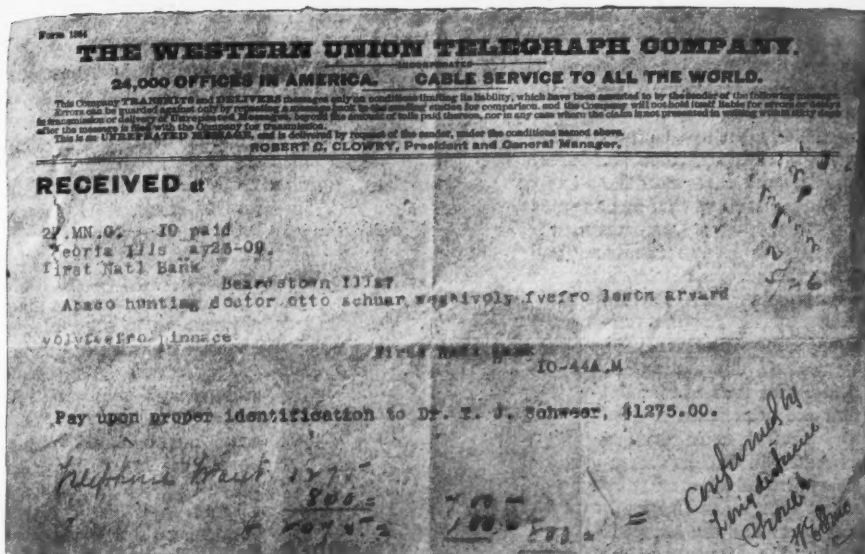
"What was the amount of the check you drew for the fund to beat the fish bill?"

asked Mr. Burke.

The bookkeeper looked at Lemm, and seeing him



THE SOURCE OF PART OF THE FUND WHICH KILLED THE FISH BILL IN COMMITTEE. THE CHECK WAS DRAWN AND THE LETTER WRITTEN BY R. O. LORD, LEMM'S BOOKKEEPER. LEMM FLATLY DENIED HAVING ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUND, BUT WHEN THE INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS WERE SHOWN HIM HE CONFESSED



MORE FISH-BILL MONEY IN THE "JACK-POT" CASE. THIS SUM REPRESENTS THE RESULT OF DIXON'S WORK AT PEORIA. THE MONEY SIMPLY PASSED THROUGH DR. SCHUEER'S HANDS INTO THOSE OF ANOTHER AGENT, WHO DELIVERED IT AT SPRINGFIELD

much perturbed concluded that he had told all.

"Three hundred dollars," said the book-keeper.

"Got the check?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In a letter-book in an old shed down by the river back of our place."

"Can you get it to-night?"

"No, because it is covered with boxes and rubbish, but I can get it to-morrow."

A reporter for the Chicago *Examiner*, the one newspaper that from the first has supported Burke, took a lantern, went to the shed, dug in the refuse, and brought back the check and a hopelessly incriminating letter that belonged with it. At the sight of these Lemm confessed. He said the money had been paid to John Dixon, of Peoria. Mr. Burke went on to Peoria that night, pulled John Dixon out of bed, and got a statement from him. The fishermen had raised \$2500 for the legislative "jack-pot" to have the threatened bill defeated. Judicious pursuit of this information brought in confessions and admissions from other fishermen. Through the banks and otherwise he traced the money from Dixon to the custodian of the fund, who, Mr. Burke believes, delivered it to Frank J. Traut, of the Beardstown Fish

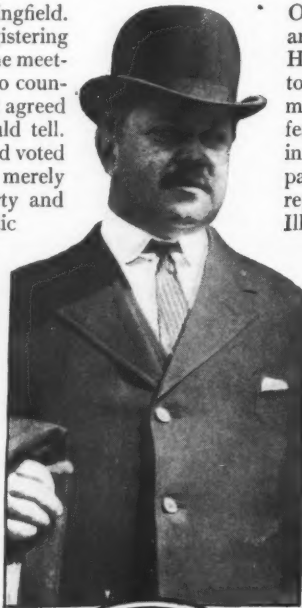
Company, who took it to Springfield, and, according to evidence before the grand jury, handed, of the whole contribution, \$2075 to Louis D. Hirscheimer, member of the State Board of Equalization, by whom it is alleged to have been delivered to the "jack-pot." Mr. Traut and Mr. Hirscheimer were indicted. Some of the confessions and statements that led to these indictments indicated that the legislative grafters descended at times to very petty business. Poor fishermen told of forced contributions of one hundred dollars that they evidently could not afford to pay. For the "jack-pot."

Rather unusual incidents attended Mr. Burke's researches. When the people at large began to understand the nature of his fight and the tactics of the opposition they often came to his help. He had no detectives, spies, nor staff of attorneys, but volunteer watchers in many parts of the state reported for him the movements of the men in whom he was interested and sent him suggestions and important facts. Occasionally the investigation developed a grimly humorous aspect. One of the men from whom Mr. Burke had gently elicited a full confession was Representative H. J. C. Beckemeyer, of Chicago. He said that the managers of the combine heard ten days in advance of White's impending revelations and hastily called a conference at

## What Are You Going to Do About It?

an obscure hotel in Springfield. Beckemeyer attended, registering under an assumed name. The meeting debated the best course to counteract White's confession, and agreed upon a story each man should tell. It was to the effect that he had voted for Lorimer as a Democrat merely to split the Republican party and after consulting his Democratic constituents. Mr. Burke said nothing for the time being about Beckemeyer's confession. He summoned before him four of the men that had been instructed by the meeting, and gravely listened while each in succession parroted the same story about splitting the Republican party and the approval of his Democratic constituents.

Gradually, in the light of these revelations, the whole graft system of Illinois was disclosed to anyone that cared to look. Year after year the small clique of leaders controls all ordinary legislation. Others willing to be venal are told that if they will be "good boys" and "come along"—if they will vote as they are told, that is to say—they will receive at the end of the session their due share of the "jack-pot" accumulated from many sources. It is very easy. To keep them straight they are told to watch some certain member and vote always as he votes. In most instances they do not know what bill they are voting on; they sit in their seats and echo the "aye" or "no" of the bell-wether. Say one be of queasy conscience, how lightly this steers him past troublesome thoughts! He doesn't know anything about the bill, nor whether it has spelled graft; he just sits and votes. At the end of the session the "jack-pot" is divided; —H. J. C. BECKEMEYER, WHO RECEIVED \$1000 FROM BROWNE.—CHARLES A. WHITE, A CONFESSED BRIBE-TAKER



Only the leaders know its sources and what bills produced it. Here are a mass of laws added to the statute-books and another mass of bills introduced and defeated, and the determining factor in scores of instances is money paid to a "jack-pot." This is representative government in Illinois in the twentieth century.

It is also representative government in other places—under the existing system.

The leaders do the bargaining and take the big share of the produce. Obscure members and "good boys" get much less. In the last session of the Legislature they got \$700 to \$900 apiece. This was very little. The average yield of a good year is \$2000 apiece. Once it was \$3150. In 1903 the custodian of the "jack-pot" fled to Europe with it, and the small fry got nothing; but this caused so much indignation that the system was threatened, and the exploit was never repeated. The total of the "jack-pot" seems out of all proportion to the sums paid to the small fry, and often has been amazingly large. One authority, the *Democratic Bulletin*, organ of the Chicago Democratic Club, estimates that for the

last session of the Legislature it was about \$900,000, produced from the following sources:

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Senatorial contest.....                                  | \$250,000 |
| Manufacturers' bills.....                                | 50,000    |
| Three bills inimical to employees and corporations ..... | 50,000    |
| Anti-trust bills.....                                    | 50,000    |
| Cigarette bills.....                                     | 5,000     |
| Mining bills, including shot-firers' act.....            | 5,000     |
| Anti-local-option bills.....                             | 75,000    |
| Street-paving bills.....                                 | 40,000    |
| Loan-shark bills.....                                    | 3,000     |
| Fish bills.....  | 3,000     |
| Patent-medicine bills .....                              | 4,000     |
| Osteopathy bills.....                                    | 2,500     |
| School-book bills.....                                   | 20,000    |

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Sleeping-car regulators...                | \$25,000 |
| Automobile regulators....                 | 5,000    |
| Hotel regulators...                       | 4,000    |
| Capital-stock regulators                  | 50,000   |
| Railroad regulators                       | 50,000   |
| Insurance regulators                      | 25,000   |
| Banking regulators                        | 25,000   |
| Telegraph regulators                      | 25,000   |
| Gas, electric light, and power regulators | 40,000   |
| Express company regulators                | 25,000   |
| Stock-yards regulators                    | 25,000   |
| Cold-storage regulators...                | 25,000   |
| Employment-office regulators              | \$4,000  |

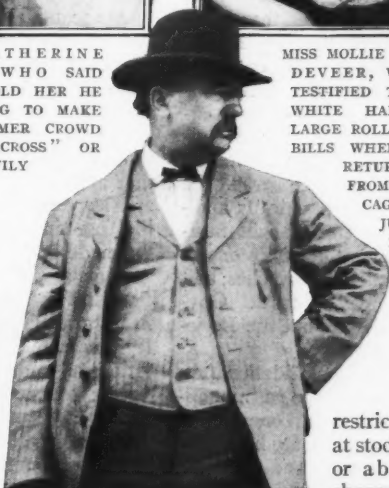
These estimates are generally held to be somewhat excessive, although, in the main, quite well founded. If now the judicious reader will contemplate in the above list the instances in which many of our very best citizens and prosperous corporations would be involved, and remind himself that these are the citizens and corporations that furnish campaign funds and finance political machines, he can probably imagine why such strenuous efforts were made to confine the inquiry to the senatorial election. He may also gain a glimpse of the true source of our legislative and political troubles; and as equal instruction is not to be had from imprisoning obscure henchmen on one hand, nor from the optimistic periodicals on the other, I venture to commend it for



MISS KATHERINE WOODS, WHO SAID WHITE TOLD HER HE WAS GOING TO MAKE THE LORIMER CROWD "COME ACROSS" OR PAY HEAVILY



MISS MOLLIE VAN-DEVEER, WHO TESTIFIED THAT WHITE HAD A LARGE ROLL OF BILLS WHEN HE RETURNED FROM CHICAGO IN JUNE, 1909



REPRESENTATIVE GEO. W. MYERS, A DEMOCRAT WHO WOULD NOT BE BRIBED.—LEE O'NEIL BROWNE AND CHARLES ERBSTEIN

general attention.

In this session, 1268 bills were introduced, of which 260 were passed. The rest were conveniently strangled in committee. This alone would indicate that business was good. Of the 260 passed bills the governor vetoed forty. One such veto knocked \$35,000 out of the "jack-pot."

I should explain that in the foregoing list the word "regulator" is strictly a trade term and means a bill introduced to compel a corporation or an interest to yield graft. Among the standard "regulators" in Illinois are bills to govern or

restrict the handling of cattle at stock-yards, bills to reduce or abolish the switching-charge swindle, bills to limit the number of cars in a freight-train, bills to hamper sleeping-car and express companies, bills to harass the electric light and gas interests, and bills to reform the barbarous laws and practices referring to workmen's injuries. One may observe all these old-time favorites in our list of coin-producers for 1909.

The money paid to kill these measures or to secure desired legislation is kept until a month or so after the close of the session, when, if all has gone well, the division takes place in the state. If



## What Are You Going to Do About It?

busybodies and reporters have been active the boodle is shared in St. Louis or Indiana

Some historic scandals are included in the records of these operations. I suppose the Allen bill of 1897 heads the list. It was designed to enable Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, then one of Chicago's best citizens, to grab the city's streets for a term of fifty years. This passed the Legislature beautifully, but patient Chicago for once rose in revolt, and when the Council came to act upon the measure the City Hall was mobbed, and purchased aldermen did not dare to deliver their votes, although Mr. Yerkes had paid \$500,000 for them. At the next session the force of public indignation compelled the Legislature to repeal the act, but I observe that its introducer and about twenty gentlemen that voted for it are still members of the Legislature, some of those that were then representatives having been elevated by their admiring constituents to seats in the Senate—a neat example of the cure for these things that is supposed to lie in enlightened public sentiment.

Another celebrated measure was the Frontage Act of 1895, which practically abolished competition in the electric-light business in Chicago, gave over the city to one of the most grasping of modern monopolies, and paved the way for the great gas trust. Governor Altgeld vetoed this bill, but the Legislature passed it over his veto.

In the case of the Gas Consolidation Act, which finally created the Chicago gas monopoly, Governor Altgeld stated that one million dollars had been offered to him for his signature. He vetoed the measure, and again the Legislature passed it over his veto. Another scandal came forth when, under this act, the city Council voted the necessary permits to the consolidating companies; but no scandal nor protest availed to check the monopoly that the Legislature had established.

By still another act passed over Governor Altgeld's veto, the Illinois Central Railroad secured from the Legislature the lake front of Chicago and they made land there, properly belonging to the public.

Three times in the last ten years the Legislature has passed direct primary bills, and each time a joker has been inserted for the purpose of having the act declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. These jokers are popularly believed to have resulted from some extensive transactions between the in-

terests and the holders of the "jack-pot."

House Bill No. 777, in the last session of the Legislature, was introduced in behalf of the Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad. It purported to legalize certain extensive bond issues. When it came up for passage Speaker Shurtleff surrendered the gavel, took the floor, and explained that the measure was a harmless, necessary thing to facilitate business and ought to pass. On May 4, 1910, John C. Fetzer, who had been a special real-estate agent of the Chicago & Western Indiana, went before the Cook County grand jury and testified that the company had spent \$212,000 to influence legislation, including the passage of House Bill No. 777, for which, it is alleged, \$60,000 was paid.

One scandal after another.

But these men that have been indicted, convicted, or ruined, the other men that dwell in the cold sweat of terror lest their sins are to be uncovered, men that see the investigation pushing toward them and have chill visions of the penitentiary doors, the men that are hiring detectives to dog Mr. Burke and lawyers to approach him, do you think they are sinners above the rest of mankind? Or made of different stuff?

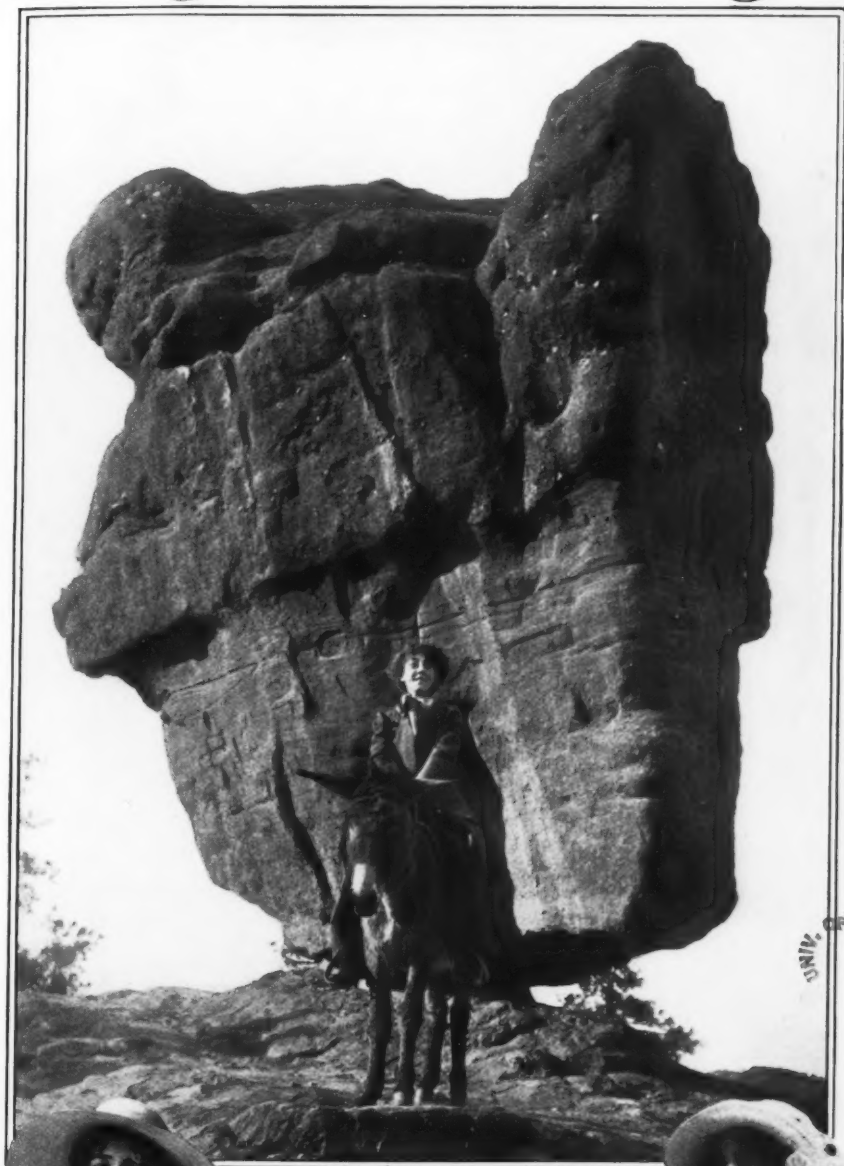
Look at this then. A man came for the first time to the Legislature of Illinois. He heard graft discussed on all sides as if it were legitimate business. He heard daily speculations as to the probable size of the season's "jack-pot." He heard jests and jokes about graft. He learned of one overanxious member that on a hot afternoon had been sent to broil two hours in the cupola of the state house by a story that his share of the "jack-pot" would reach him there. He heard all this, and he saw that men excellently reputed were accustomed to get money in these forbidden ways and that the money was easily come by and as good as any other. All his days he had been taught that to get money was the chief aim of life, and he had never heard much question concerning means by which it could be had. Here it could be had merely for voting. So he fell into the universal custom and went with the rest.

Legislation by auction sale. Grand spectacle for any man proud of his country and sensitive about its honor. Grand spectacle for any man not quite prepared to see it slide down into the pit.

What are you going to do about it?

MR. RUSSELL'S TOPIC IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER WILL BE SENATOR LORIMER'S ALLEGED PURCHASE OF HIS ELECTION TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE

# Players at Play



AN INCIDENT IN A WESTERN VACATION OF LEONA WATSON, WHO ROSE TO PROMINENCE AS THE SINGING ACTRESS OF "THE CLIMAX." MISS WATSON IS SHOWN ASTRIDE A BURRO BEFORE THE PICTURESQUE BALANCING ROCK IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO. THE VIGNETTES AT THE BOTTOM SHOW BESSIE HOLBROOK AND MILDRED BRIGHT IN SUMMER-TIME HEADGEAR



UNIV. OF  
ARIZ.



EDITH DECKER, A PRIMA DONNA OF RECOGNIZED ABILITY WHOSE PLEASING VOICE HAS BEEN HEARD IN "HAVANA," "THE VANDERBILT CUP," AND OTHER MUSICAL PIECES, ENJOYS LIFE ON A LONG ISLAND FARM. MISS DECKER HAS FOUND IN CHICKEN-RAISING A PROFITABLE AS WELL AS PLEASANT AVOCATION



FREDERIC THOMPSON AT THE HELM IN COMMAND OF HIS YACHT, THE "SHAMROCK." ON THE SPOKES OF THE WHEEL APPEARS THE HEAD OF HIS WIFE, MABEL TALIAFERRO, WHO IS PERHAPS BEST KNOWN BECAUSE OF HER SUCCESSFUL CREATION OF THE TITLE RÔLE IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"





LAURETTE TAYLOR,  
OF "ALIAS JIMMY  
VALENTINE" FAME,  
ENJOYING VA-  
CATION DAYS

MAY IRWIN DUCK-  
SHOOTING IN THE THOU-  
SAND ISLANDS. RAYMOND  
HITCHCOCK BANTERING  
SOME RIVAL CLIMBERS





BLANCHE RING, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF AMERICAN MUSICAL-COMEDY STARS, IS NOTED AMONG HER FRIENDS FOR HER LOVE OF OUTDOOR

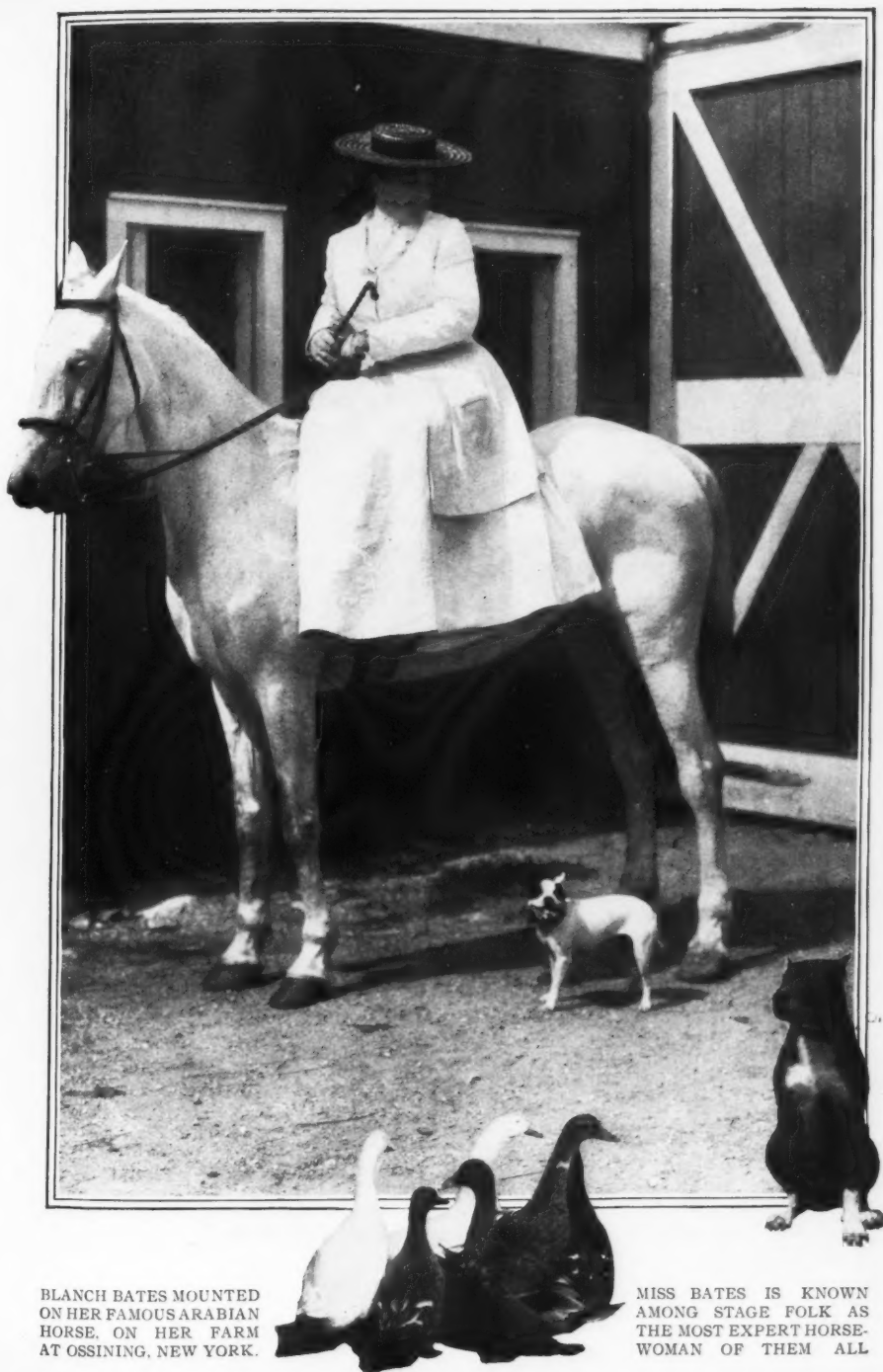


LIFE. MISS RING IS A DEVOTEE OF BOATING AND FISHING, AND, WITH HER, ALL VACATION ROADS LEAD TO THE WATER



GRACE GEORGE, WHO IN PRIVATE LIFE IS MRS. WILLIAM A. BRADY, TAKES HER EXERCISE ON HORSE-BACK. MISS GEORGE HAS LONG

BEEN DEVOTED TO RIDING AS A PASTIME



BLANCH BATES MOUNTED  
ON HER FAMOUS ARABIAN  
HORSE, ON HER FARM  
AT OSSINING, NEW YORK.

MISS BATES IS KNOWN  
AMONG STAGE FOLK AS  
THE MOST EXPERT HORSE-  
WOMAN OF THEM ALL

104



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

"I'M NOT OF YOUR WAY OF THINKING, LADIES," SAID KITTY. "THAT A WOMAN DOES WELL  
TO KEEP HER HUSBAND FOREVER AT HER APRON-STRINGS. 'TIS MY CUS-  
TOM TO SHOW MY LORD FROM TIME TO TIME HOW PRODI-  
GIOUS BADLY HE GETS ON WITHOUT ME"

("The Rape of the Beau")

# The Rape of the Beau

A NEW "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS" STORY

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

*Authors of "The Pride of Jennico," "The Bath Comedy," "If Youth but Knew," etc.*

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller



LADY KILCRONEY was at home, in her white and gold drawing-room, to a few special fair friends. She was fresh back herself from a somewhat prolonged country visit, and the little meeting had been convened at once to celebrate the joys of reunion, and for the purpose of culling all the latest tit-bits of gossip. My Lord Kilcroney, who—an unwonted arrangement—had been left behind in town, was an affectionate and constant, but not an informing correspondent.

Kitty Kilcroney, in the highest health and spirits, ran a sparkling, pansy-brown eye from face to face with some curiosity, as Pompey, the black page, went round with the tea-cups. It struck the astute Kitty that her friends were bursting with some communication of personal importance; that there were glances of meaning and melancholy between them, an abstraction as to each other's garments and an unwonted appearance of solidarity, for these five were not wont to endure each other's pretty looks and modish garments with equanimity.

"That will do, Pompey," said Kitty, tossing a macaroon to her dusky slave. "Put another log on the fire and shut the door after you. Well, dear ladies," she went on briskly, "and how have you all been getting on without me?"

The five looked at each other, and then their eyes turned with one accord to the pretty, merry face of their hostess. Five years of matrimony had added a little, not unbecoming, matronly amplitude to my Lady Kilcroney's figure. The famous Mistress Kitty Bellairst, before her union with the wild, good-natured Irish viscount, had been noted for her sharp tongue, her unsparing wit; but there had recently grown a softness

upon her which revealed itself in glance and smile.

"I declare," cried Lady Flo Dare-Stamer, "we're all in the same boat, ladies; but I'm sorriest for Kitty, I am indeed!"

"And what induced her to leave Lord Kilcroney behind?" cried young Sue Verney sharply. "The model couple to set a bad example to all our husbands—"

"Yes, indeed, Kitty," interrupted Lady Day, "that you, of all women, should make such a mistake!"

"I'm sure," said Lady Standish, in her trailing, plaintive way, "if Jasper has said to me once, he has said to me fifty times this last fortnight, 'I can't fail Kilcroney to-night; I've promised Kilcroney his revenge.'"

"Highly tighty!" cried Kitty, extremely amused, "and what's the to-do about now, and how has my poor Kilcroney become responsible? I can't help it, Julia, if Sir Jasper will gamble, and I never was jealous of the cards, Susan."

"I've no doubt," cried this last, with apparent and acid irrelevance, "your lord was in perfect ecstasies over your return."

An irresistible smile appeared on Kitty's lips. The other ladies looked at each other.

"You think, no doubt," pursued Susie, "that you'll have a charming domestic evening with him, my love."

Again the five sought each other's glance, and again silks and laces fluttered with heavy sighs.

"I think—" began Kitty. She stopped, drew her fine brows together in a frown, then laughed suddenly. "My dear Susie, I don't think—I know. Were his Majesty himself to summon him, he'd not leave my side this evening."

If Kitty ever bragged, it was on the subject of Denis's devotion.

"And what is the particular excuse for



to-night?" cried Lady Verney, turning to her sister.

Nan Day had a mouth full of macaroons, and it was Lady Standish who answered, upon one of her high sighs.

"My dear," fumbling in her little silk bag for her handkerchief, "it is beginning to pass all bounds. You know they had a pair of minxes from Sadler's Wells last night—a Thespis supper, they called it! To-night, they say, 'tis a mere card-meeting."

"Mr. Lafone warned me he would not be in till very late," piped the bride, breaking her silence. "I promised him just to go to sleep like a little dormouse—"

She was interrupted by an indignant chorus.

"Upon my word!"

"My dear, you'll ruin the creature!"

"Sir Jasper knows that not even the utmost exhaustion would induce me to retire—"

Lady Verney's strident voice predominated. "Dormouse indeed!"

In the midst of the turmoil Kitty tapped her foot. A warning sparkle flew to the dark eyes. "Cackle, cackle!" she cried, covering her ears with her hands and then, dropping them, said: "In heaven's name, will somebody talk sense! Flora, my good soul—"

"The fact is," said Lady Flora comfortably, poisoning a dainty "Cupid's kiss" between a large white finger and thumb, "there have been sad doings since you left us, Kitty. It might have been as well had you persuaded that excellent Kilcrouney of yours to go to the country with you when you were taken with the vapors, my poor love, and Sir George ordered you solitude and syllabubs. He'd have gone with you then, I feel sure."

She popped the "Cupid's kiss" into her mouth, and, munching it, shook her head. Kitty was staring at her in astonishment and displeasure.

"Persuaded my lord to go to the country? Persuaded, Lady Flo! It took all my eloquence, I assure you, ma'am, to prevent his starting off with me. Aye, and two couriers a day to keep him from posting after me. It was my desire he should remain in town. There were important debates in the House of Lords."

The circle interchanged its gaze of hidden knowledge, as Kitty sharply pursued: "And I'm not of your way of thinking, ladies, that a woman does well to keep her husband forever at her apron-strings! 'Tis my custom

to show my lord from time to time how prodigious badly he gets on without me—"

She broke off. Her words were received with airs so varied and expressive that a saint would have been provoked. Kitty was none of your saints.

"In another moment you'll have me as positive a zany as yourselves," she cried. "I'll to Kilcrouney for the meaning of this. Nay, I'll send for him!"

"Do, my love," shrilled Susie. "Ask him how many debates he has attended?"

"And how he relieved the monstrosous tedium of your absence," added Nan, softer noted, but no less bent on mischief.

"Alas, my poor Kitty," bewailed Julia Standish, "men are all alike!"

"Tut, tut!" cried the good-natured Lady Flo, "you'll get him in hand again, my love, after a little driving."

"Ask him where he intends to spend the evening." The bride's childish treble came, as usual, after the others.

Upon her Kitty turned her accumulated fury. "He will spend the evening at home, Mistress Lafone."

"He won't!" cried Susie. "He'll spend it at the Owl and Nightingale!"

"And what kind of a place might that be, my Lady Verney?"

"'Tis the newest haunt of dissipation—a new supper club. 'Tis easy to see you're fresh from the country, Kitty."

"Originator, Mr. Stafford," said Nan.

"President, or Senior Owl, Viscount Kilcrouney," added Lady Verney.

"Vice-President, Mr. Lafone," chirruped the bride.

"And, I grieve to say," continued Lady Flo, "its most assiduous member, Mr. Dare-Stamer. Positively, the creature has hardly been at Elm Park House these ten days."

"And Sir Jasper's not behindhand," said that gentleman's injured wife.

"Latest Owl, Philip Day, of Queen's Compton," put in Susie spitefully.

"Introduced and proposed by his brother-in-law, the Lord Verney," cried Nan, flushing. "And, indeed, Susie, I'd never have consented to come and stay with you if I'd known how Verney meant to corrupt my poor Philip."

"Corrupt!" snorted Susie.

"Pray, pray!" interposed Kitty. Anger had left her. She sat nibbling her little finger, after a fashion she had when pensive. "It's taken you just half an hour," she went

on, "to tell me a single piece of news. But I begin to perceive a glimmer. Mr. Stafford has founded some kind of convivial club, and your husbands, my dear creatures, are over-assiduous members. Well, ladies, I'll do what I can to help you, but I never had much patience with the wife who could not keep her husband well amused at home."

The chorus broke out afresh, indignant, malicious, plaintive, good-humoredly remonstrative, to tail off with Molly Lafone's pipe:

"Do you think you can amuse my Lord Kilcroney at home as well as the ladies from Sadler's Wells—'nightingales,' I suppose—amused him last night? Gentlemen seem to like play-actresses so much."

In the silence which this monstrous pronouncement created, Kitty surveyed the speaker with a glance of majesty. "Speak for your own gentleman, if you please, ma'am; my Lord Kilcroney has the strange taste to prefer the company of his wife to that of any other lady, be she from Sadler's Wells or Half Moon Street. But I'm willing to help you, my dears," went on their fair hostess.

The door opened upon this remark, and Pompey announced, "Mr. Stafford."

There was a flutter, as of a dove; and the five arose like one woman.

Susie could not trust herself in the wretch's presence, as she whispered noisily in Kitty's ear before that ruthless kiss of hers which spared not rouge nor patch. And Nan, with anger lurking in her lovely blue eyes and in her gentle voice, announced that she had promised to take Philip to her mother.

Lady Standish, shuddering from Mr. Stafford's elegant advance, trailed away, willowy and melancholy as usual.

"Come," said Lady Flo to the bride, with her jolly laugh. "Two's company, my dear!"

She caught the latter's hand under her stout arm, turning a deaf ear to the reply.

"Oh! but I always understood that only applied to sweethearts, Lady Flora."

Kitty returned her large friend's farewell kiss heartily, but only bestowed a curtesy on Mistress Lafone. The bride paused a second on the threshold to breathe an innocent valediction:

"It will be so vastly clever of your Ladyship if you prevent Lord Kilcroney from going out to-night. We shall all want to know. Sha'n't we, Lady Flora?"

She blinked at Mr. Stafford through her great eyelashes as that gentleman closed the door upon her.

"Pon my soul," said he, coming back to Kitty, "'tis as dewy a piece as I've ever seen!"

"Prodigious dewy," said Kitty laconically.

She poured a cold decoction into the handleless, transparent cup and tendered it to her visitor; not for the founder of the supper club should the little silver caddy be opened again and its expensive contents diminished.

"Is your tea agreeable, Mr. Stafford, sir?" she queried, her dimples peeping in a sweet smile, though there was a glitter in her glance that might have given the visitor food for thought.

"Quite agreeable, thank you, Kitty," he answered, swallowing the mixture without a grimace.

"Still so free with my name, Mr. Stafford?"

"I crave your pardon, madam, but 'Kitty' has so much prettier ring than 'my Lady Kilcroney' and comes so much easier to my tongue. I can't forget the old days, Kitty."

"Can't you, sir?" quoth Kitty. She stared at him reflectively.

He and she had come perilously near being man and wife, and neither had quite forgiven the other for the alacrity with which the parting had been accepted. Yet he had never wedded, and whenever they met his attitude was the tender and reproachful one of the immutably faithful lover.

"The country air has suited your Ladyship," said Stafford into the silence. "I trust you find our excellent Denis in as good case as you could expect in the circumstances."

Kitty dropped her white eyelids demurely. "To what circumstances might you be referring?"

"To the melancholy engendered by your absence. The poor fellow was inconsolable at first. A hundred times a day he'd vow he was lost without you."

"But you undertook his consolation, I understand," cried the lady, once again with smiling lips and glittering eyes. "You helped him to find himself."

"All that a friend could do," admitted Mr. Stafford suavely.

"This new club, sir?"

"'Twas started, I may say, for him; inspired by the sight of his loneliness, I thought of naming it The Benedict's Comfort. But no doubt Kilcroney has informed you of all its stages. 'Tis a prodigious success, Kitty."

"So I hear, sir—especially among the ladies."

Mr. Stafford could not help the laughter

## The Rape of the Beau

which had been gathering within him from bubbling gently from his lips. "As you say, Kitty, 'tis especially the ladies that attest to its success. Ha! ha! Lady Verney all but cut me just now! And that little white cat, Lady Anne Day, could scarce keep her claws off me as she went by. It was full dawn this morning when her squire sang us a new drinking song that sent a new bottle round as if it were but midnight."

"Charming, indeed. 'Twas your Thespis meeting, I believe?" cooed Lady Kilcroyne. "So you sang last night, and what do you do to-night, sir?"

"Has not Kilcroyne told you; 'twas his own suggestion. We've a trifle of a card-party, but I can't think how the fellow was so forgetful as to fix on the very night of your Ladyship's return."

"Kilcroyne knows," said Kitty sweetly, "that 'tis my pleasure that he should pass his time agreeably. Yet if he should not be able to join you to-night, Mr. Stafford—"

"If!" said Mr. Stafford. He rose and stood smiling insufferably.

"You will understand," continued the lady unmoved, as she swept him her little hand, "that 'twill be none of my fault. He shall not break his engagement if I can keep him to it."

Mr. Stafford raised himself from saluting the perfumed, taper fingers to glance again at the fair face. Kitty was curiously silky, and Kitty was, as he guessed, very angry; and she was a marvelously clever woman.

He hesitated a second. Then, "I'll see he does not stay too late," he murmured.

She called after him, "Success to your club, Mr. Stafford!"

"She's plotting mischief," he said to himself as he closed the door. "Gad, her eyes shot sparks, and if Lady Nan would have scratched me, I vow my Lady Kilcroyne would have bitten me with all those little white teeth! The Benedict's Comfort!" he chuckled, as he went down the shallow stairs, pausing on every step. "'Tis the success of the season indeed—Kitty but a few hours back in the town and fit to slay me already! Ah, she's dangerous! I'll drop a word in Denis's ear to keep him up to the mark to-night."

## II

LADY FLO and Mrs. Lafone sat together in the latter's very small parlor; and Lady Flo was just settling down comfortably to a fresh dish of tea and contemplating pleasantly a

plate of queen cakes, when, to her infinite amazement, the friends she had but even now parted from were ushered in a body into the room. Kitty was evidently the leader of the party.

"You'll excuse us, ma'am, I trust," she began ceremoniously, to her hostess, "but, hearing my Lady Flora was here, I made so bold as to intrude upon you with my friends. Flo, my dear, I caught our sweet Nan and our dashing Susan here in the midst of a pretty quarrel, and culled poor Julia before she had quite cried her eyes away. 'Tis evident the time has come to act in concert. The Owl and Nightingale—"

She was interrupted. Out came Lady Standish's handkerchief; Lady Anne Day and her sister, divided from each other by all the breadth of Kitty's cream brocade, broke into simultaneous recrimination.

"Tut, tut!" cried Lady Flo, "'tis as bad as a cage of cockatoos. One at a time, my dears."

"The one must be me," said Lady Kilcroyne. She lifted a taper finger authoritatively. "The supper club is the death of your domestic happiness. You must be the death of the supper club."

"Couldn't you induce Lord Kilcroyne to spend the evening with you, after all?" insinuated Mollie Lafone.

Kitty breathed a second through dilated nostrils; then, with a contemptuous superiority, ignored the interruption. Her three fair companions hung breathlessly on her words. Lady Flo herself was interested beyond queen cakes.

"The Owl and Nightingale shall die to-night, and Mr. Stafford, the envious bachelor, shall smart for his doings. Is it to be borne? Lady Anne Day and Lady Verney, returning to Verney House full of the best wifely intentions, find— What do they find?"

"A letter," broke in Nan, under whose creamy English skin ran a blood of almost Southern fierceness, "a letter announcing that Philip and that odious Verney—'tis your Verney who has corrupted him, Sue—mean to spend the evening at the Owl and Nightingale, and do not intend to return till late! Philip, who used not to bear me out of his sight! Philip, who—a letter, too! If he'd even told me. Oh, I'll pay him out! Aye, and Mr. Stafford, too."

Before Susan, speechless with wrath, could bring forth the strident reply, Kitty suavely intervened.

"'Tis the way of husbands, my poor Nan, to write when speaking comes awkward."

Julia dropped her kerchief. "Sir Jasper left a message with the butler," she sobbed.

"Aye, and my Dare-Stamer will never pay me such a compliment. There's no 'By your leave' or 'With your leave' with him," laughed Lady Flo, and picked up her cake.

"But I don't understand," murmured the bride, her large eyes wandering from one distressed countenance to another. "I thought it was part of the pleasure of being married in London that one needn't have one's husband with one all the time. Of course, if he goes out of an evening, he wouldn't expect his lady to stay at home, would he? Some one told me that in the country, and I thought it was so agreeable."

The circle sat aghast, then Lady Flo choked and chuckled.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, ladies, you might take a lesson! Aye, and I who used to cry myself sick those first months at Elm Park—"

"The question is," interrupted Susan irritably, "What's to be done?"

"We must punish our husbands," said Susan Verney between set teeth.

"What is the best way to punish a husband?" questioned the bride innocently.

"Make him jealous," suggested Lady Flora.

"Make him ridiculous," said Nan, with a vindictive flash of her blue eyes.

"Make him both, sweet ladies," amended Kitty Kilcroney, while a reflective dimple peeped beside her smile.

"Nay, but," sighed Lady Standish, "how does this help us, since 'tis of the club and its pernicious ways we must cure our ungallant lords?"

"Oh, Julia," said Kitty impatiently, "you were ever dense of wit! Why, to be sure, let but your Sir Jasper imagine that you have good reason for wishing him out of the way of an evening, and I'll wager my eyelashes he'll not budge from your side till Michaelmas."

At the mention of eyelashes, the bride made great play with hers.

"How would it be," quoth she, and candor and sweet, youthful guilelessness seemed to hover on her lips and in her glance, "were I to induce Mr. Stafford to give me his company here to-night instead of acting host at his supper party—" She broke off, opening her eyes surprisedly at the outcry which ensued.

"Good heavens, child!"

"Mistress Lafone, you can have no idea of the consequences of what you are proposing. Pray, madam, how about punishing Mr. Stafford? Is not that to be part of the program?"

"Stay," cried Lady Kilcroney, springing to her feet. She flung out a small imperative hand. "Mistress Lafone's proposal is absurd indeed; I will lend no hand to help a woman lose her character. But there is something, nevertheless, in the suggestion. Ladies!" she looked round upon the expectant circle with commanding eyes, "I have a plan for you which will encompass all your desires. You will make your husbands jealous, aye, and ridiculous! We will cut Beau Stafford's comb for him, and the town shall ring with the joke of it. Yet not one of you shall have as much as a summer cloud upon her fair fame. Mistress Lafone will lure the bird for you, and—" She lowered her voice; fair heads bent toward her in a listening circle, bright eyes fixed themselves on her face. When she had concluded, there was a breathless pause.

"Pray, my Lady Kilcroney," said the bride then, in her sweet, shrill voice, "will you further inform us how you will deal with my Lord Kilcroney when the murder's out?"

"Madam," said Kitty, with great dignity, turning toward the door of the parlor, "my advice in this matter is entirely disinterested. Lord Kilcroney will not join the circle at the club to-night. There will be no necessity to render him either jealous or absurd. My Lord Kilcroney will spend the evening with his wife."

As my Lady Kilcroney's coach clattered away with its fair burden, her friends looked at each other without speaking. Then Julia Standish remarked, sighing, that Kitty was sadly puffed up since she had become a viscountess.

"And so sour of temper, too!" exclaimed Susan Verney. "No wonder my Lord Kilcroney enjoys a holiday when he can get one."

"Poor Kitty!" cried the charitable Flo. "We must not forget, ladies, that she has an empty nursery."

"Poor Kitty!" echoed Nan Day softly, her thoughts reverting with a rush of tenderness to the two sturdy boys she had left behind her at Queen's Compton.

"And she five years married," bewailed Julia Standish. She had herself been wedded

six, and five sweet babes had inherited her sensitive disposition.

"What! wed so long!" cried the bride of two months with spiteful joy. "And no hopes even? I wonder how her lord puts up with her airs and graces. But 'Pride goeth before a fall.'"

### III

As my Lord Verney and Mr. Philip Day ran arm in arm down the steps of Verney House, setting forth for their evening's entertainment with a gaiety that marks perchance an uneasy conscience, they were arrested by a chairman, who, inquiring which of the two was his lordship, thereupon delivered a note.

Lord Verney tore it open, read, stared, read again, frowned; then—for he had a fraternal feeling, rare in such relationships, for his brother-in-law—he handed him the sheet.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

The honest squire perused,

If you ask your wife to-morrow how she spent this evening, be sure she tells you the truth.

"What do I make of it?" cried Philip Day, scarlet. "This!"

He tore the anonymous scroll across and across, flung it from him, and, snorting contempt, linked his arm into Lord Verney's again and dragged him forward on their way.

"Think no more of it," he exhorted. "'Tis when we rub the sting that the gnat poisons us."

Within the hall of the well-appointed tavern where the club met—the Owl and Nightingale in Old Queen Street, Westminster—he was himself surprised to receive a letter which proved to contain a communication of similar spirit, though differently worded, and in a fine feminine hand, unlike the round characters of the other note:

The wise husband is he who gives his wife no opportunities. You should have left her among the haycocks. It had been safer. Why was Mr. S. so anxious to have you at supper to-night? Stay the evening out, perchance you will learn.

He bit his full lip. "'Tis some nonsensical piece of mischief."

Yet it rankled. He did not treat the letter as he had done his brother-in-law's, but folded it carefully and laid it in his breast pocket.

"Where did Nan and Susan tell us they would pass their time this evening? At Lady Flora's? H'm!"

He followed his relative into the inner room,

but he was beginning to rub his gnat-bite; and it stung.

Mr. Lafone was already present in the private room allotted to them, and so was Mr. Dare-Stamer; and, even as greetings were being exchanged with the newcomers, a servant entered and offered a letter on a salver.

This Mr. Stamer immediately read aloud with elevated eyebrows,

Do not wait for your host, if you would sup to-night, I advise you.

"Good heavens!" cried Philip Day, with a lightening of the spirits, "some Puck is at work to-night—"

Mr. Lafone became enveloped in a sudden abstraction. He had himself already received in the street, from an unknown messenger, a curious little note,

When the cat's away the mouse will play.

Man of the world as he was, he had tossed it away—out of his thoughts even. His mouse, his innocent country moppet, he knew would soon be safe tucked into her little bed, close folded like a daisy from the world and the night. Yet, it was odd that Mr. Stafford, the president, the Senior Owl, should be still absent from the meeting. It was odd that there should be this warning of his failure, joined with the warning to himself.

The conversation between the four lagged. Verney and Dare-Stamer were hungry, Philip Day and Lafone uneasy. They had been promised a merry evening and had come forth in defiance of their wives: and half the company was missing, including the convener himself! Where were Lord Kilcroney and Jasper Standish? Where was Beau Stafford?

The latter question was presently answered in a manner that deepened the mystery. A message was left at the tavern door, how Mr. Stafford deeply regretted that important business should detain him from the club to-night, and he requested my Lord Kilcroney to be kind enough to take the chair.

"Gentlemen," said Philip Day, as his companions looked blankly at each other, "this is a farce if it is not an impertinence. I am for home again!"

"And I!" chimed in Lafone hastily.

"Not I!" cried Dare-Stamer. "I smell broiled bones."

And, "Gad, not without my supper!" confirmed Lord Verney.

"Oh, come, gentlemen," pleaded Lady Flo's husband then. "We can't part without a bottle between us, at least. Come,



I'll do host. Stafford's caught by a petticoat, of course. Gad, gentlemen, we'll drink to it! Success to the Beau's business!"

There was a bellow; head down, like a bull on the rush, Jasper Standish dashed into the room. He held an open letter in his hand.

"How many are missing here? Stafford! Ha, where's Stafford? Stafford and Kilcroney?"

"Stafford has failed us," cried Dare-Stamer. "Why, Jasper, man?"

For Jasper, with another bellow and rush, was gone; the room echoed and reechoed to his parting shout, the shout in which he demanded of the world at large, "Where is Lady Standish?"

Lafone sat down to supper. Standish was an object-lesson. And Philip, relieved again, took seat beside him; Mr. Stafford could scarce have an appointment with two fair ladies.

It was Verney who rubbed the sting again.

"I wonder where is Kilcroney?"

Kilcroney, who had been so set on coming, who had announced his intentions so often and so firmly—where was he?

#### IV

MR. STAFFORD surveyed himself in the round mirror over his dressing-table with something approaching to a dissatisfied expression on his usually urbane countenance.

No, he had not made a mistake, a crow's foot had actually begun to show itself at the corner of each eye. There was also a droop of the mouth, which, when he caught his reflection sideways, caused a line decidedly resembling a wrinkle. Was there a hint of a double chin over the fine lace of his ruffles at his throat? He straightened himself and pulled at his waistcoat. Could it be fancy, or did he also perceive a tendency to a fatal outward curve in the region covered by its delicate sheen?

"What is it?" he cried, with unwonted asperity, as his valet sidled into the room.

"A letter for you, sir," insinuated that personage. "The chair's at the door, sir, and Peter with his link is quite ready, if you please."

Mr. Stafford gazed a second curiously through his quizzing glass at the pink folded note before taking it from the salver. If ever missive bore *billet-doux* on its countenance, it was this one. He turned it over with a dal-

lying finger. It was sealed with a gilt wafer which bore the effigy of a Cupid tiptoe on the aim. Beau Stafford ripped up the note, flicked it open, and went to the light to read. A little breath of attar of roses gushed up at him as he did so.

I hope, sir, you will not think me bold; I am but new in the town and am ill at learning fashionable ways, but there are times when a lady feels sadly in need of a friend. When we met at my Lady Kilcroney's to-day, something whispered to me that I could trust you. If, indeed, this is the case, will you grant me a few minutes' private conversation this evening upon a matter of urgent moment? I shall await you at half-past nine of the clock at the corner of the Queen's Palace Gate. Something tells me that you will not fail me.

M. L.

A smile spread emolliently on Mr. Stafford's visage. Time was when the *billet-doux* was a frequent experience with him; of late he had scarce known once in a three months the sensation of unsealing such a document.

"M. L." "To-day at Lady Kilcroney's." Why, it was Molly Lafone! "New to the town, ill at learning fashionable ways." Sure enough it was Lafone's country bride, the dewy piece, the child with the eyelashes, and no other. Gentle laughter shook him. "Something tells me, something tells me." 'Pon honor, 'twas an audacious little creature! Well, the "something" had not told her wrong. It was not Beau Stafford, certainly, who could refuse such a challenge. Gaily he sniffed the perfume of the note again, thrust it into his breast, swung himself into his cloak, and lightly ran down-stairs, humming a *cavatina*. He had not felt so youthful, so stirred to adventure, since Kitty Bellairs threw him over for Denis O'Hara, now Viscount Kilcroney.

Peter, the footman, lifted up his torch to light his master into the chair.

"To the Owl and Nightingale, sir?" he remarked in the tone of one certain of the answer.

"No," cried Mr. Stafford. "I will be set down at the entrance to the Queen's Palace Gate."

He had a couple of hundred yards to walk to the place of the appointment, for Mr. Stafford was a gentleman of discretion and experience in his dealings with ladies. But, to his astonishment and annoyance, he was accosted by no soft fluttering creature, all cloak and mask and mystery, but by a stolid and stalwart footman.

"Mr. Stafford, sir?"

## The Rape of the Beau

"Aye, my good fellow."

"Will your worship follow me? The barouche is waiting down by Rosamond's Pond."

"The barouche?"

"The lady's inside, sir," said the domestic, with great simplicity.

Mr. Stafford marveled, smothered a curse, emitted a laugh, shrugged his shoulders, and obeyed.

It was full dark under the trees, and the spot where the dim, huge outline of the barouche and horses became visible to him was the darkest of all.

Gingerly the Beau advanced. The footman flung open the door.

"Come in, come in!" cried a sweet, high voice, thrilling with emotion. Two little white hands fluttered out of the gloom to him. He caught them, found himself drawn inward, fell against billows of silk, was seized on this side and on that; captured and held close; buffeted as by downy wings of monstrous birds; enveloped with suffocating, unknown sweetnesses; drawn hither and thither; and finally thrust down on a seat where there was scant room to sit between two warm, soft presences. The door was clapped upon him. He heard a voice cry out, not the one that had welcomed him,

"Tell the coachman to drive on, and you haste with the message, Nicholas."

The carriage swayed and began to roll at a great rate. A multiplied titter broke out around him.

He felt as one who is the prey of a fantastic dream. He was in profound darkness. The atmosphere of mingled scents, the distracting rustle and whisper of silk that surrounded him on every side, suffocated and bewildered him. Gropingly, he put out his right hand; it touched the outline of a massive satin-clad knee. He ventured with the left; a small shriek responded.

"In heaven's name," he ejaculated, "what has happened? Where am I? Who is with me? Mistress Lafone, are you there?"

"She is, sir," responded severe accents (again not the bride's). "And so am I, and so are—most of the ladies whose domestic life it has been of late your pleasure to spoil."

"You are kidnaped, Mr. Stafford, sir," tittered a sweeter note.

Some onesniffed and caught her breath as if she were shedding tears opposite to him, and two laughed again in blatant enjoyment. He recognized Mistress Lafone's crystalline pipe.

A moment he kept silent, realizing, as far as he was able, the situation. Then dryly, "Whose lap am I sitting on, please?" he requested to know.

There was a jolly burst of merriment beside him.

"Faith, on mine, I think," cried Lady Flo's voice. "Pooh, girls, open the window, I'm suffocating!"

"Yes," said a low, angry voice from his left side, "and you will be safe in pulling up the blinds, for I scarce think Mr. Stafford will call for help and expose his situation to the town. Let him look upon our faces!"

"It will be an agreeable spectacle, I am sure," said the Beau.

Under eager hands the blinds rolled upward. A breath of welcome purity rushed in through the open window, and the ray of an oil-lamp flashing in upon them showed the prisoner the countenances of the three of his fair captors who sat opposite to him. There was Molly Lafone—little demure wretch, all eyelashes and pursed lips—"mouse," her lord called her; little cat in Mr. Stafford's opinion forevermore. And, weebegone, scared, the faded prettiness of Lady Standish—the weary piece, if ever woman deserved a Jasper!—and, lud, there was Susan Verney, scarlet behind her rouge, with blazing eyes of fury and triumph!

Again they were jogging in darkness. To the right of him, he knew, sat Lady Flo; was he not wedged in, poor Beau, by her comely proportions? But his left-hand neighbor, she whom he felt shrink ever more pettishly from him—this left-hand lady, who was she? He must wait for another beam of lamplight to investigate.

Meanwhile, he thought he knew. It was Kitty Kilcroney, he told himself. Pshaw! this folly could only be of Kitty's conception, of Kitty's carrying out—none other had the wit or the audacity for it. Well had he told himself that afternoon that she was dangerous.

"Kitty!" he began, and stretched out his hand again.

He was met by a haughty, "Keep your distance, sir!" Then came the lamp flash. It was Nan Day's quivering face that scorned and mocked.

At this discovery a mighty anger seized him. But what could he do? Fight for his freedom with five women? Scream to the watch? Expose himself still more hopelessly to the undying ridicule of the fashionable world? He was already made sufficiently

ridiculous, ridiculous beyond redemption—of that every moment's reflection brought more relentless confirmation.

As soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak, he asked, with an affectation of unconcern, "And may I ask whither you are taking me, my sweet ladies?"

It was Susan Verney again who answered him, stridently victorious. "To the house of my husband's old aunt, Lady Maria Prideaux, in Chelsea, Mr. Stafford. There you will remain till midnight. Fortunately my Lady Maria's reputation has been so firmly established these eighty years that your sensitive conscience need not fear to compromise her."

There was a maddening chorus of laughter.

"And what," stammered the Beau, "what is the object of this outrage?"

Lady Standish replied with a sob, "To punish our husbands for their neglect."

"To punish you, sir," said Lady Flo, with her fat chuckle, "for tempting them from their duty."

"To kill your supper club," said Nan Day between her teeth.

V

"ORDER a pretty meal for two toward eleven o'clock in my boudoir," said Lady Kilcroney to the invaluable Lydia, her discreet maid, "and inform his Lordship that, as he proposes to pass the evening elsewhere, I shall have a dish of tea in my own apartment."

Then, for the weather was chilly for the time of year, she further commanded a fire of wood to be kindled, and set herself down before it in great content, a basket of needlework by her side. She had not set as many as twenty stitches when the door creaked open and Kilcroney insinuated his handsome countenance somewhat sheepishly into the aperture. Kitty popped the gossamer bit of lace back into the basket, flung a lawn handkerchief over the contents, and smiled invitingly at her lord.

Upon that smile he entered the room, closing the door behind him. "You look vastly cozy, my dearest life," quoth he in airy tones, "with the fire playing on the rose of your gown. That's a mighty pretty gown of yours, Kitty."

She glanced down at the sheen of her negligee. "I'm glad your Lordship likes it."

He came heavily to the hearth and let himself subside into the soft cushions of the arm-chair opposite his wife's. (My Lady Kilcroney had ordered the setting of that chair.)

There was a little table at his elbow with a bunch of shaded candles upon it.

"Upon my soul," said the Irishman, "I'd never ask to feel more comfortable." He stretched his legs to the blaze.

Kitty glanced at him under her eyelashes, very innocently. "Will you set out in the carriage to-night, my love, or have you ordered a chair? Or did you think of walking?"

"Oh, I'll take a chair," he said hastily.

And there fell a little silence.

"I trust you will have an agreeable meeting," quoth she then, with great pleasantness of accent.

She dived into her workbasket for a tangled length of pale pink ribbon and began to wind it as she spoke.

"Oh, aye," said he, "agreeable enough, no doubt. But to tell you the truth, me darling, only that I promised Tom Stafford, wild horses wouldn't take me out again."

"Oh, fie," she said, "you'll rust, my lord, if you indulge in these stay-at-home humors."

He stifled a yawn. The warmth, the shaded lights, the yielding softness of the cushions that supported him, favored a gentle somnolence. He began to watch idly how swiftly the taper fingers moved, thinking to himself that few ladies of his acquaintance could boast so delicate a hand, when it seemed a doze must have overtaken him, for he was startled into liveliness again by the sound of his own snore.

He sat bolt upright and flung an abashed look across the hearth. Kitty was laughing.

"Yes, indeed, sir!" she mocked him, "'tis sadly evident we've been five years wed, since you cannot sit a few minutes in your wife's presence without being overtaken by slumber. Do you know 'tis gone of half-past nine? Shall I not bid Lydia have them call your chair?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said he, "'tis early yet, Kitty darling." He leaned forward. "Five years wed, is it? 'Tis gone like an hour's blissful dream!"

"A dream that sets you snoring, my lord!"

"Ah, now, asthore—Kitty, you've the wickedest dimples in the whole wide world."

Having finished rolling her bobbin, she cut a length off the ribbon with a knowing little pair of scissors and began to stitch at it.

"Mr. Stafford will be growing impatient," she remarked.

"You're in a mighty hurry to get rid of me," said the man, not without a shade of

## The Rape of the Beau

pique in his voice. But, instead of rising, he lay back again, and, half-closing his lids, continued to scrutinize her. "Don't you ever want to have me with you, my lady? Begad, if you knew how I've missed you all these days! Sure, the house was emptier and lonelier than the grave!"

"How you go on!" she said, and smiled. "You, the most popular buck in the town, with your friends and your clubs and your merry supper meetings!"

"Dash the clubs and the supper meetings," he cried. "I beg your pardon, Kitty, the word slipped out somehow. Do you think that can make up to a man for his wife?"

"Some men," she said—her head was on one side, contemplating the result of her manipulations—"some men prefer such distractions to their wives."

He opened his gaze full upon her, not sure whether the remark contained a reproach; half hoping, indeed, that it did so, for he was longing for the excuse to find his arms about her pretty shoulders and his lips upon that distracting dimple. But Kitty was strangely, sweetly unapproachable to-night.

She looked up at him, all guilelessness, all placidity. He hoisted himself out of his cushions; it was only to draw nearer to her.

"What fine things are you contriving there, my lady?"

"A rosette, sir," she said. She held it up on two fingers for his inspection.

"For what 'illiput adornment?" he smiled.

"You are too curious, my lord." She dived into her basket and drew forth the bits of lace she had been previously at work upon—a wonderful filmy thing it was, with a foam of tiny frills.

With bent head and an air of most complete absorption she began to stitch the rosette upon it. "I never knew you taken with such a power of industry before, me darling," said Kilcroney at last.

"La, and are you there still?" said his lady in tones of placid surprise, "and the quarter struck these ten minutes."

"Kitty," said her lord, bending over to her, "I'm thinking you must have some reason for wanting me out of the way. You're expecting company, maybe?"

"No company but my own thoughts, sir."

"Troth, and they must be agreeable ones," quoth he, "for your eyes are dancing in your head this minute, I declare."

"Maybe they are," said Kitty. And with that she snipped her thread and tweaked the

rosette. And then she set the little flimsy of lace she had been working at on her closed hand and dangled it in front of her.

And Kilcroney saw that it was a baby's cap.

"Kitty! Kitty!" he cried.

And then, big soft-hearted fellow that he was, he fell on his knees beside her and hid his face in her lap, that she might not see his tears.

When Miss Lydia whisked in at the quarter to eleven she was followed by Pompey with the tray and carried a table-cloth over her arm, which she shook out with a flourish. Then she began to lay for supper with a briskness all her own, snapping each article out of Pompey's hand to lay it delicately on the table.

Who so surprised as Kitty, when these preparations were completed, to discover that her damsel had spread for two. "Why, Lydia!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't his Lordship having supper with your Ladyship, then?" inquired the invaluable one, all innocence.

"Troth and I am, me good girl," said his Lordship.

"Are you, indeed?" ejaculated the lady faintly.

No one could expect her to make further attempt to keep him to his engagement. There is such a thing as wifely tact.

Kitty never remembered having enjoyed an evening more. She made an excellent repast, while her lord could scarce swallow a morsel for devouring her with adoring eyes. There was an agreeable interlude when Sir Jasper, in search of his wife, broke roaring into the house and roared forth again. And Kitty was amused to learn that not only was her sweet Julia missing, but that that wretch, Mr. Stafford, had failed to attend the supper-party he had himself convened.

She declared she could scarce believe her ears. Not that anyone in their senses could doubt my Lady Standish! Yet *both* missing. 'Twas an impossible conjunction! It was here Sir Jasper ran bellowing from her presence.

Next day the murder was out. Mr. Stafford took coach for Dover on his way to Paris, whither, as the news-letter had it, he had been summoned by an urgent invitation from his friend, Mr. Horace Walpole.

Thus died the supper club to the echo of laughter. True, its whilom members looked more foolish than amused over the joke; but the ladies, their wives, laughed. So much so, indeed, that Kitty was forgiven her private triumph.



GENERAL DIAZ—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1877

# *The Personal Recollections of* **Porfirio Diaz** *President of Mexico*

## I RESIST THE FRENCH INVASION

I HAVE always considered the era of the French intervention as one of the most important epochs in the history of Mexico. In 1861 Louis Napoleon conceived the idea of founding an empire in Mexico. There was no thought of any benefit to France in this scheme: it was purely for his own aggrandizement, as he well knew it would give him great influence on this continent, and furnish him with rich revenues. His attempt to establish this empire brought Mexico before the eyes of the world, and spurred the

Liberal party to renewed efforts for the establishment of a complete republican form of government. The result of this impetus is the Mexico of to-day.

Spain also desired the establishment of a monarchy, with a Spanish prince on the throne. England, too, had designs, and, like France, aimed at the dismemberment of the United States, which at that time appeared imminent; or perhaps she was not willing to be left out of an affair which promised great results. An agreement was signed by England, France, and Spain, on October 31, 1861, for an armed intervention in matters

"The Personal Recollections of Porfirio Diaz" began in the July number



relating to the home government of Mexico, the law which had been framed by the Congress of Mexico the 17th of July preceding, suspending payments to Mexico's creditors for two years, being used as a pretext.

On the 14th of December, 1861, the first Spanish ships, bringing troops from Spain under the command of Admiral Joaquin Gutierrez y Ruvalcaba, arrived at Veracruz. The city, which had previously been abandoned by the federal government, was occupied by the allies on the 17th. Shortly afterward General Prim arrived with six thousand Spanish troops under his command. France had three thousand soldiers in Mexico and England seven hundred marines. The arrival of the Spanish before the English and French incited the anger of the latter, and France determined to reinforce her troops with three thousand more men.

On January 10, 1862, the representatives of France, Spain, and England issued a manifesto, in which they stated their intention to intervene in the home government of Mexico. Gen. Manuel Doblado, who at that time was secretary of state of the national government, left Mexico for the purpose of holding a conference with the foreign plenipotentiaries. Discovering that there was a lack of uniformity in their views, he took advantage of this circumstance, and drew up an agreement which was signed at La Soledad on the 19th of February, 1862. The allies pledged themselves to enter into negotiations for a friendly arrangement of the existing difficulties with the Mexican government. General Doblado permitted the allied forces to occupy Cordoba, Orizaba, and Tehuacan, towns which are located outside of the yellow-fever zone. He stipulated that if the negotiations did not reach a successful termination, the allied forces should return to their encampments at Paso Ancho, on the Cordoba road, and Paso de Ovejas, on the Jalapa road. Later developments plainly demonstrated that the French signed this agreement for the sole purpose of getting out of the yellow-fever zone without having to fight, and with no intention of complying with the terms of the agreement.

This agreement, which was signed by General Prim, representing the allied forces, was ratified by the French and English plenipotentiaries on the same day, and by the Mexican government on February 22d. The Spanish troops occupied Cordoba and Orizaba, the French, Tehuacan, and the English

marines remained on board their ships in Veracruz.

During the first days of March the Count de Lorencez, commander-in-chief of the French forces, disembarked at Veracruz. He was accompanied by Don Juan Nepomuceno Almonte, who stated that the Emperor had decided to establish an empire in Mexico and to make Don Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, emperor. The conflicting views and interests of the allies brought about a rupture among them, and on the 9th of April they held their last conference in Orizaba, at which the Spanish and English decided to withdraw their troops and return to their countries and the French to commence their military operations from Paso Ancho.

The French plenipotentiaries, M. Dubois de Saligny and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, issued a manifesto from Cordoba, April 16, 1862, in which they openly solicited the aid of the reactionary party in Mexico for the purpose of establishing a stable government in Mexico. They promised to comply with the obligations which they had assumed under Article 4 of the convention of La Soledad. Instead of fulfilling this pledge they left Orizaba without returning to their former encampment, as they had agreed to do, and assuming a defiant attitude proclaimed their intention of aiding the Conservative party in Mexico to establish a government which would support their nefarious designs.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTH OF MAY

On the 23d of November the government had organized an army of ten thousand men, placing Gen. José Lopez Uruga in command. I was transferred from the second brigade to the post of major general of the third brigade of the division under the command of Gen. Ignacio Mejia. We marched toward Orizaba, General Uruga ordering the first brigade of the third division to lay siege to Cordoba, with my brigade forming an advance guard in Camaron and some cavalry stationed at La Soledad.

General Uruga in the meantime had had several interviews with General Prim, and had become disheartened at the apparently large force of European troops which had recently disembarked at Veracruz. Not deeming that he had the necessary forces under his command to make a successful defense, he stated his views to the government, asking to be relieved. Gen. Ignacio Zara-



*From the painting by Henri Regnault*

GENERAL JUAN PRIM, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FORCES SENT TO AID THE FRENCH IN MEXICO. DISAPPROVING OF NAPOLEON'S PLANS, HE RETURNED HOME BEFORE THE CAMPAIGN BEGAN

goza took over the command of the army on February 12, 1862.

Soon thereafter the conference at La Soledad resulted in the army's retiring to San Andres Chalcicomula and the enemy's peaceful occupation of Cordoba, Orizaba, and Tehuacan. The main body of the Mexican army and my brigade, reinforced by a battalion of the first division, was stationed as an advance guard, with two field-batteries, in Cañada de Ixtapa and Cuesta Blanca.

After several days had passed the enemy

made a retreat movement to return, as had been agreed upon, to the hot zone. The Mexican army moved to occupy the hills of Chiquihuite and El Pinal, and my brigade followed the vanguard of the army.

Upon reaching Oaxaca I was ordered to occupy the Escamela Plain, from which position I could keep the file of French and Spanish troops leaving Orizaba in plain view. I ordered Col. Felix Diaz, with fifty cavalrymen of his regiment, to follow them, as I was under orders from General Zaragoza, whose

arrival I was momentarily expecting at my Escamela camp, not to give battle. When the enemy arrived at Cordoba, a small detachment of French troops, composed of two hundred horsemen and an equal number of zouaves, was sent to attack my vanguard. The latter made a heroic defense, a large number of men and horses being killed and their commander, who was wounded in the breast by a bullet, taken prisoner.

A few minutes after the skirmish the Countess Reus passed by in a litter on her way to Veracruz under a strong Spanish escort. Being informed of what had happened, she actively interested herself in having the prisoners liberated, in which efforts she was joined by Gen. Milaus del Bosch, General Prim's chief of staff.

Colonel Diaz, taking advantage of the laxity of his French guards, mounted his horse, which still stood beside him, leaped a high fence, and reached the woods without a single bullet of the many sent after him by the French hitting him. He reached Coscomatepec without accident and two days later joined me at Acultzingo, having gone round by the road running at the base of the Orizaba volcano.

While I was moving troops to the aid of my vanguard General Zaragoza joined us. He ordered a countermarch movement, leaving me with a small force to defend the road on the other side of the Escamela Plain. On the following day he ordered that we march to Acultzingo. After remaining there two days I was ordered to march with my brigade to Tehuacan, where two others were to be placed under my command, and with the three I was to proceed to Matamoros Izucar for the purpose of giving battle to Márquez, who was coming that way with a large force to join the invading foreigners.

From general headquarters I had received orders to protect the Colorado Bridge, while the brigade under Gen. Mariano Rojo was to reinforce Las Cumbres, where the general headquarters were located. Upon reaching my post at the head of my brigade, I noticed that the army had begun to retire in disorder. I had to use force to restrain those who were fleeing across the bridge, and finally succeeded in sending them through the Cañada de Ixtapa, organizing them into columns of five hundred men and placing over them officers whom I selected from among the fugitives, as I had none other available.

This happened on the 28th of April, 1862.

The general commanding and his staff arrived on the ground and, approving of my action, ordered me to detain the enemy as long as possible so that he could place his troops. The battle lasted until ten o'clock at night, at which time I started my march, under orders from General Zaragoza, toward Cañada de Ixtapa and left my position covered by the cavalry commander, who was wounded.

The next day we were ordered to march toward Puebla, where we arrived on May 3d, the enemy reaching Amozac the same day. That night General Zaragoza called a conference of all the generals under his command. When we had assembled he told us that the resistance made by Mexico up to that time had been insignificant. But, in extenuation, he explained that it was all the government could do under the circumstances, and asked us to pledge ourselves to fight to the death. Thus, even if we did not gain a victory, and a victory would be very difficult to obtain, we should at least succeed in causing such havoc to the enemy as to disable him seriously. As was natural, we were all moved and animated by the sentiments of our leader, and the results of the days following proved that our enthusiasm was not of the moment.

The night of the 3d and all day of the 4th were employed in throwing up breastworks on the hills and in fortifying the center of the city. Just at daybreak on the morning of the 5th of May, General Zaragoza arrived with his staff and visited our columns in their respective order. It was nearly nine o'clock before we saw the arms of the advancing enemy glittering in the bright sunshine as they came over the Navajas Hill. We interpreted this as meaning that the French intended an attack on the hills before charging on the city. After a halt of fifteen or twenty minutes the enemy formed in line of battle, their front to the hills, aimed their batteries, and opened fire on the forts of Guadalupe and Loreto. Taking the first as their objective point, they afterward detached a column of infantry, which apparently moved, not toward Guadalupe, but toward the space between the two hills.

The fire from our artillery caused little damage to the enemy's columns in the beginning. They were out of range at first, as they were ascending the hills, and our cannons were decidedly inferior to theirs, which were able to reach us from the valley, and also because in their ascent they followed the undulations of the ground, which almost hid them from view. When they reached the top,



THREE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE TRAGEDY OF THE FRENCH INTERVENTION: NAPOLEON III, WHO PLANNED AN EMPIRE IN MEXICO; MAXIMILIAN, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, WHO ATTEMPTED TO FOUND IT; AND ADMIRAL DE LA GRAVIÈRE, FRENCH PLÉNIPOTENTIAIRY

the fire from the rifles of Berriozabal's brigade and the artillery fire from the two forts on Guadalupe and Loreto threw them into such confusion that they beat a disorderly retreat.

The second attack was much more vigorous and was executed by the two columns together. Both charged the Guadalupe fort and the Resurrection Chapel, which was an improvised fortification occupied by a battalion of *zapadores*, commanded by General Lamadrid. The attack was so vigorous that they succeeded in passing the Resurrection and Guadalupe trenches, some of the soldiers forming a column on the shoulders of others as they tried to scale the Guadalupe breastworks.

The Michoacan Battalion, under the command of Colonel Arratia, which had become completely demoralized by the vigorous tactics of the French soldiers, had abandoned the breastworks, and retreated in disorder to the temple which at that time was located on the top of the Guadalupe hill. Colonel Arratia succeeded in rallying his demoralized soldiers and returned rapidly to cover the breastworks which they had abandoned,

opened a concentrated fire, and finally put the enemy to flight and decided the turn of the battle.

The attack which I sustained in the valley was simultaneous with the second attack on the hill. When the enemy were very close and their fire doing much damage, not only to the chain of riflemen, but also to the columns of infantry, I ordered a double-quick retreat on the flanks of the battalion of riflemen, and also ordered the Guerrero battalion to advance in columns under the command of Col. Marinao Guenez, and moved my whole force of men and my two howitzers behind them. When the enemy felt my fire, they fled a few minutes before those attacking the hill were repulsed. I ordered Col. Felix Diaz to charge, which he did, causing great loss to the enemy. As the route of the enemy fleeing from my men was along the foot of the hill, they soon joined those fleeing from the hill, causing a crush and confusion of troops, which seriously embarrassed my maneuvers. Nevertheless I continued to advance as they retreated, bringing up all the men at my com-

mand, using my cannons when possible, and gradually gaining ground.

At my left on the hill was a battalion of *zapadores* under the command of Col. Miguel Balcazar. I advised him through an aide to make an advance movement on the left, as I was doing. He replied that he was not under my orders, but if I would take the responsibility he would act as I advised. Having received my assurance to that effect, he carried out my orders with great success. This was the only assistance I received on the road.

When I had pursued the enemy some distance from the Guadalupe fort, I received an order from General Zaragoza, through Capt. Pedro Leon, one of his officers, to suspend pursuit. I answered that I would not, and that I would explain to the general later my reasons for disobeying the order. In a few moments, the chief of staff, Col. Joaquin Colombras, came to me, intimating that I should not insist on the pursuit, and that if I did not obey the order I would have to explain my conduct, not to General Zaragoza, but to a council of war. As I was in the presence of an officer armed with authority, I told him that the enemy were retreating and if I ceased to advance they would not only suspend their retreat but would advance on me, that my column was very small, and that I was too far away from the fort to receive aid in time. I also called his attention to the fact that complete darkness would envelop us in a few moments, and when night fell I could begin my retreat with less danger, leaving a chain of riflemen to watch the enemy.

Colonel Colombras saw the force of my reasons and told me that although he brought orders from the commander-in-chief, I might continue my program and he would explain. When I had retreated to my former position, which was the Ladrillera de Azcarate, General Zaragoza came to me, where I was encamped in the courtyard of the Remedias Chapel, and when I had explained my movements to him, he approved of all I had done in the afternoon.

This victory was so unexpected that we were all surprised, and as it all appeared like a dream to me, I went out in the night to verify the truth, through the talk of the soldiers around their camp-fires and by the lights in the enemy's camps.

The defeat of the French at Puebla on May 5, 1862, decided Napoleon to send another army corps, composed of thirty thousand men

under the command of General Forey, to Puebla. They arrived at Veracruz on September 21st, and at Orizaba on October 24, 1862.

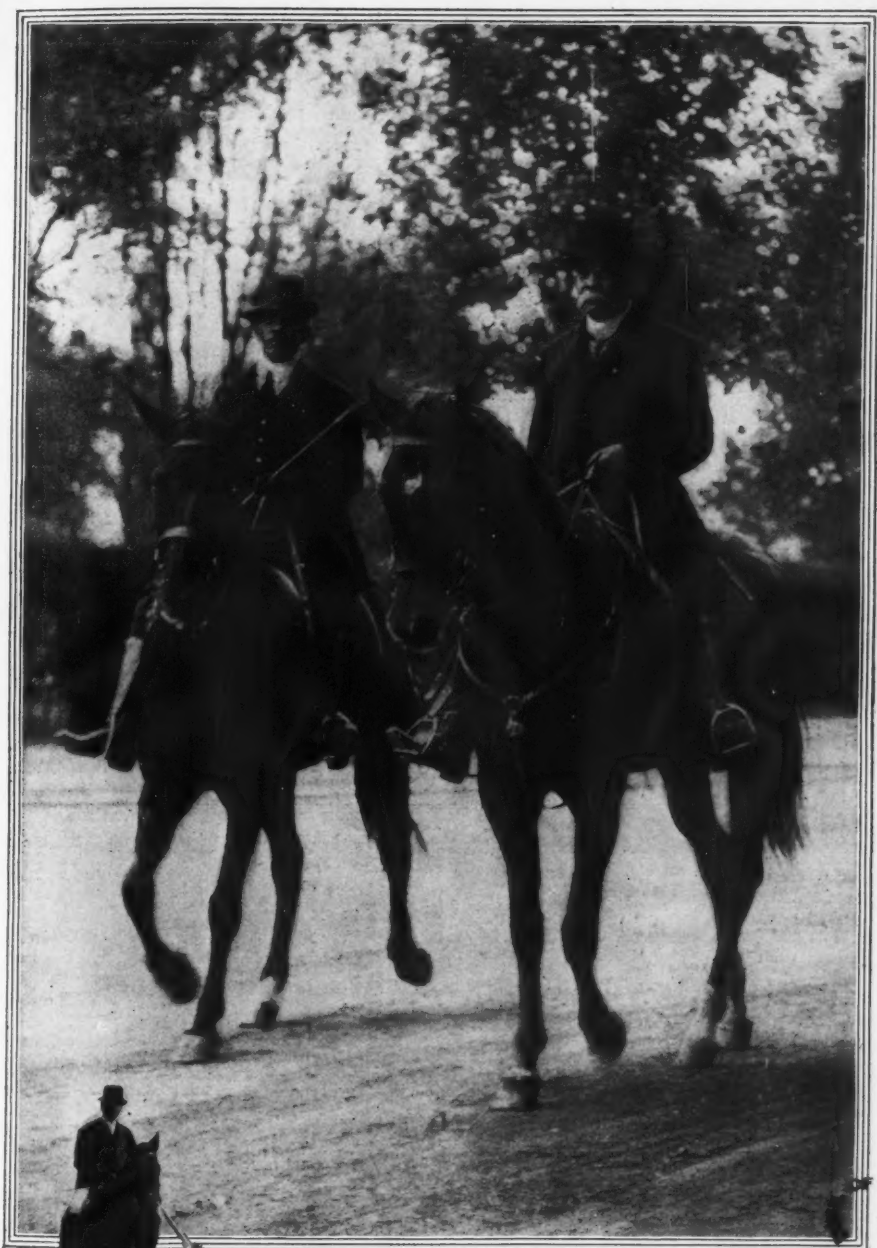
#### MY VERSION OF THE FRENCH INTERVENTION

After Puebla was occupied by the French, the Constitutional government of the Republic left Mexico for San Luis Potosi. This was on May 31, 1863, and the French forces entered the capital June 7th, following. On the 16th of June General Forey, in compliance with express instructions received from Napoleon, issued a decree authorizing M. Dubois de Saligny, a French diplomatic agent who was supposed to know Mexico, to name thirty-five men who would elect a triumvirate to control the government of Mexico, and would also appoint a committee of two hundred and fifteen prominent men to decide what form of government should be adopted. It goes without saying that this committee was composed of men who were attached to the reactionary party, with tendencies toward a monarchy, and who, in compliance with the plan previously formulated by the French emperor, called the Archduke of Austria, Don Ferdinand Maximilian, to the throne, on the 10th of July, 1863. It was also decided, in case he should refuse the throne, to ask Napoleon to name some one else.

Although when Maximilian received the notification from a Mexican commission on the 3rd of October, 1863, he declared he would not accept the empire unless the nation approved his election, he did not wait for this to be done, but signed an agreement, on April 10, 1864, assuming the character of emperor of Mexico. He embarked at Miramas for Mexico, touching at Rome, and bringing a volunteer army of Austrians and another of Belgians, with which to form the nucleus of the imperial army. He arrived at Veracruz on May 28, 1864, and made his entry into the capital, June 12th.

While he remained in the country, he inclined sometimes toward the Conservatives, and sometimes showed Liberal tendencies, praising at times the conduct of the Mexicans who had resisted the French invasion, and in his decree of October 3, 1865, ordered the execution of all who had taken up arms against the intervention. As he was obliged to submit to the dictation of General Bazaine, general-in-chief of the French army, he demonstrated while he was in Mexico the versatility of his character and the lack of characteristics necessary to establish an empire, especially in a





AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DIAZ WITH HIS ELDEST SON, WHO IS A MEMBER OF HIS BODYGUARD. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS A SNAPSHOT, AND WAS TAKEN FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN, WITH THE PRESIDENT'S STIPULATION THAT IT BE PUBLISHED ONLY IN CONNECTION WITH HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT IS OF COL. SAMUEL GARCIA CUELLAR, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE MEXICAN ARMY

country which loved liberty and independence as did Mexico.

When Napoleon realized that he had completely failed in his project of establishing an empire in Mexico, which he had considered the most glorious act of his reign, and that he would be obliged to withdraw his forces, he forgot his agreements and obligations entered into with the Archduke of Austria, and opened negotiations with the United States, toward retiring the invading army in three sections, the first to leave in November, 1866, the second in March, and the third in November, 1867. He lost no time in carrying out his part of the bargain; in fact, he did not wait for the stipulated time, and on the 11th of March, 1867, he had retired all of his invading army. There remained in Mexico only the Austrian and Belgian troops. After the French army had been withdrawn Maximilian had barely fifty thousand men.

When Maximilian became convinced that the French army was going to abandon him he resolved to return to Austria. With this object in view, he asked his brother, the Emperor, to place him under the protection of the Austrian crown, and that a war-vessel be sent to take him from Mexico. The *La Novara* was sent to Veracruz, but his vacillating nature caused him to change his mind; he listened to the proposals made by Generals

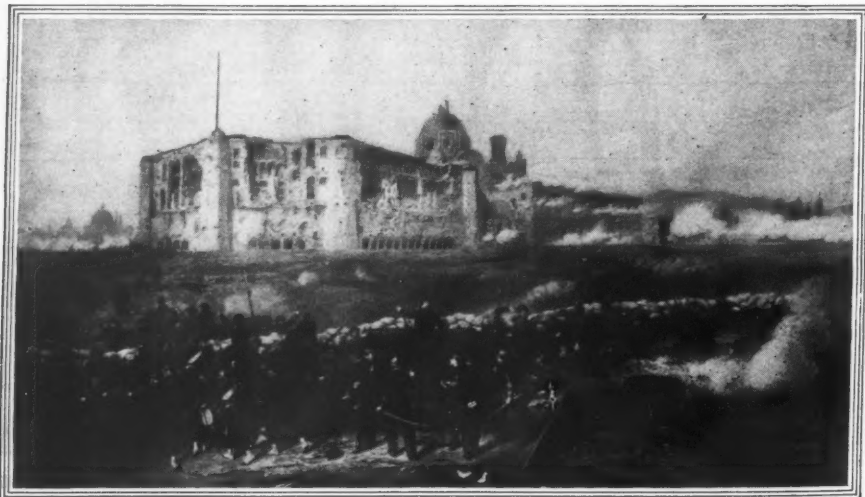
Márquez and Miramon, who had been exiled from Mexico, but who had lately returned, and accompanied them back to the capital and later to Querétaro. There he was made a prisoner of war on May 15, 1867, by General Escobedo, and was executed on June 19th, with Generals Miramon and Mejia, after having been tried by a military court.

The result of the French invasion was disastrous to all who took part in it, regardless of rank or nationality. It cost Napoleon his throne, and France the bitter humiliation of retiring her army under a threat from the United States, with the full knowledge of the fate awaiting her protégé, Maximilian.

#### I AM ASKED TO JOIN MAXIMILIAN

From the date of my departure, from Querétaro, and especially after my arrival at Oaxaca, I was almost entirely cut off from communication with the government, my only means, which was slow and difficult, being through our legation at Washington, and I was obliged to use discretion, always proceeding as I thought was the best for the country and the victory of our cause.

One day Don Manuel Dublan stopped me in the street in Oaxaca, and presented me with a letter from San Pablo Franco, who was acting as chief *jefe político* of that capital, having received his appointment from Max-



From the painting by A. Beaupré

THE CAPTURE OF FORT ST. XAVIER, PUEBLA, BY THE FRENCH. ON THE MEMORABLE FIFTH OF MAY, 1862, THE FRENCH WERE DEFEATED BEFORE PUEBLA, BUT THEY CAPTURED THE CITY THE FOLLOWING YEAR



*From the painting by A. Beaumont*

ENTRANCE OF THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH TROOPS INTO MEXICO AFTER ITS CAPTURE JUNE 10, 1863.  
THE FRENCH RETAINED POSSESSION OF THE CAPITAL FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS,  
WHEN IT WAS RETAKEN BY DIAZ

imilian. In this letter Franco proposed that I should adhere to the empire, promising me that I should retain command of the states which formed the eastern boundary, and that no foreign forces would be sent there. I was indignant with him that he should become the instrument for such an invitation, and taking into consideration his personal and family relations with Juarez, and the distinctions he had received from the Liberal party, I considered him as a spy, and had him arrested to be shot as such.

Don Justo Benitez, who was a pupil and friend of Dublan, interceded for Franco, and I liberated him, stipulating that he should leave the state and the Republic and go to Guatemala. Instead of doing this he remained in Tehuantepec for several days, feigning illness, and he tarried there until General Salinas returned from his Chiapas expedition. He was a friend of Salinas, who brought him back to Oaxaca. I ordered Dublan to remain in Tlacolula. Perhaps this was the reason why Dublan, after the occupation of Oaxaca by Bazaine, openly served Maximilian in that city. He, Don Luis Carbo, Don Romon Cajiga, and others who had once belonged to the Liberal party were the ones who did me the most harm during the siege, by fomenting discord and desertion among my soldiers. Fortunately Dublan lived long enough to vindicate himself, by placing his valuable services at the

disposal of the Republic at an opportune time with very good results. [Don Manuel Dublan served as Secretary of Finance in President Diaz's cabinet from 1884 to 1888. This policy of mustering into his service his old-time enemies has been one of the most marked policies of General Diaz's administrations.]

José Lopez Uraga, one-time commander of the national forces, but then holding a position of trust near the person of Maximilian, sent his aide, Col. Luis Alvarez, who years before had been my own chief of staff, with a letter to me. This letter was dated "Mexico, November 18, 1864," and asked me to join the imperial forces, promising to leave me in command of the states forming the eastern division, and that no foreign troops would be sent there unless I asked for them.

This incident seemed to offer an opportunity, by advising my men of General Uraga's offer, to revive their drooping spirits, and with this object in view I called a meeting of the generals and colonels of the line. I acquainted them with the contents of the general's letter and formed my answer on their opinions of it. This I sent, on November 27th, by Colonel Alvarez, telling General Uraga that his second envoy, whatever his mission might be, would be arrested and shot as a spy. On the same day I addressed a circular to the governors and military chiefs of the eastern division, advising them of what had happened.

THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF "THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PORFIRIO DIAZ" WILL  
APPEAR IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE



Drawn by W. Herbert Denton

"THE SECOND EVENIN' OLD STALLINS IS WITH US DAN BOGGS AN' TEXAS THOMPSON UPLIFTS  
HIS AGED SPERITS WITH THE 'LOVE DANCE OF THE CATAMOUNTS.' WHICH  
THE EXH'BITION SETS HIS MEM'RY TO MILLIN', AN' LATER AT  
THE RED LIGHT HE BREAKS OUT REMIN'SCENT"

("Old Man Enright's Uncle")

# Old Man Enright's Uncle

WOLFFVILLE ENTERTAINS A DISCIPLE OF MUNCHAUSEN

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



"WHICH you'll excoose me," said the Old Cattleman, replacing his glass upon the table with a decisive click, "if I fails to j'ine you in them sent'ments of indignation. For myse'f, I approves onreserved of both lies an' liars. Also, that reemark goes double when it comes to public liars tellin' public lies. Which, however se'fish it may sound, I prefers this gov'ment to last my time; an' it's my idee that if them statesmen at Washington was to take a hour off from tax-eatin' an' tell the people the trooth, the whole trooth, an' nothin' but the trooth of their affairs, said people would be down on the sityoation instanter, like a weasel on a nest of field-mice, an' wipe the face of nacher free an' cl'ar of these United States."

The above was drawn forth by my condemnatory comments on the published speech of a senator, wherein the truth was as a grain of wheat in a bushel of mendacious chaff.

"Shore," continued the old gentleman, with the manner of him who delivers final judgment, "lies is not only to be applauded but fostered. They're the angle-irons an' corner-braces that keeps plumb the social fabric, wantin' which the whole framework of soci'ty would go leanin' sideways, same as that Eyetalian tower you shows me the picture of the other day.

"Do I myse'f ever lie? Frequent an' plumb cheerful. I bases life on the roole laid down by that sharp who advises folks to do unto others as others does unto them, an' beat 'em to it. Believin', tharfore, in handin' a gent his own system, I makes it my onbreakable practice to allers lie to liars. Then ag'in, whenever some impert'nent prairie-dog takes to rummagin' 'round with queries to find out my deesigns, I onflaggin'y fills him to the brim with all forms of misleadin' mendac'ty, an' casts every fictional obstruction in his

path best calc'lated to get between his heels an' trip him up. I shore does admire to stand all sech inquiren' mavericks on their heads, partic'lar if they're plottin' ag'inst me. An' why not? A party that a-way, as I instructs you former, ain't got no more right to search my head than to search my war-bags, an' any gent who may lock a door may lie.

"Thar's statements, too, which, speakin' technical, might be regyarded as lyin' that don't in jestic class onder no sech head. For spec'men, when Dick Wooten, upon me askin' him how long he's been inhabitin' the Raton Pass, p'int to the Spanish Peaks an' says, 'You see them em'nences? Well, when I pitches camp in this yere gully them mountings was two holes in the ground,' I don't feel like he's lyin'. Likewise, I'm sim'larly on-affected in my attitooode towards that amiable multitooode who simply lies to entertain. These yere sports in their preevar'cations is public ben'factors. You-all can spread yourse'f out in the ca'm shadow of their yarns, same as if it's the shade of trees, an' find tharin refreshment an' reepose.

"While the most onimag'native of us, from Doc Peets to Cherokee Hall, ain't none puny as conversationists, the biggest liar, on-doubted, who ever makes a moccasin track in Wolfville is Old Man Enright's uncle, who visits him one time. Back in Tennessee a passel of scientists makes what he deescribes as a 'theological survey' of some waste land he has on Gingham Mountain an' finds coal; an' after that he's rich. Thus, in his old age, but chipper as a coopful of catbirds, he comes rackin' into town, allowin' he'll take a last fond look at his nephys Sam before he cashes in. His name is Stallins, bein' he's kin to Enright on his mother's side, an' since thar's nine ahead of him—Enright's mother bein' among the first—an' he don't come bleatin' along as a infant ontill the heel of the domestic hunt that a-way, he's only got it on Enright by ten years in the matter of age.



## Old Man Enright's Uncle

"No, I shore shouldn't hes'tate none to mention him as a top-sawyer among liars, the same bein' his constant boast an' brag. He accepts the term as embodyin' compliments an' encomiums, an' the quick way to get his bristles up is to su'gest that his genius for mendac'ty is beginnin' to bog down. For all that, Enright imparts to me private that, when I sees him, the old gent as a liar ain't a marker to his former glorious se'f.

"You've heerd tell,' Enright says, 'of neighborhood liars, an' township liars, an' county liars, an' mebbly of liars whose fame as sech might fill the frontiers of a state. Take my uncle, say forty years ago, an' give him the right allowance of nose-paint, an' the coast-to-coast expansiveness of them fictions he tosses off shore entitles him to the name of champeen of the United States. Compared to him, Ananias is but a ambitious amatoor.'

"It's the second evenin' old Stallins is with us, an' Enright takes him over to Hamilton's Dance Hall, whar Dan Boggs an' Texas Thompson—by partic'lar reequet—uplifts his aged sperits with that y'ear-splittin' an' toomultyoousminyooet, the 'Love Dance of the Catamounts.' Which the exhib'ition sets his mem'ry to millin', an' later at the Red Light he breaks out remin'scent.

"Sammy,' he says to Enright, 'you was old enough to rec'llect when I has that location over on the Upper Hawgthief? Gents,' he goes on, turnin' to us, 'it's a six-forty, an'—side-hill, swamp, an' bottom—as good a section of land as any to be crossed up with between the Painted Post an' the Possum Trot. It's that "Love Dance of the Catamounts" which brings it to my mind; since it's then an' thar, by virchoo of a catamount, I wins my Betsy Ann.

"She's shore the star-eyed Venus of the Cumberland, is my Betsy Ann. Her ha'r, black as paint, is as thick as a pony's mane. Her lips is the color of pokeberry jooice; her cheek—round an' soft—is as cl'ar an' bright an' glowin' as a sunset in Jooly; her teeth is as milk-white as the inside of a persimmon seed. She's five foot eleven without her moc-casins, stands as up an' down as a cow's tail, an' can heft a side of beef an' hang it on the hook. That's sixty years ago. She's back home on the Upper Hawgthief waitin' for me now, my Betsy Ann is. You'd say she's as gray as a 'possum an' as wrinkled as a burnt boot. Meeby so, but not to me. She's allers an' ever the hooman sunburst I co'ts an' marries that time.'

"Old Stallins pauses to reefresh himse'f, an' Texas Thompson, who's been fidgetin' an' fretful since the first mention of Betsy Ann, goes whisperin' to Dan Boggs.

"Can't some of you-all,' says Texas, plenty peevisish, 'head that mushy old tarra-pin off? This outfit knows what I suffers with that Laredo wife of mine. An' yet it looks like I'm to be tortured constant with tales of married folks, an' not one hand stretched out to save me from them recitals.'

"Brace up,' returns Dan, tryin' to comfort Texas. 'Thicken your hide ag'inst sech feelin's, an' don't be so easy pierced. Besides, I reckon the worst's over. He's comin' now to them catamounts.'

"Texas grinds his teeth, an' old Stallins resumes his adventures.

"My Betsy Ann's old pap has his location jest across the Upper Hawgthief from me. Besides him an' Betsy Ann, thar ain't nobody but the old woman in the fam'ly, the balance of the outfit havin' been swept away in a freshet. Shore, old man Bender—that's Betsy Ann's pap's name—has fourteen children once, Betsy Ann, who's oldest, bein' the first chicken on the domestic roost. But the other thirteen gets carried off one evenin' when—what with the rains an' what with the snow meltin' back on Gingham Mountain—the Hawgthief gets its back up, an' sweeps 'em, coughin' an' kickin' an' splutterin', into the misty beyond. Which I says thirteen because that's where old Bender allers puts his loss. Zeb Stiles, who lives on the Painted Post, is wont to declar', however, that it's fifteen, not thirteen, that time. He insists he counts them young Benders only two evenin's before, when they're all perched along on old dad Bender's palin's, like pigeons on a limb. Thirteen or fifteen, it don't make no difference much, once they're submerged an' plumb done for that a-way.

"Mebby I've been co'tin' my Betsy Ann for goin' on six months, givin' her b'ar-robes an' mink-pelts, with now an' then a pa'r of bald-eagle wings to bresh the hearth. Nothin' heart-movin', however, comes off between us, Betsy Ann keepin' me at arm's len'th an' comportin' herse'f a heap uppish, as a modest maiden should. She's right; a maiden can't be too conserv'tive concernin' them young an' boundin' bucks who comes co'tin' at her house.

"Old Bender sort o' likes me in streaks. After he gets bereft of them thirteen or fifteen offsprings, he turns morose a whole lot, an' I used to go 'cross in my dugout an' cheer

him up with my lies. Could I lie? My nephew Sammy thar'll nar'ate how I once lies a full-grown b'ar to death. The cunnin' varmint takes advantage of me bein' without my weepsons, an' chases me up a tree. I ensconces myse'f in the crotch, an' when my b'ar starts to climb I hurls down ontrooth after ontrooth on top of him ontill, beneath a avalanche of falsehood, he's crushed dead at the base of my tree. Could I lie, you asks? Even folks who don't like me concedes I'm the most irresist'ble liar south of the Ohio River.

"While I'm upliftin' the feelins' of old Bender mendacious that a-way, he likes me. It's when we gets to kyard-playin' he waxessour. He's a master hand to gamble, old Bender is, an' as shore as I shows up, followin' a lie or two, he's bound he'll play me seven-up for a crock of bald-face whiskey. Now thar ain't a sport from the knobs of old Knox to the Mississippi who could make seed-corn off me at seven-up, an' nacherally I'd beat old Bender out of said bald-face. With that he'd rave an' t'ar, an' half make like he's goin' to jump for his 8-squar' Hawkins rifle, where she's hangin' over the

door; but he'd content himse'f, final, by orderin' me out of the shack, sayin' that no sech kyard-sharpin' galoot as me need come



W. Herbert Dunton

"I ONCE LIES A FULL-GROWN B'AR TO DEATH. . . . WHEN HE STARTS TO CLIMB I HURLS DOWN ONTROOTH AFTER ONTROOTH ON TOP OF HIM UNTILL HE'S CRUSHED DEAD AT THE BASE OF MY TREE"

pesterin' 'round allowin' to marry no only child of hisn. At sech eepocks, too, it looks like Betsy Ann sees things through the eyes of her old man, an' she's more'n common icy.

"One day old Bender goes weavin' over to Pineknot, an' starts to tradin' horses with Zeb Stiles. They seesaws away for hours, an' old Bender absorbs

about two dollars' worth of licker, still-house rates. In the finish, Zeb does him brown an' does him black on the swap, so it don't astonish nobody to death when next day he quiles up in his blankets sick. Marm Bender tries rekiwerin' him with yarbs, an' comfrey tea, an' sweet-gumsa've, an' when them rem'dies proves footile, she decides that perhaps a frolic'll fetch him.

"It's about second drink-time in the arternoon when Marm Bender starts out fiddler Abe, givin' notice of the treat. I hears the old nigger as, mule-back, he goes squanderin' along singin':

"Thar's a smoke-house full of bacon,

An' a barrel full of rum.  
For to eat an' drink an' shake a laig  
You've only got to come."

## Old Man Enright's Uncle

"An' at that the boys an' girls begin' comin' out of the woods, like red ants out of a burnin' log, headin' hotfoot for old Bender's.

"Do I go? It ain't a hour after candle-lightin' when, with mebby it's a pint of baldface onder the buckle of my belt, I'm jumpin' higher, shoutin' louder, an' doin' more to loosen the puncheons in the floor than any four males of my species who's present at that merry-makin'. Also, inspired by the company, an' onder the infloocene of four or five stiff toddlers, old Bender has reesolved not to let that horse-trade carry him to a ontimely grave, an' is sittin' up in his blankets, yellin', 'Wake snakes!' an' 'Gen'ral Jackson fit the Injuns!' an' otherwise enterin' into the sperit of the o'casion like a giant reefreshed.

"Fiddler Abe strikes into the exyooberant strains of 'Little Black Bull,' an' I hauls Ten-spot Sal out of the gen'ral ruck of calico for a reel. We calls her 'Ten-spot Sal' because she's got five freckles on each cheek. All the same, when it comes to dancin' she's nothin' short of a she-steamboat. Every time we swings, she hefts me plumb free of the floor, an' bats my heels ag'inst the rafters untill both ankles is sprained.

"Betsy Ann falls jealous, seein' me an' Ten-spot Sal thus pleasantly engaged, an' goes to simperin' an' talkin' giggle-talk to Mart Jenks, who's rid in from Rapid Run. Jenks is a offensive numskull who's wormed his way into soci'ty by lickin' all the boys 'round Gingham Mountain. At that, he's merely tol'rated.

"Seei' Betsy Ann philanderin' with Jenks, I lets go of Ten-spot Sal—who lapses into a corner some abrupt—an' sa'nters across to 'em. Leanin' over Betsy Ann's off shoulder, it bein' the one furthest from that on-mit'gated Jenks, I says, 'Sweetheart, how can you waste time talkin' to this hooman

Sahara, whose intellects is that sterile they wouldn't raise cow-peas?"

"This makes Jenks oneasy, an' gettin' up he reemarks, 'Dick Stallins, I'll be the all-firedest obleeged to you if you'll attend on me to the foot of the hollow, an' bring your instruoments.'

"At this I explains that I ain't got my instruoments with me, havin' left both rifle an' bowie in the dug-out when I paddles over to the dance. Jenks, at this, makes a insultin' gesture, an' reetorts: 'Don't crawl, Dick Stallins. Borry old Bender's nine-inch bootcher an' come with me.'

"To appease him I says I will, an' that I'll j'ine him at the slaughter-grounds in the flicker of a lamb's tail. With that Jenks stalks off plumb satis-

fied, loosenin' his knife as he goes, while I searches out Ben Hazlett an' whispers that Jenks is askin' for him some urgent, an' has gone down the trace towards the foot of the hollow to look him up. Nacherally, my diplom'cy in this yere behalf sends Ben cavortin' after Jenks; an' this relieves me a heap, knowin' that all Jenks wants is a fight an' Ben'll do him jest as well as me.'

"Was you afraid of this Jenks?' breaks in Dan Boggs.

"No more'n if he's a streak of lightnin', says Enright's uncle. 'Only I've got on a new huntin'-shirt, made of green blanket cloth, an' I ain't none strenuous about havin' that gyarment slashed up. To proceed: After I despatches Ben on the heels of Jenks that a-way, it occurs to me that I'm some tired with the labors of the evenin' anyway, an' I'll find my dugout, ferry myse'f over to my own proper wickeyup, an' hit the hay for a snooze. I'm some hurried to this conclooosion by the way in which events begins to accumyoo-late in my immedyit vicin'ty. Bill Wheeler announces without a word of warnin' that he's a flyin' alligator, besides holdin' to the



OLD MAN ENRIGHT'S UNCLE

theery that Gene Hemphill ain't fit to drink with a nigger nor eat with a dog. I suspects that this is likely to provoke discussion, which suspicion is confirmed when Gene knocks Bill down an' boots him into the dooryard. Once in the open, after a clout or two, Gene an' Bill goes to a clinch, an' the fightin' begins.

"It ain't no time when the circumf'rence of trouble spreads. Bud Ingalls makes a pass at me pers'nal, an' by way of reprisal I smashes a stew-pan on his head. Bud's head goes through the bottom like the grace of Heaven through a camp-meetin', the stew-pan fittin' down 'round his neck same as one of them Elizabethan ruffs. The stew-pan

ockepies so much of Bud's attention that I gets impatient, an' so, tellin' him I ain't got no time to wait, I leaves him strugglin' with that yoo-tensil an' strolls down to the Hawg thief whistlin' "Sandy Land."

"It's dark as the inside of a cow, an' somehow I misses the dugout; but bein' stubborn an' sot about gettin' home, I wades in an' begins to swim. The old Hawg-thief is bank-full, but I'd have made t'other side all right, if it ain't that as I swims out onder the overhangin' branch of a tree, somethin' drops into the water behind me an' comes snarlin' an' splashin' an' spittin' along in hot pursoot. I don't

pay much heed at the jump, but when it claws off my nigh moccasin, leavin' a inch-deep gash in my heel, I glances back an' per-

ceives by the two green eyes I've become an object of casyooal int'rest to a panther—what you-all calls a mountain-lion an' we-uns in Tennessee deenom'nates a catamount."

"But a panther won't swim," remonstrates Dave Tutt.

"Arizona catamounts won't," returns old Stallins, 'thar bein' no rivers to speak of. But in Tennessee, whar thar's rivers to waste, them cats takes to the water, like so many minks.

"When I finds that thar's nothin' doggin' me but a catamount, I heads carelessly for where a tree's been lodged midstream, merely

flingin' the reemark over my shoulder to the catamount that if he keeps on annoyin' me he'll jest about pick up a maulin'. As I crawls out on the bole of the lodged tree, I can hear the catamount sniggerin', same as if he's laughin' me to scorn, an' this yere contoome-ly half-way makes me mad. Which I ain't in the habit of bein' took lightly by no catamount.

"Istraddles the bole of my tree an' organizes for the catamount, who's already crawlin' after me. T'arin' off a convenient bough, the thickness of your laig, I arranges myse'f as a re-

ception-committee for visitin' catamounts, an' confers on my partic'lar anamile sech a bat over the snout that he falls plumb into



"HE ORDERED ME OUT OF THE SHACK, SAYIN' THAT NO SECH KYARD-SHARPIN' GALOOT AS ME NEED COME PESTERIN' 'ROUND ALLOWIN' TO MARRY NO ONLY CHILD OF HISN'."

## Old Man Enright's Uncle

the drink, an' starts to swimmin' fancy an' goin' 'round in circles, same as if his funny-bone's been touched. Every time he gets in reach, I jabs him in the eye with the splinter end of the bough, an' final he grows so disgusted at these formal'ties he swims back to the bank. Thar he camps down on his ha'nches, an' glares green-eyed at me across the ragin' torrent. Shore, I could have raised the long yell for he'p, but am withheld by foolish pride. Besides I can hear Ben and Jenks gruntin' an' sw'arin' an' takin' on over in the mouth of the hollow, as they kyarves into each other with their knives, an' don't want to distract their attention.

"As I'm camped thar on my lodged tree, an' the catamount is planted on the bank, I hears the lippin' splash of a paddle, an' then a voice which sounds like a chime of bells asks, "Dick Stallins, you ornery runagate, wherever be you at?"

"It's my Betsy Ann, whose love, gettin' the upper hand of maidenly reserve, has sent her projectin' 'round in search of me. She's in my dugout. The catamount identifies her as soon as me; an' thinkin' she ought to be easy, he slides into the water ag'in an' starts for the boat. It's some dark, an' I ain't shore of his designs until I sees him reach up, tip the dugout over, an' set Betsy Ann to wallowin' in the rushin' flood. The dugout upsets on the catamount, an' this confooses him to sech a degree that by the time he's got his bearin's, Betsy Ann's been swept down to my tree an' lifted to a seat by my side. At this the catamount don't try to lay siege to our p'sition, recognizing it as impregnable, but paddles back to the shore an' goes into watchful camp, same as prior. As for myse'f, I'm so elevated with love an' affection at havin' Betsy Ann with me, I dismisses the catamount from my thoughts as beneath contempt, an' by way of mollifyin' Betsy Ann's feelin's, cuts loose an' kisses her a gross or two of times an' each like the crack of a bull-whacker's whip. As showin' the depth of my feelin's, I may say that old Bender h'ars them caresses plumb up to his house, an' thinks it's some one shootin' a rifle. It has the effect of bringin' out the old Spartan with his 8-squar' Hawkins, an' the first word that reaches me an' Betsy Ann is that him, Marm Bender, an' the whole b'ilin' of folks is down thar on the bank, tryin' to make out in the gen'ral dimness of things whatever be we-all lovers doin' out in the middle of the Hawg-thief on a snag. They don't detect my cata-

mount none, which sagac'ous feline slinks off into the shadows covered with confoosion.

"Gen'ral Jackson fit the Injuns!" exclaims old Bender, as all of a sudden the thought strikes him. "That measly excoose for a Union democrat out thar is seekin' to eelope with my Betsy Ann!" With this the old murderer starts to get a bead on me with his Hawkins.

"Father," yells Marm Bender, pullin' at his elbow, "you shore must be mistook."

"Maw," returns old Bender, strivin' to disengage himse'f, "I was never mistook about nothin' in my life but once, an' that's when I takes a Baptist pra'r-meetin' for a null'fication caucus, an' gets hove out on my head. Let me go, woman, till I drill the miscreant an' wash the stain from our fambly honor."

"Before the mis'erable old hom'cide can get to launderin' the fam'ly honor, however, Betsy Ann has interposed. "Don't you go blazin' at my Dicky, pop," she says, "or I'll shore burn every improvement you got, an' leave you an' maw an' me roofless in the midst of the wilderness."

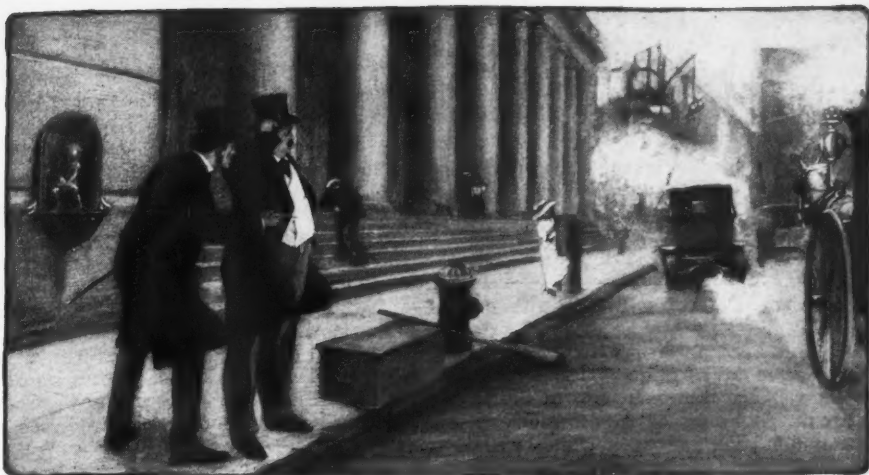
"This goes a long way towards knockin' the horns off old Bender, because he knows my Betsy Ann's the Cumberland hollyhock to put them menaces into execootion. He lowers the muzzle of his old 8-squar', an' allows if I promises to marry the girl I can swim ashore an' be forgiven.

"Thus the matter ends. We-all goes trackin' up to the house, a preacher is rushed to the scene from Pineknott, an' them nuptials between Betsy Ann an' me is fully sol'mnized. Shore, Jenks an' Ben is thar. They're found by a committee of their friends, scattered about promiscus at the foot of the hollow, an' is brought up to the weddin' in a couple of blankets. Dave Daniels, who surveys the scene next day, says you could plant corn where they fit.

"Followin' the cer'mony, Marm Bender an' the old gent takes me into their hearts like I'm their own an' only son. He's a great old daddy-in-law, old Bender is, an' is ven'rated for forty miles about as one who loves bald-face, seven-up, an' sin in any shape.

"That match-makin' catamount? We hives him. Me an' my new daddy-in-law tracks him to his reetreat, an' when we're through he's plumb used up. I confers the pelt on Betsy Ann, an' she spreads it on the floor by her side of the bed, so as to put her little number seven tootsie-wootsies on it when she boils out of a winter's morning to light the fire, an' rustle me my matootinal buckwheat cakes an' sa'sage."





"FOLLOW HIM, JIMMY!" EXCLAIMED BLACKIE. "FOLLOW HIM! THERE GOES FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

# The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

J. Rufus Picks Up a Little Vacation Money

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

I



TUNG, ladies!" observed J. Rufus Wallingford, as he looked at the dilapidated stage which was to carry them from the forlorn and lonesome little station at Birchwood to the Pine Lake Health Resort. "It takes a couple of wise lollups like you and me, Blackie, to get the prong good when we do get it," and he glanced at the wonderful Wallingford baby, which lay disinterestedly in Mrs. Wallingford's arms, shielded from the sun by Mrs. Daw's gay sunshade.

"Don't ring me in on this, J. Rufus," protested Blackie Daw, twirling his black mustache with complacency. "I didn't want any

health, remember. I've got too much now, in spite of all I can do to ruin it."

"You picked out the place on the railroad folder, and wired for the rooms," retorted Wallingford. "What did you like about it—the name?"

"He can't get away from his system, Jimmy," laughed Violet Bonnie Daw. "That's the way he always picks his horses at a race-track, and I can't remember when he pulled down a bet, either time he was married to me."

"Perhaps that isn't our stage," said Mrs. Wallingford hopefully, viewing with pity the moth-eaten horses and the lanky old driver with the hollow chest and the hickory shirt and the flopping-rimmed straw hat. The wheels of the conveyance wobbled in and out as they slowly turned around, and with every

revolution each one squeaked in a different key.

What faint hopes Mrs. Wallingford had entertained were dashed by the driver himself, as he stopped his horses at the platform. "Are you Mr. Wallingford and party?" he inquired in a voice which was a startling reproduction of the tone of the rear off wheel, and he surveyed them with the mournfulness of the grave.

Wallingford looked at Blackie with stern accusation, and then his jovial pink face broke into a smile which, while infectious to behold, was not all mirth. "I never had a stronger hunch than right now to slip anybody the wrong name," he confessed; "but the train's gone and we might as well be game. I suppose you're from Pine Lake?"

"Yes, I'm from Ruggs's place," admitted the driver. "I reckon you'd better set as near in the middle of the middle seat as you kin," he continued, eying the huge Wallingford with more or less of dismay, and he winced quite painfully when Wallingford, having seated all the others, gravely trimmed ship and forced all the springs down tightly and firmly upon the running-gear, where they only served to accentuate the ensuing jolts.

"It'll seem real nice to have sech healthy-lookin' folks as you around," volunteered the driver when they were well on their agonizing way. "They don't none o' you seem noways peaked lookin'."

"None of us are, really," returned Mrs. Wallingford. "The baby, though, does not seem quite himself, and we thought the country air might do him good. Do you think it will?" she continued anxiously, while Mr. Wallingford leaned forward as eagerly as herself to hear the answer.

"Well, it might. A body never kin tell," returned the driver non-committally, after solemn thought upon the subject. "It's lucky they hain't much the matter with it."

Blackie Daw burst into a chuckle, in which the others presently joined, but the physical discomfort of the trip was such as to check levity promptly, and it was a tired and an aching and ill-humored group which finally alighted in appalling stiffness at the Pine Lake Health Resort. One look at the place was enough. The lake was a pond scarcely larger than the house, and the latter, weather beaten and shingle loose, was a great square two-story structure without a redeeming grace. The natural surroundings were pretty enough, with a tree-clad range of hills sloping back,

and a profusion of garden flowers running wild among the weeds, but the neglect was ghastly. The remains of a disintegrating buggy, upon which generations of chickens had roosted, stood in the front yard; an old barn, with its solid, old-fashioned rafters showing through holes in the roof, seemed trying to decide whether to slide discouraged down its own low-slanting eaves to the ground to-day or wait until to-morrow; upon the tiny square porch over the front door sat a discouraged-looking anemic old couple, under a gnarled and decrepit apple-tree sat another pair, and a solitary living shadow of a man stared moodily into the lake as if speculating whether it could possibly be deep enough to drown in.

"It's right that I'm a rotten picker," confessed Blackie moodily. "The dope's correct, though. There's the lake and there's the pine," and he pointed out the one single pine-tree which stood by the pond. "Go in and pay your bill, Jimmy, and let's go."

"I ought to sue him for damages," declared Wallingford with profound dejection, but when he saw the emaciated Ruggs he changed his mind and figured upon buying him a "Gates Ajar" floral piece. "I suppose we'll have to stay overnight," he said, "but I don't think we're healthy enough to stand this health-resort any longer. Why don't you get a fat clerk, to encourage incoming guests?"

"I can't afford it," wheezed Ruggs. "It seems like I ain't got any ambition any more. I wish I could sell this plant. I'd hike for Texas. This is no place for a lunger."

"What do you want for the outfit?" Wallingford asked him idly, not because he had the remotest idea of purchase, but merely from commercial habit.

"Five thousand," returned Ruggs, though without hope. "Forty rooms, sixty acres, fine supply of pure spring water, splendid air. Want to buy?"

"No," returned Wallingford with the peculiar chuckle in which his big shoulders always assisted; "I did once think of having my own private cemetery, but I've given it up."

## II

BREEZY POINT was a regular place; fussily dressed old women crocheting on the wide verandas, and keeping a sharp eye about for possible scandal; young coupies in tennis flannels sauntering about on well-kept lawns between prim flower-beds, and delivering themselves of conversation which would bore

them to tears if they could hear it in a phonograph ten years later; strikingly dressed married women taking the first steps toward divorce while waiting for their husbands' week-end visits; boats with couples of contentment drifting lazily on the quiet bay; smart riding-parties on handsome horses glancing in cold disdain at mere pedestrians and automobilists; women changing gowns three times a day and men dressing at least twice; prices beyond the reach of honest folk, and all the rest of it that goes to make a really exclusive fashionable resort for the middle classes.

In this place the Wallingford party fitted like a glove, except perhaps for Mrs. Wallingford, who really cared more for the marvelous Wallingford baby than to make other women envious of the striking gowns her husband had so lavishly bestowed upon her. The others of the quartet, however, turned loose with childlike enthusiasm and made the most of golden opportunities. Violet Bonnie appeared with a succession of gowns which made many a woman resolve with indignation to change her own dressmaker, while the diamonds which were the rightful result of four successful alimony suits were the envy and the despair of all; Blackie found his pleasure in comparing his wife with other women to their detriment, and Wallingford was the life of the party. Wherever he went he was the center of the stage, for the spotlight followed him. He was so big, so impressive, and withal so genial that the women had all noted him with eager questioning, and half the men were his friends and admirers before he had been there two days.

Thus came upon the scene Charles Algernon Swivel, who trailed Wallingford about, laughed at his stories, drank in his good-natured philosophy, and emulated him in every respect. Charles Algernon was a most immature young man of not overly good breeding, nor overly good looks, nor apparently overly good sense, though in his rather watery little eyes was a trace of inherited shrewdness. Moreover, he was very wearing upon the nerves, and his ethics were crude. His father had made his money in oil.

"This is the greatest place I ever saw," he confessed to Wallingford as his prematurely wrinkled eyes followed a pair of strikingly dressed women across the lawn. "Such women; and such flirting!"

"Oh, yes," said Wallingford dryly. "Do you suppose they all flirt?"

"Outrageously!" declared Charles Algernon with unctious and moist lips and emphatic belief. "This is just the place for it. They can't help it, you know."

"I hadn't noticed it myself," returned Wallingford. "I had a sort of idea that the majority of women were decent, anywhere. But I suppose I'm growing old. A handsome and wealthy young fellow like you, now, must have them flocking around him like flies around a syrup-jar."

"Well, no," confessed Charles Algernon with certain uncomfortable reminiscences of decided set-backs. "I can't just say that I'm a big success at it, for I've not had the experience. This is my first trip to such a place as this, you know. Father was always pretty close with his money before he died. But I've had some luck with women at that," and he grinned with a leer which might have made a more austere gentleman and a more impulsive one than Wallingford slap his silly face.

Wallingford, however, found his disgust presently swallowed up in his amusement. Charles Algernon, while not entirely a new type of puppy to him, was by all odds the most perfect specimen of his acquaintance.

"I see," said he. "I guess you'll make father's money circulate in its old age," and he winked at Blackie Daw, who had just come up.

"Well, I'll make it more active, anyhow," declared young Swivel; "that is, just as soon as I get it. You see, I've only been on allowance until now, but on the fifth of next month I come of age, and I get the rest of it—fifty thousand dollars! Of course I'll only spend the income. I want to invest it in some good paying business that will make me a good profit and give me plenty of time to spend it in. I've been thinking that for a business which only takes up half the year the summer-resort line ought to be attractive," and his watery eyes once more followed the progress of a couple of short-skirted tennis-girls, their flannels draping themselves prettily in the breeze against lithe young limbs.

Wallingford saw and understood, and again found himself loathing Swivel quite out of proportion to his deserts. "Finest business in the world," he agreed; "pays big, requires small capital and no experience."

"Mr. Wallingford knows what he is talking about," observed Blackie, twirling his mustache and winking gravely at that gentleman, while Swivel watched speculatively the

ankles of a girl stepping out of a boat. "He made his fortune in the summer-resort business. But of course you've heard of him—J. Rufus Wallingford, the big summer-resort owner; owns a string of places from Maine to California. He knows what a fat business it is, I tell you."

"Indeed," fluttered Charles Algernon, to whom the name of Wallingford had been unknown up to two days before. "It's an honor to meet you I'm sure, Mr. Wallingford," and he shook hands anew over this fresh introduction. "It may be worth a lot of money to meet you."

"Yes, it might be worth quite a bit of money," replied Wallingford with a double meaning in which there was almost a snarl; whereat Blackie, knowing Wallingford's most ingrained mind, almost snorted.

"I say, Jim," suggested Blackie, by the way of keeping up the joke, "you might let Mr. Swivel have your Pine Lake Health Resort."

This would have been too much for even Wallingford's gravity if he had not at that very moment caught Charles Algernon's speculative eye fixed upon Mrs. Wallingford, who was passing them with the junior J. Rufus. She smiled pleasantly at her husband and at Blackie, and was about to move on, when Mr. Swivel, his expression changing to one of smirking courtesy, exclaimed: "And is that Mrs. Wallingford? You must present me!"

Wallingford surveyed him with amazement, and then, with sudden determination, called to his wife and gravely introduced them, watching with incredulous curiosity to see the attitude of this would-be cavalier.

"Indeed I am glad to meet Mrs. Wallingford," asserted Mr. Swivel gallantly. "I've been noticing you for the past two days, with this beautiful child. Of course this is young Master Wallingford. Come here, Snookums," and he clapped his hands to the infant son of the eminent summer-resort monopolist, holding out his arms and smiling his sweetest.

"Snookums," however, regarded Mr. Swivel coldly for a moment, gave a grunt of distaste, and, wheeling deliberately from the outstretched arms, toddled over to a strange old man with a face like a half-finished and forgotten sketch in red clay, and tried to crawl up on his lap, whereupon Mrs. Wallingford went after him and the incident closed, with J. Rufus glaring savagely at Mr. Swivel. His expression changed, however, as Mr. Swivel turned to him.

"You shouldn't have spoken of Pine Lake, Mr. Daw," he said with quiet reproof. "I'm not sure that I want to sell such a money-making plant just yet, even though it is somewhat out of my wheel of resorts. Besides, I have half promised it to Mr. Rider, in case I want to dispose of it. In fact, I am on a round of rival resorts now, with a view of getting pointers for the improvement of Pine Lake, in case I decide not to part with it."

Blackie looked at Wallingford with quick and keen comprehension. Heretofore they had been "kidding," but this had suddenly become business.

"Pine Lake," mused Mr. Swivel. "It's an attractive name. Is it a gay place?"

"Gay?" repeated Blackie with enthusiasm. "Gay is no name for it!"

"Gay," repeated Wallingford impressively, "is no name for it," and both he and Blackie thought with awe of the tubercular driver and the tubercular horses; of the consumptive couples on the porch and under the apple-tree; of the living shadow speculating upon the drowning possibilities of the pond; of the proprietor, who was a lunger!

"Fashionable, I suppose?" suggested Mr. Swivel interestedly.

"Fashionable," Mr. Daw assured him, "is no name for it. And women! You'll see no women here like those at Pine Lake, I'll give you my word of honor on that."

"You're absolutely correct about that, Mr. Daw," asserted Wallingford. "There are no women here who can be in any way compared to those at Pine Lake. And of course the proprietor of such a place becomes very well acquainted indeed with the very best of his guests."

The musing smile upon Mr. Swivel's oily face was sufficient to show that the picture of Pine Lake which his fancy had conjured up was a very pleasing one. "About what would you want for Pine Lake, in case you should make up your mind to part with it?" he hesitatingly asked.

"I shouldn't care to set a price upon it now," Mr. Wallingford declared after some deliberation. "I might say, however, that the price would be within your means."

There was a moment of silence.

"I say," pleaded Mr. Swivel, "if you do make up your mind to sell it, see me about it before you make any bargain, won't you?"

"Well," hesitated Wallingford, "I don't mind promising you that."

That evening, just before dinner, Walling-



"SNOOKUMS" REGARDED MR. SWIVEL COLDLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN, WHEELING DELIBERATELY FROM THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS, TODDLED OVER TO A STRANGE OLD MAN AND TRIED TO CLIMB UP ON HIS LAP

ford and Blackie, from the corner of the porch, saw Charles Algernon bending over the chair of pretty Mrs. Wallingford in his most gallant conversational attitude, and the recipient of his flattering attentions scarcely knew whether to be most annoyed or amused. She ended in being bored and excused herself to dress for dinner.

"Here's where this Swivel person certainly does get the hook!" declared Wallingford savagely. "I didn't want to do any work on this trip. The stake I pulled down for selling the Bang sun-engine to the trusting capitalists of Cinderburg was to keep me in the straight and narrow path this summer, but when I run across a damn fool like that with money it makes me mad. What right has he to have money, anyhow? He don't even know how to spend it! Why, yesterday at breakfast I saw him swallow a whole glassful of the most priceless Sauterne in America—only a few cases of it left—without ever stopping to taste it, *right between bites of country sausage!*"

### III

"I've decided, after all, to let you have the first look in on that Pine Lake proposition," said Wallingford to Charles Algernon that night, as they sat over a bottle of champagne in a retired little alcove. "Of course I don't want you to come down just now while altera-

tions are going on, but the first of the month I'll be back this way and we'll get up a little party to go down and see it; special car and all that sort of thing, you know; good chef and good grub and some samples of wine that *you* won't get anywhere but on this train and at Pine Lake; and when we get there you'll lay eyes on some beauties that—well, just you wait and see!" and he winked most meaningly.

"I'll be delighted, I'm sure," returned Charles Algernon, squirming with pleasure, in the anticipated treat. "Not until the first, you say?"

"Well, along about then," replied Wallingford. "That will be about the best season, anyhow. There are some people, regular stunners, who always come about that time whom I particularly want you to meet," and he looked knowingly non-committal.

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Charles Algernon fervently, almost grasping Wallingford's hand in his enthusiasm.

"There is one thing, though," continued Wallingford. "If I hold off all offers on this for you, I've got to have your promise not to consider any other propositions until you see this."

"Why, certainly," readily promised Swivel. "That's only fair."

The next morning, in accordance with his usual promptitude, Wallingford had bag and baggage down in time for the early stage, and,



## The New Adventures of Wallingford

first of all, removed his family to another resort, further up along the great chain.

"Doctor chap told me Nickerson's Island was one grand place for babies," he told Mrs. Wallingford, and that was enough explanation for her.

"Except that baby is getting along splendidly, and I scarcely think that he is ill at all," she stated with gentle common sense.

To Blackie, however, Wallingford gave a different reason, in the privacy of the smoking-compartment. "I didn't dare leave Fannie with that Swivel come-on," he explained, "or he'd be asking her about Pine Lake and my other summer resorts, and then the beans would be spilled; for Fannie can't lie with a straight face to save her, in the first place, and in the second place she don't want to."

"Women are funny that way," admitted Blackie wonderingly. "They get worse as they grow older, too, if they're any good. Now you'd think Violet Bonnie would be a

good pal to take in on a cute deal, but nix. Only the other day I saw a Rube flash a roll of bills that was sure to get him in trouble, and Violet Bonnie wouldn't stand for it a minute for me to save that red neck a sad, sad experience. I had some of the old Billion Strike mining stock left in my trunk, and I could have amputated his roll with one simple twist of the fountain pen; but you'd have

thought I was asking Vi permission to singe a pet canary. She's going to invest her combined alimony money in a Broadway theater, and keep the property in her own name; but I'm sure to be the manager, and that's near enough to a gold-brick game to satisfy even an old con man, she says."

The Wallingford baby came hurrying through the curtains of the smoking-compartment, and squatted upon the floor behind Wallingford's legs, where he sat with his hands behind him, looking furtively through the crack in the curtains.

A tall, good-looking man followed in just a moment.

"You little rascal!" he said, laughing and shaking his finger at Jimmy Wallingford.

"What's the matter?" asked Wallingford, smiling and looking down at his image.

"I took a notion to clean my ring," explained the stranger, "more to kill time than anything else, and laid it down upon the seat of my berth while I rolled up a bit of paper to work the dust out of it. When I looked up the ring was gone, and this little buster was streaking it back

here as fast as his fat legs could carry him," and he laughed in genuine amusement.

The junior Wallingford paid no attention whatever to this conversation, looking up through the window at the sky with an assumption of perfect innocence and carefreeness which was marvelous to behold; but when his father picked him up and wrested the glittering diamond from his chubby fist



"MAYBE I AIN'T DOIN' RIGHT BY SHOVIN' THIS GOSH-DARNED, ALL-FIRED, DEVIL-AN'-ALL'S OWN PLACE OFF ONTO A REAL GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU," SAID RUGGS, AND HE FIN-GERED THE MONEY HESITATINGLY, LOOKING UP AT WALLINGFORD WITH APPEALING EYES

there was a battle which ended in a howl. The stranger, still laughing, took the ring, and made his adieu to the baby.

"He's a handsome youngster," said he, "and he certainly has an eye for good goods. He'll be rich some day."

The Wallingford baby was a handsome youngster, truly enough, with his perfect complexion, rosy, plump cheeks, and bright eyes. Wallingford, however, as the stranger talked, kept his hand over the ear of his son. If the stranger had noticed that the ear had no lobe, running straight down into the cheek, it is scarcely likely that he would have known what Wallingford knew, that this was one of the nearly always certain signs of degeneracy.

"The kid's starting early, J. Rufus," said Blackie, laughing. "His work's a little rough just yet, but he'll improve."

Wallingford, however, could see no joke in the incident, and, in fact, it sobered him through the balance of the trip, but whatever uncomfortable thoughts he may have had did not prevent him from following out his plans with regard to Charles Algernon Swivel. With a none too thoroughly believed story about business urgency, he left his family and Violet Bonnie at Nickerson's Island, and, taking Blackie with him, hurried away to Pine Lake.

#### IV

MR. WALLINGFORD'S second visit to Pine Lake was at the head of a much larger party than the first one, for at the nearest big town he had stopped to hire a small army of carpenters, painters, paper-hangers, and gardeners, a chef, a steward, and a head waiter. On the next freight-train, in cars filled under his own supervision the day before, were to come lumber, paint, wall-paper, furniture, and provisions, also a handsome new red-and-black stage. Awe and paralysis seized upon the lonely station agent as he saw Wallingford's invaders alight; awe and consternation seized upon the decrepit driver and even upon his decrepit horses if one might judge by their melancholy eyes; but all this was as nothing to the sensation upon the fading old couples and the living shadow by the lake, and upon Ruggs himself, when the advance of the army came upon them.

"I got your telegram, and I've got my things packed," wheezed Mr. Ruggs, "but I reckon now I'll have to stay and tend to all these people. You say there's three or four more stage-loads coming? Gosh!"

"Don't worry about them," said Wallingford cheerily. "You can get right off the lot as soon as you please. Here's five hundred in cash and the balance in a New York draft."

"Gosh!" said Ruggs. "This is life, Mr. Wallingford. Several years of it, maybe. You've been a godsend to me, for I made plumb sure I'd never sell this place or get out of this hell-hole alive. There's more durned fevers and disease and clammy death comin' right out o' the ground here than'd kill off a passel o' mud-turtles." He stopped and studied a moment. "Maybe I ain't doin' right by shovin' this gosh-darned, all-fired, devil-an'-all's own place off onto a real gentleman like you," and he fingered the money hesitatingly, looking up at Wallingford with appealing eyes.

"If you have anything else to do, don't waste any time feeling sorry for me," returned Wallingford with a chuckle, "for I'm going to pass this along to a sucker that ought to die anyhow. Let's get that deed fixed up. I suppose we need a lawyer."

"I've got one right on the place," Mr. Ruggs explained with some pride. "He's one o' my boarders. I'm sorry I couldn't get a few more boarders for you before I went."

"Say, Ruggs," implored Wallingford, "if you want to do me a favor, take all your boarders with you to Texas. I'm afraid some of 'em might die on the place. Where's that lawyer."

The lawyer, who proved to be the living shadow who had not yet made up his mind about the depth of the pond, lost no time in preparing the necessary papers, and then Bill Ruggs went down to the station with his decrepit driver.

Immediately things began to happen. Wallingford called the head carpenter to him. "Patch up that roof," he ordered. "Prop up that old barn so it will stand for one month, and make it look like new. Splice that picket fence and build a million miles of wide porches around the house. Then I'll tell you what next to do." To the head painter he said, "Just start in and paint, that's all." To the head gardener, "Here's the place, get busy." To his chef: "Now, Josef, come into the inside office and let's get down to serious business. The only work I see around here that requires any special care is to plan a few dinners that a white man can eat."

It might be supposed from these laconic directions that Wallingford had turned over all the details of the rejuvenation to his heads

of departments; and, indeed, those officials took his directions in that spirit. In this, however, they soon found themselves mistaken, for the big man was here, there, and everywhere, displaying a wonderful genius for both planning and execution, and under his unflagging energy magic began to occur at Pine Lake. The lake itself, being expanded by the simple process of cutting across a tiny natural bank to a large natural basin, became ten times as great of surface, and to fill it more rapidly Wallingford built tanks and hired surrounding farmers to haul water all day long, day after day, from the creek, two miles away. Meanwhile, trees were trimmed, walks were rescued from nature's inroads, shrubbery was transplanted, weeds were exterminated, flower-beds and borders and bowers were restored, and Pine Lake began to look like a prosperous, desirable, extravagantly overcharging place, where the woman with twenty-seven diamonds might look with cold disdain upon any woman with less.

"Now comes the hardest part of it," said Wallingford at this point. "You stay here, Blackie, and doll the place all up like an old man's bride, while I run in to Chicago and pick out a herd of Class A summer-resorters for our friend Charles Algernon. I'm sure going to give that pin-head a run for his money."

"I've been worrying about that some myself," said Blackie; "but not too much, for I knew that when you came to impresario this thing you'd put different and more gaudy lugs on it with every jump; so what's the use of an advance route that's bound to be changed? But how are you going to do it?"

"Cinch," declared Wallingford. "I'm going around to the department stores, manicure parlors, dressmaking and millinery establishments and such, and take my pick of the flock for free two weeks' vacations, the old ones for mamas and chaperons and the broilers for heiresses. The Willies are just as easy. I can pick out a small wad of floor-walkers that can give cards and spades to any set of gilded club youths in the gentle art of passing the salve, and in the sort of manners that will make a ten-strike with this Swivel geek. He'll be imitating them all the rest of his existence. I'll frame up a brand-new aristocracy for Charles Algernon, and give him the time of his life for three short days. After that he won't care what happens to him."

"My lid's off to you," said Blackie humbly.

"Go to it, Jimmy. I only wish I could help do the picking. It's liable to be a job plumb full of dimples and giggles; and I'm fond of those. They're quite cunning."

"At your time of life!" scolded Wallingford. "Behave, Blackie! Leave it to a man of experience."

## V

THE job of "picking" them was not so easy as Wallingford had anticipated, either because he was too exacting and fastidious, or because the sort of aristocrats with which he wished to stock his preserves were really more scarce than he had thought, and at the close of the third day, when his game-bag contained but a scant half-dozen or so of eligibles, he was almost discouraged. He was standing at the bar of his hotel, musing in more or less dejection over his poor luck, when a familiar but long-unheard voice hailed him, and he turned to find a good comedian of his Broadway acquaintance at his elbow.

"Hello, Guyer!" said Wallingford heartily. "You're just in time to save me from going the toboggan route; only a drunkard drinks alone, you know. What will you have, Danny?"

"A sandwich and a glass of milk, with a piece of pie and a demi-tasse to follow," said Mr. Guyer in sepulchral tones.

"Sure," said Wallingford. "Won't you add a pickle?"

"Couldn't do it in justice to the balance of the company," returned Guyer; "so on second thoughts I'll just cancel that order and take whatever you're having, only a little more of it."

"What's the matter with the rest of the company?" asked Wallingford. "You haven't had a flivver, or you wouldn't be looking so prosperous."

"A mere trick of the trade, my boy," said the other, the deep creases in his cheeks defying laughter ever to bend them from their iron woe. "We have clothes and to spare, both the men and the women of us; but food? Ah, food!"

"What are you out with?" asked Wallingford, laughing.

"We are quite out with and on that silly musical piece called 'A Bird In the Hand.' The bird, my boy, never flew. It only flopped as far as Tankville, and there, still in the pin-feather stage, it lay down and died a deserved death, leaving forty ladies and gentlemen of parts and appetites stranded, unsalaried, and

unfed. We attached the costumes of the piece, but could not eat them, took up a collection among ourselves, none being traitor to the cause except the lady star, and here we are, already in pawn at a cheap hotel down the street. A long and a merry tale, is it not? It is not."

The divine fire of inspiration hit Wallingford at about that moment. "Forty of you, did you say?" he demanded. "What were the costumes you attached?"

"Modern. Swell afternoon and evening gowns for the women; street and evening clothes for the men, including the flannels and outfits for a country-club scene. Oh, the 'Bird' had scrumptious plumage, Wallingford, but no body."

"Great!" said Wallingford with eager enthusiasm. "To-night, Guyer, we have food without fear. In the morning we lift the mortgage at your hotel, and all go on a picnic. How would the members of your company like to take a week's rest at a nice country resort, at my expense, wear those swell costumes all over the lot, and then hike back to Broadway, still at my—"

"Don't say any more, just yet," pleaded Mr. Guyer, holding forth his hand palm outward. "I couldn't stand it. Where is the family you want murdered? Let's get to work."

"The family consists of one stage-door Johnnie—one of the kind who thinks that if he can't get any of the women of the company to notice him it's because each one is afraid she'll be found out by the other man in the case."

"Oh! One of those!" said Mr. Guyer with infinite contempt. "Consider him already assassinated. How do you want it done—knife or gun?"

"Slow poison and horrible agony—by taking his money. I want to sell him a summer resort. The resort is all ready, primped up clear to the last dab of rouge, but I want to decorate it with a lot of classy guests; and then—"

"The company accepts the engagement with tears of gratitude, Wallingford. It's the



THIS WAS SOMETHING LIKE! MR. SWIVEL WAS AT LAST COME INTO HIS OWN

heart interest that gets us. When do we start?"

"In the morning. I'll give you about three days to rehearse, and then I'll bring on the Hick."

"Rehearse? Oh, of course."

"I thought you'd see the pretty white light. The thing must be properly cast, you know; old Ticker Tape, of La Salle Street, worth a million million dollars; old Persimmon Pucker of Wall Street, worth a billion billion; old Hetty Brown in rusty black, worth all the rest of the money in the universe; then some just common, every-day rich people, marriageable sons, marriageable daughters, flirty wives

with rich husbands in the city, flirty daughters with blind aunts, and all the rest of it."

"Say no more," said Mr. Guyer, smiling fondly as he caught the spirit of the thing. "We'll write the piece in rehearsal, and I'll guarantee it to a scream."

## VI

WHEN Mr. Wallingford brought Mr. Swivel to Pine Lake, by way of Chicago, two beautiful women boarded the train at the city by the stock-yards, and were no sooner ensconced in their seats than Wallingford pounced upon them with great joy.

"My dear Mrs. Torrence!" he exclaimed to the slightly older of the two. "What a delightful surprise to find you here, for it's two weeks too early to hope that you are bound for Pine Lake. Howdy, Miss Torrence. Married yet?"

"Not yet," laughed Miss Torrence.

"Maybe we can get rid of her yet if you have the usual assortment of nice young men at Pine Lake. You may suppose that we're going early to your delightful place just for that purpose, if you like," laughed her mother, stealing an instantly suppressed inquiring glance at Mr. Swivel.

"I'll promise you any quantity of them," Wallingford replied, "but in the meantime I have one right with me that I must introduce if you'll allow me." Thereupon he gravely introduced Mr. Swivel to the two ladies.

Never in all his experience had Mr. Charles Algernon met with so warm and cordial a reception from ladies of such evident breeding, taste, and wealth. At last, through Wallingford, that jovial prince of good fellows, he was coming into his own, and all the way to Pine Lake he monopolized the attention of the wife and daughter of a supposititious Rodley Torrence, supposititious traction magnate, never noticing that they furtively wiped and wiped and wiped at their palms after shaking hands with him. They were good, earnest players, though, and made the transported Swivel utterly oblivious to the dreary ride, up to the very moment when they rolled through the imposing new rustic gates of the new-born health resort and drew up to the new rustic porte-cochère, when, with a sigh of relief, they hurried away to dress for the next act.

They were scarcely missed. Across the lawn, down flower-bordered walks, and beneath bending boughs, sauntered bright-eyed

hours in ravishing garments, who cast shy but languishing glances at the handsome stranger. Upon the rails of the wide porch hung draperies of rich, warm coloring, and in hammocks upon the porch lolled yet other startling beauties, who, though remarkably careless as to ankles, made a succession of living-beauty tableaux which were wonderfully appealing to Mr. Swivel. Here at last was the sort of summer resort and the sort of summer-resorters of which he had fondly dreamed. So gracious they were, too, to Mr. Swivel when they had been introduced. A score of pairs of bright eyes cast upon him melting glances, a score of pairs of ruby lips smiled in response to his sallies of wit, a score of shapely hands lay in turn in warm and confiding pressure upon his arm. This was something like! Mr. Swivel was at last come into his own. He was mingling with beauty and fashion and wealth, upon such intimate and even tingling terms as made him upbraid his feeble imagination of the past.

All this was in the very first afternoon. In the evening there were ravishing gowns and ivory shoulders and languorous music, and, about an hour after dinner, Charles Algernon found himself blissfully settled down in a dark corner of the porch for a tête-à-tête with a particularly fetching heiress, a Miss Tottie Van Vorhies, daughter of President Van Vorhies, of the Amalgamated Lead Corporation. Another than Mr. Swivel might have thought that Miss Tottie's lips were too thin and too firm, that her chin was too sharp, her cheekbones too prominent, and the blue of her eyes too cold. But what did Mr. Swivel know or care of these things when he saw the rounded ankle and the tapering arm, in the display of which Miss Tottie was so generous? He liked, too, the decided way in which she had appropriated him, and thought her bold possession of him really pretty; also he admired very much the entertaining naivete with which she admitted him to immediate good-fellowship with her. Wallingford, who never allowed himself to be ignorant for a moment as to the whereabouts of Charles Algernon, passed that way with the temporary Mrs. Torrence in keen delight. At some flippant remark which Mrs. Torrence made to him as they passed out of hearing, Wallingford chuckled heartily, and the chin of Miss Van Vorhies suddenly gave a sharp upward tilt.

"Your friend Wallingford gives me a pang," she said.

A rollicking song from the parlor brought



Miss Tottie to her feet at the same moment.

"You want to hear this turn," she said. "It's a corker and the best thing Gladys does; in fact, it's the only real stunt she's got in her repertoire. Honest to goodness, I don't see how she ever made such a hit with just one little trick, that way."

Here again, one more experienced than Mr. Swivel might have detected something technical in Miss Tottie's choice of phrases, but this was where ignorance was truly bliss, and Mr. Swivel, swimming to his lips in content, trotted into the parlor after Miss Van Vorhies, alias Tottie Adele, alias Molly Smith.

Never in the Pine Lake Hotel had there been gathered such a distinguished and clever assortment of amateurs; stars every one of them. They gave imitations, recitations, and impromptu burlesque bits, and sang songs with a chorus of marvelous perfection for mere, untrained, wealthy idlers, and when Mr. Swivel finally retired after an entrancing additional tête-à-tête with the leech-like Miss Tottie, he sank to sleep in an ocean of bliss. The next day was but a repetition and an amplification of the first. Beautiful women inside of stunning gowns were everywhere, and these offered him a full and easy good-fellowship such as he had never hoped for in his wildest and most daring moments. In the morning there had been a long, quiet ramble all over the place with Miss Tottie, and in the evening she monopolized him again. Wallingford, seeing him safe and sound in a hammock with her, went contentedly about his business and walked away from the house a little distance with Blackie, to speculate with joy upon how well his fish was caught, and just how much they would be able to extract from Charles Algernon, when the moment came.

Suddenly an ominous sound smote upon Wallingford's ears. Back in the parlor they were singing, in full chorus, "Give my regards to Broadway," and there was a sob in the voices!

"Great Scott!" said Wallingford. "If that bunch of actors and actorines are getting mushy about Broadway, it's all over. Any man on earth, even this Swivel person, even a tailor's dummy, would tumble to the game when he heard the heartbreak in that song," and he hurried back to the house in hot haste. He had the music switched, but the incident made him thoughtful, and when he had the chorus at work on the more or less tuneful

inquiry as to the whereabouts of a certain Kelly, he called Mr. Swivel to one side.

"Well, old top, how goes it?" he asked.

"Great!" said Mr. Swivel, "great! Never had such a night in my life, never met such a bunch of fine people, never knew that real, bang-up, top-notch society could be so agreeable."

"How would you like to own the place?"

The eyes of Mr. Swivel narrowed a trifle.

"Well," he said, "I might dicker with you."

"What do you say about going to Chicago in the morning, then?" suggested Wallingford.

Again Mr. Swivel hesitated a moment. "Give me just about an hour to think it over," he said.

Wallingford, of course, gave him the hour, but he looked in anxiety after Mr. Swivel as that young man walked back to the hammock where he had left Miss Van Vorhies. It was after the concert was over that Mr. Swivel came to Wallingford, all smiles, and full even of eagerness.

"Sure thing," said he. "We'll take that Chicago trip. What time does the train go?"

"The stage leaves about eight o'clock. Is that too early for you?"

"Well," Swivel laughed, "seven o'clock is too early to get up, and too late to stay up, but I guess I can manage it."

## VII

BEFORE Wallingford started in the morning, he paid a visit to the sleeping-apartment of Mr. Danny Guyer.

"Well, old boy," said he, "how does this look to you?" and before the half-opened eyes of the eminent comedian he held up a large roll of real money.

"I am wide awake," declared Mr. Guyer, pinching himself; "I know I am wide awake because I couldn't possibly dream of all that wealth in one lump."

"Count it over," invited Wallingford. "It will do you good. It represents extra-fare train transportation, berths, meals, and a liberal allowance for incidentals, from here to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, for the entire cast of Stinging a Live One, or Staging the Lone Pine Tree."

"Three cheers!" said Mr. Guyer, throwing off the covers. "I suppose we are to get an early train."

"It's us," replied Wallingford, with a chuckle and a grandiloquent wave of the

hand. "The Hick and Blackie Daw and yours truly are on our way, for the gold-extracting process from the raw ore begins to-day in Chicago. So, good-by, old boy. Bid good-by to the rest of the company for me and thank them; and good luck to every one of them."

When Wallingford hurried out to the stage, he found an unexpected addition to the party, in the person of smiling and confident Miss Tottie Van Vorhies.

"I have to meet papa in Chicago to-day," she sweetly observed to Wallingford; "and I certainly am the lucky one to find that I'm going to have such good company. I know you boys will all be nice to me."

Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw and Mr. Swivel each and every one assured Miss Tottie, with particular detail, of just exactly how nice they intended to be. But nevertheless Wallingford and Daw exchanged glances of wonder, and then, as by common impulse, they cast black looks at the back of the neck of Charles Algernon Swivel.

"Why, say, Blackie," declared Wallingford, when they had a moment together in the smoking-compartment, "if this unbaked lob tries to put over any trick, or hold back any of his own coin, I'll have him pinched. They have strenuous laws in Chicago against Rubes having money."

"I told you about it," growled Blackie. "The only way to handle a mut like this is to show him the brick, then take it right away from him until he puts up for it. Even a born idiot like Swivel, if you leave him alone with a gold brick, is going to finally tumble that it would be a cute idea to spill acid on it. Well, that's what happened. You allowed Charles Algernon to stay over two days, and he tested the brick."

"You're the original I-told-you-so kid, all right," declared Wallingford; "but like all the rest of them you tell what's the matter and don't tell what to do. Go away and let me think."

"Very well," returned Blackie cheerfully. "Waste your time, if you want to. But I know what I am going to do. I am going down to Billy McGool's and borrow a black-jack the minute we get to Chicago."

"We may need it at that," responded Wallingford moodily.

Before the trip was over, however, he concluded that he had been doing Mr. Swivel an injustice, for Mr. Swivel paid no more attention to Miss Tottie than did either of the

others. He was cheerful and chatty all the way, and corroborated his intention to purchase Pine Lake by mentioning certain trifling improvements he meant to make in that pleasant health resort. When they arrived in Chicago he bade Miss Tottie a pleasant good-by, and went with the other men to their hotel. He even permitted them to go to his bank with him after lunch, and see the transfer of his account. As they came out of the bank, however, Charles Algernon stopped on the steps and bade them good-by.

"You'll have to excuse me for about an hour," said he. "I have a little private business to look after."

"But we were to have our talk immediately after you had been to the bank," protested Wallingford.

"I shall be compelled to excuse myself for one hour," insisted Mr. Swivel.

"But I want to get out of town this afternoon," declared Wallingford.

"I shall meet you at the hotel at two o'clock," stated Mr. Swivel with surprising coolness, and, walking down the steps, he hailed a taxi and drove away.

"Follow him, Jimmy!" exclaimed Blackie, clutching Wallingford's arm. "Follow him! There goes fifty thousand dollars!"

"There goes the money, all right, or part of it," agreed Wallingford, "but there is no use to follow him, for he's coming back."

"I'll bet you a quart of the special," offered Blackie.

"We'll go right back to the hotel and order it then, because you lose," returned Wallingford.

"I hope I do," said Blackie. "All the same, I ought to have borrowed that black-jack."

## VIII

At precisely two o'clock there was ring at the bell of Wallingford's apartments. Mr. Swivel was below to see Mr. Wallingford.

"Send him right up," said Wallingford, and he passed Blackie the wine-check to sign.

When Wallingford opened the door in response to a present knock, however, Mr. Swivel was not alone. With him was Miss Tottie Van Vorhies!

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce Mrs. Swivel," said Charles Algernon, beaming with joy.

"Swivel, Swivel!" chided Wallingford, shaking a reproving finger at the happy bridegroom. "I never thought you'd turn out to



"NOW, YOU BIG GRAFTER, I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH," SAID SWIVEL. "YOU'VE JUST SOLD A PEACH AT A LEMON PRICE. . . . I WAS SCARED STIFF YOU WOULD GET ON TO IT BEFORE WE GOT AWAY FROM PINE LAKE"

be a mere fortune hunter!" and he cast a malignant glance at Miss Tottie.

"You needn't spring any of that guff," said Mrs. Swivel sweetly, taking possession of the best chair in the room, and spreading her skirts picturesquely. "Charlie knows all about it. He knows that I'm a show girl, and he married me under my own name, which was Molly Smith. Also Charlie knows all about the plant you put up there at Pine Lake for his special benefit."

"Exactly," agreed Charles Algernon, speaking in a surprisingly brisk tone. "Now let's get down to business. We're here to take Pine Lake off your hands. How much do you want?"

Wallingford bent smooth brows upon Mr. and Mrs. Charles Algernon. "Fifty thousand dollars," said he.

Miss Tottie laughed with keen enjoyment. "You got to cancel on that," she said. "I know you figured on Charlie's whole pile, but he's taken some brains into the company since then."

Charlie smiled delightfully, as if his wife had paid him a compliment, and patted her upon a plump shoulder.

"So I see," said Wallingford slowly. "Well, how much does the brains of the company propose to pay for Pine Lake?" and he looked pleasantly at the bride.

"Just cost," Charles Algernon told him instead the wrinkles around his eyes be-

coming hard and sharp. "You paid five thousand dollars for the place, and you put in about five thousand on improvements. We'll let you lose all it cost you to entertain the members of Mrs. Swivel's company, because that was the plant. That didn't cost you over a thousand, anyhow, and you had a good time with the money, so that's square," and he smiled proudly at his Tottie.

"So you are actually willing to pay me ten thousand dollars for it?" returned Wallingford, fingering his big chin thoughtfully.

"Ten thousand dollars. Not a cent more," chirruped Mrs. Charles Algernon.

"All right then," said Wallingford with sudden determination; "I don't care to sell. I am no piker, and I can pocket my losses like a good loser."

Watching carefully, he caught the slightest trace of a startled look passing between Mr. and Mrs. Swivel, and saw that he could sit tight.

"We—we—might increase that offer a little bit," suggested Charles Algernon after a painful wait.

The new Mrs. Swivel, compressing her thin lips in one unbending straight line and tightening the skin over her hard cheek-bones, cast upon her Charlie a strained look, and underwent a severe inward struggle. "I think not!" she snapped at last.

Wallingford arose and walked toward the telephone.

"But, Petty," protested Charlie.

"Don't be foolish!" said "Petty" impatiently, and then she turned to Wallingford. "All right," she said. "We'll make it fifteen thousand, and that is the top figure."

Wallingford looked down upon her in smiling confidence. Now he was sure of his ground. "Will you please tell me," he demanded, "why you are willing to pay fifteen thousand dollars for sixty acres of land that won't grow pumpkins and a house that isn't worth burning up? You know it's no good as a summer resort. You know that when you get back there to-day or to-morrow there won't be a man, woman, dog, cat, or canary bird on the place. Now what's the game?"

"Well, you see, I think you're wrong about it being no good as a summer resort," explained Mr. Swivel, with a glibness which did not deceive Wallingford. "I've always wanted to go into the summer-resort business, and I think we can advertise this place in a way that will get us a good trade."

Both of them smiled at Wallingford brightly and ingeniously.

"You'll pay me forty thousand dollars for Pine Lake," observed that gentleman, smiling in return.

Mrs. Swivel laughed uproariously.

"You'll pay me forty thousand dollars cash for the place," repeated Wallingford. "You won't? Fifteen thousand is the limit? All right, Swivel, I'll make you a proposition. I'll run down to Pine Lake and look it over. If I decide after that not to keep the place, I'll meet you here at this hour day after to-morrow, and take your offer of fifteen thousand."

He went to the telephone; he inquired for the next train to Pine Lake; he ordered two tickets purchased for that place; he ordered his bill sent up, a valet to pack his luggage, and a porter to remove it. It was not until the porter came for the luggage that the Swivels gave in.

"Can you give us a clear deed?" asked Charles Algernon.

"There'll be no trouble about that," Wallingford politely assured him, "for I have a lawyer right down-stairs."

"So have we," promptly returned Charles Algernon.

For the first time in that interview, Wallingford laughed his jovial, chin-quivering, eye-closing, face-reddening, shoulder-shaking laugh. "You're a pretty wise Johnnie, after all," he told Swivel, "I'm shaking hands with you.

We'll bring up both lawyers and let them go to it."

There was grave politeness on all sides as the lawyers came and did their duty, there occurring only one slight hitch when Wallingford demanded that the check be sent right across to the bank and certified.

"Great idea!" agreed the happy husband. "I want it certified myself, so there'll be no draw-backs in this deal."

When everything had been arranged in ship shape, when Wallingford had put the check in his pocket and Mr. Swivel had put the deed in his, the triumphant moment arrived for which the bridal couple had been waiting.

"Now, you big grafter, I'll tell you the truth," said Swivel, every little wrinkle in his oily face twisting itself into knots. "You've just sold a peach at a lemon price. That peculiar smell at Pine Lake is oil. That land down there is just dripping with it. My father was an oil-pro prospector, and I was raised in the business. When I was a kid I was dragged from one oil-field to the other, all over this country, and I can tell the smell of crude oil further off than a buzzard can see a dead horse. I was scared stiff you'd get on to it before we got away from there."

"Go to it, Swivel," replied Wallingford urbanely. "I hope you make a fortune. I had my education in the mining business, from oil to diamonds, years ago, and I want to say to you, right now, that there isn't a smell in the universe that I wouldn't sell for thirty thousand dollars profit."

Later, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, Blackie Daw was thoughtful and silent. "I don't know about that Pine Lake deal, J. Rufus," he said; "it's at least an even break that you got the wrong end of it."

Wallingford, resting back in a big easy chair, paused in the operation of lighting a long, black cigar to close his eyes and chuckle. "Suppose you had to take the entire Beaumont oil-field, and Molly Smith with it, for life?" he suggested. "No, Blackie, whatever turns up, we stung him!"

"But suppose they do find an oil-gusher?" protested Blackie, much worried about it.

"It can't gush much," asserted Wallingford, crossing his legs in perfect satisfaction. "Why, you raw apprentice, don't you know I invented that smell? Up in that soggy wet field back of the woods, I poured two barrels of crude petroleum."

The next "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" story will appear in the October number.

# Oy Mari'!

A TALE OF LOVE, JEALOUSY, KIDNAPING, MUSIC,  
BLACK HAND, AND FEMININE FOOLISHNESS

By Bruno Lessing



EMILIO would sit for hours in Zacanti's parlor thrumming upon the mandolin and singing "Oy Mari'." He thrummed badly and sang badly, but he seemed to enjoy it. Zacanti's daughter, Maria, would bustle about her housework and pay no heed to Emilio, excepting upon the rare occasions when she would stop and gaze upon him with scorn.

"You are very stupid," she would sometimes say. "Why don't you go to your store and attend to your business?"

But Emilio would only thrum the harder and sing:

*Oy Mari', Oy Mari',  
Quanta suonno ca perde pe te!  
Famm' addurmi!  
Abbracciato nu poco cu te!  
Oy Mari', Oy Mari'!  
Quanta suonno ca perde pe te!  
Famm' addurmi!  
Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!*

Sung in the Neapolitan dialect, this is very pretty when you first hear it, but after a while it becomes somewhat aggravating. Maria, however, would never admit that it annoyed her. She merely turned away impatiently and went about her housework. As far as she was concerned the matter had been definitely settled.

"I am not good looking," Emilio had said, one day.

"Of course not," Maria had replied.

"I'm not very lively. I like to be quiet."

"So I've noticed," Maria had observed.

"But I've decided that you're the only girl in the whole world that I care for, and I think we'll get married."

Maria had stared at him in amazement for just one instant. And then, with a disdainful toss of her head, had replied:

"I think you're crazy. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world."

Then Emilio had picked up the mandolin and had calmly begun to sing:

*Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!  
Quanta suonno ca perde pe te!  
Famm' addurmi!  
Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!*

And that was just how matters stood. The following evening he had come again and, after asking Maria "Will you marry me?" and having received her scornful answer, he had taken up the mandolin again and had begun that tune which, by this time, Maria hated more than any other tune she had ever heard. The next night he had looked around in vain for the mandolin. Maria had hidden it. Emilio had neither frowned nor smiled. But when he came again he had brought a mandolin with him. Emilio, you see, had a music store on Grand Street, and if there was one article that he carried in stock more than any other it was mandolins. Maria's eyes had twinkled—but it was only for a moment, because Maria, like most women, had a wonderful sense of the romantic, but very little sense of humor.

As far as Papa Zacanti himself was concerned Emilio possessed a great advantage. Zacanti liked Emilio and trusted him, and Emilio could come to his house as often as he liked and stay as long as he liked, and what Maria said about it mattered as little as the sighing of the autumn breeze. Zacanti, furthermore, was quite frank about the situation.

"Dear boy," he had said, "it is just as well that Maria refuses to marry you, because, even if she were willing, I would never consent to it. In the first place, she is too young. In the second place, she is the only child I have, and I need her here in the house. In the third place, I would always feel that the man who marries her is after my money, and I think too highly of you, Emilio, to allow you to place yourself under such a suspicion. In the fourth place, she will get no dowry whatever. In the fifth place, I am not as rich as people think I am."

"There are other reasons, too, I suppose?" Emilio had vouchsafed.



"Most assuredly. You are a lad of sense, Emilio."

Whereupon Emilio had picked up the mandolin—it was a new one, Maria having hidden the second and third that he had brought—and had begun to sing:

*Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!  
Quanta suonno ca perde pe tel*

Then came Dino Magni. Emilio found him there one afternoon when he called with his mandolin, and Maria introduced him as a young gentleman she had met at her cousin's house the day before.

"It did not take you long to make up your mind to call," said Emilio, with a smile upon his lips and a fierce gleam in his eyes.

"No," said Magni affably. "I was smitten with the signorina's beautiful eyes the moment I saw her."

"What nonsense you two are talking," said Maria, but her eyes nevertheless rested kindly upon Magni. He was an artist employed by a local Italian newspaper at a salary of eight dollars a week, but he had the most beautiful eyes that you ever saw a man possess. His hair was black as coal and glossy, and it fell over his forehead in ripples of curls. His cheeks were pink. Altogether Magni was as pretty a young man as you could find in a week's journey. Emilio studied him carefully for a few minutes and then, seating himself in a corner of the room, began to play softly upon the mandolin and hum "Oy Mari'," leaving Maria and Magni to converse with each other to their hearts' content.

The next day Emilio found Magni there again; likewise the day after that. In fact, Magni had calmly taken his place in the Zacanti household as a daily visitor and an avowed suitor for Maria's hand. One day when Emilio arrived before his rival, Maria said,

"Don't you think Mr. Magni is the handsomest man you have ever seen?"

"He certainly is," said Emilio, without enthusiasm.

"And he is so romantic! He has such a beautiful imagination. His mind is just full of pictures." She sighed and, after a pause, added: "If you only had more imagination, Emilio! You are so cold and so matter-of-fact. You have no romance in your heart."

"Thanks," said Emilio and without another word he began to sing:

*Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!  
Quanta suonno ca perde pe tel*

Zacanti came home unusually early that night and found both Emilio and Magni there. He was deathly pale and trembled as if he had sustained some dreadful shock.

"What is it?" cried Maria, in alarm. "What has happened?"

"The Black Hand!" murmured her father faintly. "They are after me at last."

Emilio laid down his mandolin and gazed at Zacanti with a frown.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "Tell us what happened."

Without a word Zacanti handed him a letter.

"Greeting from the Black Hand," it ran.

"Ten days from to-day we shall need a thousand dollars of your money. We are very busy and have no time to waste. If you intend to pay, paste a piece of white paper on your door when you close your office for the day. If we see it there to-night we will let you know how and when to pay the money. If we do not see it there to-night you need not bother doing anything else. We will take care of you. Only we advise you to make your will and wind up your business because the end will come in ten days." It was signed "Il Terribile!" (The Terrible).

"I wouldn't pay the slightest attention to it," said Emilio. "It's probably some poor scamp who thinks you are easily frightened and who would be perfectly satisfied if he could make five dollars out of it."

"Man!" cried Zacanti, sitting bolt upright. "You do not know what you are saying! The Black Hand would think no more of killing me, of setting fire to my house or throwing a dynamite bomb at me than they would of—of—of eating their supper."

"Rot!" said Emilio impatiently. "I never thought that a sensible man like you would take any stock in the Black Hand. Why, I don't believe there is such a thing. Every criminal in this neighborhood who wants to rob or swindle pretends that he is a member of a great society so as to frighten people. I'm sure that a dozen men who have written Black Hand letters never saw one another."

Zacanti shook his head impatiently.

"You do not know what you are saying. I am older than you. I cannot afford to take chances. Who knows what they might do to me? Or to Maria?"

"Did you paste the white paper on your door?" asked Emilio.

"Immediately!" replied Zacanti. "But it is not the money that worries me. What difference can a thousand dollars make when

my life is at stake? But where will they stop? How do I know that they will not ask for another thousand dollars? And another?"

"Tell the police," suggested Emilio.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Zacanti.

"That would mean instant death."

Emilio pressed his lips tightly together and, picking up his mandolin, began to play "Oy Mari." Magni said never a word, but sat with a far-away look in his eyes. It was really pathetic to observe how completely Zacanti's spirit had been crushed by this anonymous threat. Nor did he recover from it during the following days. He consulted his intimate friends, but they only shook their heads. They did not actually believe in the Black Hand, but, of course, there was the case of Veritelli, whose store had been dynamited, and of Pugniti, whose little boy had been kidnaped and held for ransom, and they did not know what to say. To be sure, in each of these cases the culprit had been captured, and had proved to be an irresponsible criminal without a single friend or acquaintance in the whole city, and there had been absolutely nothing to prove their connection with an organization of any kind. Yet each had used the name of the Black Hand in his communications, and, whether or not there really was such an organization for criminal purposes, the name was one to inspire unrest.

A few days later Emilio found Maria alone. Her eyes were sparkling, and her manner betrayed the utmost excitement.

"Listen, Emilio," she said. "You are a good friend, are you not?"

Emilio laid down his mandolin and stared at her.

"I don't think so," he said. "I'm going to marry you."

Maria frowned.

"I know you are not in earnest," she said.

"But if I were in trouble you would help me, wouldn't you?"

Emilio gazed at her.

"You had better tell me about it," he said.

"Listen. I am going to get married." She was not looking at Emilio and did not notice that he turned white. "My father," she continued, "doesn't want me to get married and says if I marry without his consent he will not do anything for me. But Dino hasn't much money now, although he'll be rich some day, because he's a great artist, and we must have something to start on. So Dino is going to make believe he's the Black Hand, and we're going to ask papa to give us a thousand dol-

lars. Of course it's only in fun, because we're going to get married right away, but papa will think I've been kidnaped, and he'll give us the money. Don't you think so?" She turned and looked at Emilio.

Emilio's countenance betrayed no emotion.

"That's a brilliant idea," he said. "It's Magni's scheme, isn't it?"

"Of course," said Maria. "He's very smart. Oh, Emilio, I often wished you had ideas. You are always so practical."

"And did Magni ask you to speak to me about it?"

"Oh, no. Only I wouldn't think of doing it without letting you know. We've been such good friends. I was sure you would help us out."

"That's right," said Emilio. "You can count on me. I'll help you run off and get married, and I'll help collect the money from your father. But only on one condition."

"What's that?" asked Maria.

"You must kiss me right now."

With a face red as flame Maria stepped boldly toward him, threw her arms around him, and kissed him. And then her head fell upon his shoulder and she began to weep.

"Now don't carry on like that," said Emilio. "You must be brave. A girl who wants to carry out a great scheme like that must be very brave. Tell me how you and Magni have arranged it."

Maria told him the details of the scheme, and Emilio grinned.

"I must admit," said he, "that your friend Dino has a great head."

That night a carriage drew up close to the sidewalk in front of Zacanti's house. The driver, who wore a huge slouch hat that completely concealed his features, sat with his back toward the nearest light. Maria was walking slowly up and down the sidewalk. Suddenly a young man, crossing from the opposite side of the street, seized her by the arm, pulled her toward the carriage, and, opening the door, thrust her inside, loudly banging the door behind her. There were many who saw it, and some of them afterward maintained that Maria had screamed. Be that as it may, the driver whipped the horses and set off at a furious gallop, while the young man promptly disappeared in an opposite direction. An hour later a messenger-boy brought Zacanti a note which ran:

Your daughter is in our power. On payment of one thousand dollars she will be returned to you unharmed. Fail to pay, and you will never see her

again. If you notify a living soul we will dispose of her at once. Place a light in your window at ten o'clock to-night to let us know you will pay the money, and we will then let you know how to pay it. No light, no daughter.

THE BLACK HAND.

Zacanti collapsed. As soon as he could control himself he lit a lamp and placed it in the window. It was only eight o'clock, but he proposed to take no chances. Then he sat trembling and waited. In the meantime the young man who had kidnaped Maria continued running until he was sure that he had eluded all pursuit, and then he slackened his pace, walking briskly nevertheless until he reached the house of Father Sebastiano. He found the priest in the parlor smoking a long pipe.

"Has she come yet?" he asked the priest eagerly.

"Not yet, Dino," replied the priest. "But be patient. She will soon be here. We will wait."

Dino frowned. "It is very queer," he said. "She started ahead of me in a carriage. I do not understand how she can be so late."

"Perhaps her father—" began the priest doubtfully.

"Mr. Zacanti," interrupted Dino quickly, "is out of town. I spoke to him over the telephone only an hour ago, and he is anxious that we should be married to-night."

About this same time the carriage bearing the kidnaped Maria stopped in one of the side streets near Washington Square and the driver descended from his box and opened the door.

Maria sat with her face in her hands, softly weeping.

"Oh, take me back home," she sobbed, as the door opened. "Take me home, Dino. I—I can't do it. I've changed my mind. I don't want to be married. Take me back home."

The driver glanced up and down the street and saw that there was no one observing him. Then, softly humming:

*Oy Mari'! Oy Mari'!*  
*Quanta suonno ca perde pe tel*

he stepped into the carriage, closing the door behind him. I think Maria uttered a faint scream, but I am not sure. I think the driver clasped his arms around her and drew her head upon his shoulder and whispered into her ear things that do not concern either you or me, but I am not sure. I think that Maria's arms slowly stole around his neck and

that their lips met and that several of Maria's hair-pins dropped out and her soft hair fell all over the driver's face and that then they both laughed and hugged and kissed each other all over again, but I am not entirely positive. This, however, I do know. The house in front of which the carriage stood was the residence of Silvestro Rossi, the alderman of the district, who, strange to relate, did not appear one whit surprised when, a few moments later, Maria and the driver of her carriage stood before him. What is stranger still, there happened to be lying on the table before him the Code of Civil Procedure, open at the page that contains the form for the civil marriage ceremony.

Very shortly after that Emilio stood before Zacanti in open-eyed astonishment and wonder.

"Dio!" he exclaimed. "What has happened?"

Zacanti without a word handed him the Black Hand letter. Emilio turned his back upon Zacanti while he read it and even had to stuff a handkerchief into his mouth to keep from laughing.

"Mr. Zacanti," he said, when he had controlled himself. "As long as you have so many enemies you need some one to stand by you and help you. I think I know these Black Hand people, and I am going out to find Maria. But if I find her I want to marry her. Are you willing?"

"Anything! You can have anything you like!" cried Zacanti. "Only bring her back with you."

To this day Zacanti has not a very clear idea of how it all happened. All he knows is that Emilio rescued his daughter from a band of bloodthirsty villains. As a matter of fact, as long as Zacanti believes in the Black Hand, Emilio never could see any reason for disturbing him in that belief. The only belief in the Italian colony that was at all shaken was Dino Magni's belief in the integrity of livery-stable keepers.

"Why," asked Dino bitterly of the driver with whom he had made his arrangements, "did you not drive where I told you?"

"Ma che!" exclaimed the driver, his eyes opened wide. "Did not a gentleman come and say he was your best friend? And did he not give me five dollars? And did he not say you wanted him to drive? What would you?"

What Dino would have never been chronicled.

# The Story-Tellers' Club



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The purpose of this department is to give to our readers the best stories of famous men and women as told by themselves. The most distinguished personages in contemporary history will in time become members of The Story-Tellers' Club, the initiation fee being a brief story well told. If you know a person of note ask him for his very best story and send it along to us. We shall pay you for it. We hope to make The Story-Tellers' Club one of the most brilliant organizations in the world—a body of men and women composed of the intellect of the period.

General Fred D. Grant, talking about a certain military ruling to which he is strenuously opposed, said that its reasoning reminded him of that of Corporal Sandhurst when drilling one day a batch of raw recruits.

"Why is it," the old corporal asked a bright-looking chap, "that the blade of your saber is curved instead of straight?"

"In order, sir," answered the recruit, "to give more force to the blow."

"Nonsense!" cried Sandhurst. "It's so the blade will go in the scabbard, you idiot!"



O. Henry always retained the whimsical sense of humor which made him quickly famous. Not long ago he called on the cashier of a New York publishing house, after vainly writing several times for a check which had been promised as an advance on his royalties.

"I'm sorry," explained the cashier, "but Mr. Blank, who signs the checks, is laid up with a sprained ankle."

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the author, "does he sign them with his feet?"

J. Pierpont Morgan, at a recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with this story of a minister:

"He was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is of matters ecclesiastical. He once received a check—the first in his life—and took it to a bank for payment.

"But you must indorse the check," said the paying teller.

"Indorse it?" said the old minister in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back."

"I see," said the minister. And, turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it, "I heartily indorse this check."



Vice-President Sherman has a string of stories that can't be beaten. Up around his room at the Senate

chamber every now and then the usual solemn stillness is broken, and loud laughter issues from the dignified precincts. It is probably "Sunny Jim" getting off a "good one."

One of his stories has to do with a sawmill engineer who got a job running a locomotive. He was ordered, right off the reel, to take a big engine into the roundhouse. Reluctantly he climbed into the cab, and, without knowing just what the machinery in front of him meant, pulled out the throttle.

The engine leaped forward and dashed into the roundhouse. The sawmill captain reversed the lever just in time, and the engine reared up, and backed madly out. The engineer grabbed the throttle again, and the same experience followed. This performance continued until the yard-foreman, aghast, yelled out,

"Why don't you put her in the roundhouse?"

"Blame it," yelled back the sawmill engineer, "I've had her in three times! Why don't you shut the door?"



Judge George F. Lawton, of the Middlesex Probate Court of Massachusetts, told a story the other day about a friend of his, a minister, who was spending his sabbatical year traveling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of Parliament in session. Of course no stranger is allowed on the floor of the House of Lords, but the minister, not knowing this, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their masters. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked,

"What lord do you serve?"

"What lord?" repeated the astonished American. "The Lord Jehovah!"

For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him. Turning to an assistant standing near, he said, "He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."

## The Story-Tellers' Club



Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the Capitol Building for a while during the last session, and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

"After an hour or so," said Mr. Tillman, "my visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper. "'My name is Swate,' he told the fellow, 'and I'm going out to get a drink. I thought I'd better tell you so I can git back. I'm a friend of Tillman's.'"

"The doorkeeper said that was all right, but in case he was not there, and in order to prevent any mistake, he would give him the Senate password.

"Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. 'What's the word?' he asked.

"'Idiosyncrasy.'"

"What?"

"'Idiosyncrasy,' repeated the doorkeeper soberly.

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate, "and wait for Tillman."

Judge Roger A. Pryor is fond of children. One day he found a small relative in a sorrowful mood.

"What's the matter with little Mary?" he asked.

"Papa gave me wacky-wacky," sobbed Mary.

"Bad papa! And where did he wacky-wacky Mary?"

"On the back of my tummock," replied the little girl.

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer, and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, has interpreted many laws affecting pure foods and drugs, and has had some of his opinions reversed by the Department of Justice and the President.

He was discussing this one day when he said:

"The matter of interpreting laws is much like the story of the little boy who was told by his teacher to read something from a primer. The boy read as follows:

"'This is a warm doughnut. Step on it.'"

"'Why, Johnny,' said the teacher, 'that can't be right. Let me see your book.'"

"'This is what she found:

"'This is a worm. Do not step on it.'"



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the famous suffragette, speaking of a recent untactful motion at a woman's club, said it reminded her, in its delicacy, of the story of a Ripon man.

"This man got married, and, after several years had elapsed, his wife said to him one night: 'John, you do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to when we were first married. I fear you have ceased to love me.'"

"'Ceased to love you!' growled the man. 'There you go again. Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the paper.'"

Miss Maude Adams has a favorite story about a certain "Miss Johnsing" and an uncertain "Cul-

peper Pete," once known to her. The man, says Miss Adams, was an unusually bashful colored person, and she goes on:

"Pete became enamored of the dusky maiden, and not having the courage to 'pop' face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. There was a long nervous pause for him, for the wire was 'busy.' Never did darky perspire more freely or roll his eyes more ludicrously than

when 'central' finally yelled, 'Here's yer party.' In trembling tones Pete asked,

"'Is dat Miss Johnsing?'"

"'Ya-as.'"

"'Well, Miss Johnsing, I's got a most important question to ask you.'"

"'Ya-as.'"

"'Will you marry me?'"

"'Ya-as. Who is it, please?'"

Ignace Paderewski tells, at his own expense, this incident which occurred during his last visit here:

"I was hurrying along Broadway one afternoon when a pug-nosed urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm stopped me and asked me the time. He was a smiling little rat, and in good humor I drew out my watch and told him it was ten minutes to three. The young rascal said,

"'At three o'clock get your hair cut.'"

"I appealed to a policeman who stood near by and who had overheard the colloquy between the small boy and myself. 'Officer,' I said in tones of vengeance, 'this lad has insulted me. You heard him. What do you think I should do?'"

"The policeman glanced slowly at a neighboring clock, then back at me, and replied stolidly, 'Well, sir, you still have a good eight minutes.'"





# MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

## A Critic's Challenge



**R**IGHT or wrong, the anti-vivisectionists do not, it appears, resort to vilification or personal abuse in their arraignment of their opponents. This cannot be said of the majority of pro-vivisectionists. In the great battle now being waged between the friends of dumb creation and its enemies much bitterness has come to the fore, but in the whole range of argument pro and con the anti-vivisectionists have maintained an attitude of calm, if persistent, campaigning against what they believe is an unjust and inhumane cause. Their position is assuredly the stronger one by reason of their temperate methods of word-warfare, and while the COSMOPOLITAN assumes neither a defensive nor an aggressive attitude in the controversy it cannot but be impressed by the judicial spirit and the citation of cold and convincing facts behind which the opponents of vivisection are entrenched. One of the most engaging, albeit not too temperate, letters of criticism launched against the COSMOPOLITAN and those who have been given a hearing in these pages in the fight for restricted vivisection is published below. We print this reader's letter as it stands, attempting no embellishment or alteration of his grammar or diction:

CAMPO MESA VERDE, Colo., June 16th, 1910.  
To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

A passing Cow puncher left a July COSMOPOLITAN in camp, and as we are one hundred and sixty miles away from the railway and reading matter rather scarce we, needlessly to say, read the July number, letter by letter, from cover to cover.

"Vivisection—Animal and Human," by Diana Belais is the extreme limit. If Diana misses with her arrows as she misstates she is "no bueno por nada" as a huntress.

How can a magazine of your standing be induced to publish such a mass of lies, and "statements" such as the one made by S. Mills Fowler, M. D. Dunham Medical College, Chicago?

Look the Dunham Med. Coll. up. The posings for photographs are as bad as the article is misleading and clearly an emanation from a narrow egotistical, diseased brain. Note "The Antithesis of Vivisection." The young student, with the stethoscope, examining the "Humane Society" member. From his laugh he must have just read Miss Diana's article. I will place \$1000.00 in any bank named to be given to human charity should the author of this article

mentioned prove that she ever saw an anatomical demonstration (Vivisection, I should say) done on a dog, cat or monkey without such animal being thoroughly under an anesthetic, if the pain inflicted is any greater than a human being would care to stand without an anesthetic. This applies to any scientific research rooms, laboratory or medical school of recognized standing such places as the Dunham Medical Coll. barred.

Look up the decreased mortality in diptheria since anti toxin has been used, hundreds of thousands; young lives saved. This is a fact and can be easily proved. It is useful to try to prove anything to one whose mind is so narrow who so recklessly hordes the truth, and who possesses a brain, from which such "vaporings" as is written in this fanatical article, could ooze.

HENRY C. LEE.

## Calling His "Bluff"

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

I shall ask that Mr. Lee be called upon to forfeit the \$1000 which he offers for proof that any vivisection has been perpetrated upon a dog, cat, or monkey without such animal being thoroughly under an anesthetic, and if the pain inflicted is any greater than a human being would care to stand without an anesthetic.

Defenders of vivisection, such as Professor Lee of Columbia University and Dr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, insist that all animals are made unconscious with anesthetics, that they do not suffer. I am going to describe operations by quoting from the official records of the vivisectors themselves. Drs. Lee and Flexner have carefully ignored these cases, which have been repeatedly brought to their attention. They cannot defend them.

First of all I want to describe the starvation of dogs which is being perpetrated in this city. It is "an epic of agony." These dogs are not anesthetized. No anesthetics are used in the starvation experiments.

These experiments are published in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, January 1, 1910, by the Rockefeller Institute and edited by Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of that Institute.

Here is an experiment in the laboratory of the New York University and Bellevue Medical College on Dog No. 7:

April 10, 1909—Dog fed last.

April 11, " —Dog starving.

April 12, " —Dog starving.

April 13, " —Dog starving.

April 14, " —Dog starving.

At five P. M. dog given a cold bath at a temperature of five degrees centigrade for thirty minutes; then placed in cold room for the night.

April 15, Adrenalin injected.

April 16, Adrenalin injected.

April 17, Adrenalin injected.

April 19, Death of dog.

In one of the lockjaw experiments on dogs starved in the same laboratory there is this account:

Dog No. 6—This poor animal died after four successive periods of starvation. He was first starved for four weeks, then fed ten days; again starved six days, fed for two days, starved nine days, fed two more days,

starved five days and died in the agony of tetanus on the sixty-second day.

In the same journal are stories of dogs starved and made to run daily in treadmills while starving; of dogs starved for twenty-eight days, until they lost nearly one-fourth of their body weight. Dogs in laboratories in this city doomed to death from starvation, plunged in cold baths, and while wet and shivering from cold and hunger placed in cold rooms overnight to suffer further tortures.

The following experiments are taken from Crile's "Surgical Shock." Chapter CXXXIII:

*Fox-terrier; weight, fifteen kilos. Duration of experiment, two and a half hours. . . . Applied Bunsen's flame to the right paw . . . caused marked rise in pressure . . . In the control experiments, as well as in this, the dog was not under full anesthesia. In the former the animal struggled on application of the flame; after the injection of cocaine he did not. There was apparently blocking of the sensory impulses from the paw.*

Chapter CXXXVI. March 21, 1897.

*Dog; weight, twelve kilos. . . . Forcibly dragging upon the tongue caused slowing of respiration and slight inhibition of the heart. Cutting, puncturing, and crushing of the tongue caused no effect. . . . Sawing through the lower jaw, no effect. Dragging the fragments of the lower jaw outward from each other caused a decided fall in the blood-pressure and slowing of the respiration. This was done several times with like results. Then dragging the halves inwardly past each other, applying considerable force, no effect was noted. Finally, opening the lower jaw to its normal extent, then forcibly pressing it open wider. . . . Dog was killed by firing a shot through the chest with a 32-caliber revolver. Respirations and heart both proceeded, and dog died of hemorrhage. [Kind of anesthesia, if any, not stated.]*

Mr. Lee mentions decreased mortality in diphtheria: he does not seem to be aware that the statistical reports from this disease have been crushingly assailed by many eminent physicians. However, I would refer him to the statistics on scarlet fever which show for this disease, with no antitoxin, a greater fall in the death-rate than do those of diphtheria.

If Mr. Lee is now willing to live up to his forfeit, I suggest that he bestow his \$1000 upon those four pitiful little orphan children of Philadelphia, victims of human vivisection, whose eyesight was permanently impaired as a result of deliberate, cold blooded experimentation by physicians of reputable standing.

All the facts given in my article are facts, and cannot be gainsaid. Mr. Lee, if he be sincere, can have the opportunity to verify every one, as I have the chapter and page from medical records for all contained therein.

I make no claim to having seen any vivisection. Indeed, the constant protest of members of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society is that we are prohibited from entering laboratories, the law being carefully constructed to give free sweep to vivisection. Out of this situation grows our platform of the "Open Door." DIANA BELAIS,  
President New York Anti-Vivisection Society.

### Facts Told in Fiction

MONDOVI, Wis., July 2, '10.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

In your comments in the July COSMOPOLITAN I

notice that you have been criticised for publishing the story, "The Claws of the Tiger," and that there are some who believe that such conditions do not exist. I have worked as a slum-worker in several of our large cities in this country as well as in South America, and as I read the story you printed I said to several of my friends that it was such an exact portrayal of facts that it was really not a story but a description of facts as I had myself seen them in our cities. I hope that you will be able to print more of the same kind, as some of our good people who do not know what is going on at their very doors need to wake up and take a hand in the cleaning up of their communities from this terrible evil.

(REV.) ERNEST J. PETERSON.

### The First Fast-Curist

PASSAIC, N. J.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

In your Magazine Shop-Talk for July you mentioned the titles and authors of works on the fasting cure, but failed to mention Dr. J. H. Dewey, the first to write a book on this subject, an educated and practising physician, which none of those you mention are. Dr. Dewey's book, "The True Science of Living," lays the foundation for the fasting cure, and his book, "The No-Breakfast Plan and Fasting Cure," is the most practical work on the subject that has been issued.

ALBERT TURNER.

### Justice in Mexico

PASADENA, Cal.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

Permit me to congratulate you on your articles regarding Mexico, especially the stand you have taken in giving our neighbor a square deal. I spent a number of years in Mexico as a railroad man, and was thrown in contact with Mexico's best and worst, and I never saw an injustice perpetrated there by an official of the government. Why, the very peon who is so pitied is happier than our poor. One cannot take a solitary cent from his pay without his full knowledge and consent. Some of the articles against Mexico's ruler, Diaz, are of such a nature as to cause anyone with half the intelligence of an idiot to laugh. Diaz, that grand old man of Mexico, is the savior of a country of hostile and warlike tribes of Indians, the man who brought order out of chaos and made a nation, respected and loved by all who go there. The only real "kick" the writer can have coming is the one the average American "boomer" has when he strikes Mexico on the hobo list. About the first thing he wants to do, after being staked to a square meal by some poor peon brakeman, is to tell Diaz how the country should be governed. And the next thing he finds to be true is that all her laws are enforced to the letter. That is what most of the American boomers cannot fully understand. They punish bribery with the bayonet. Would God that we did!

So here's success and prosperity to the magazine that has the nerve to stand up for the country that has given us, for example, such men as Diaz, Limantour, and Creel, statesmen without a peer and comparable with our own George Washington.

E. A. WAMSLEY.

